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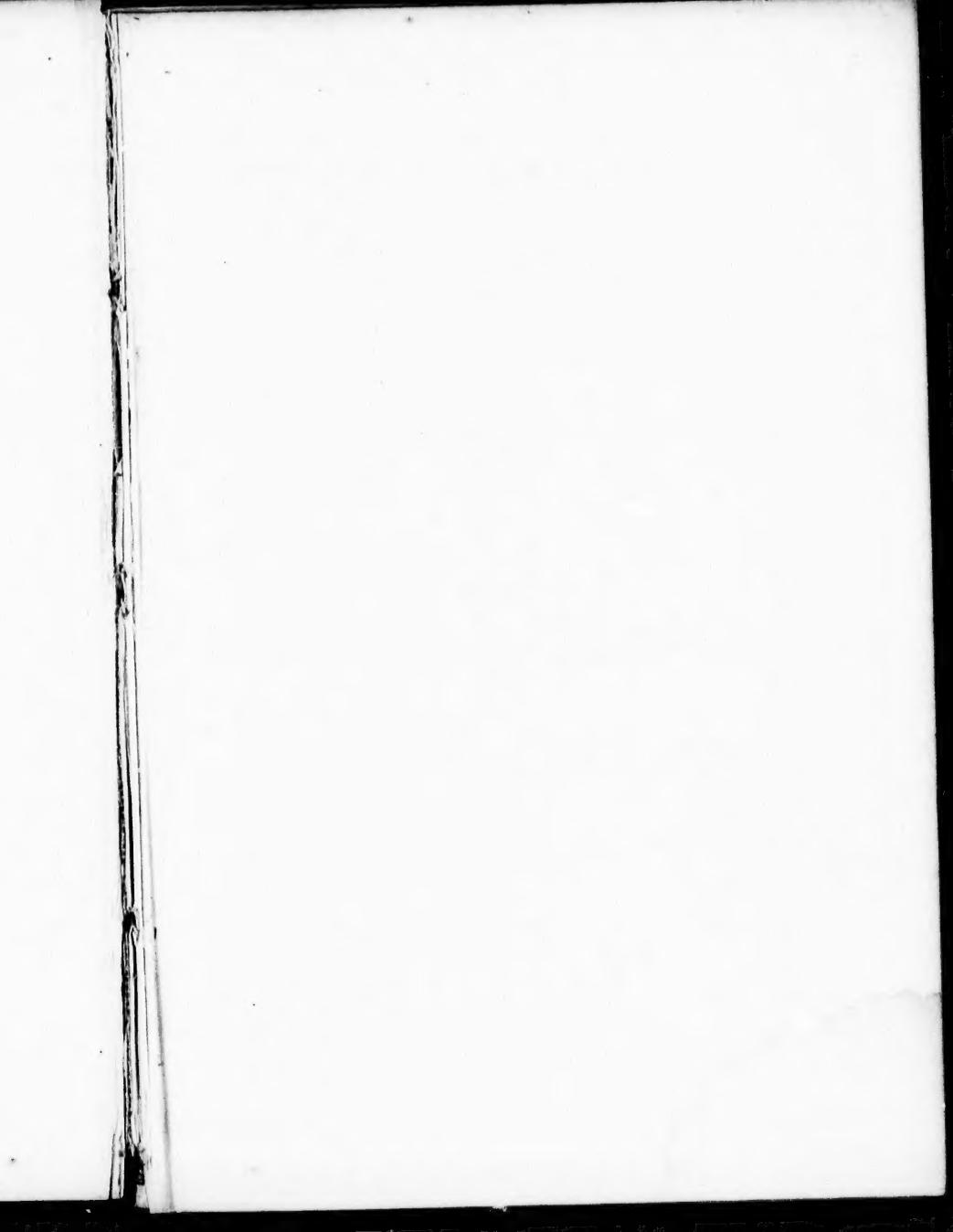
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MY CIRCULAR NOTES.

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JAPANESE TEA MAIDEN AT MIANOSHITA

J. H. Livingston
Author & Publisher
111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116.

MY CIRCULAR NOTES.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNALS, LECTURES, ETC., AND
BIOGRAPHICAL AND OTHER WORKS
WRITTEN WHILE TRAVELLING
WORLDWARDS.

ROUND THE WORLD.

FROM JULY 1, 1851, TO APRIL 6, 1860.

J. H. CAMPBELL, Author.

(London, 1860. 12mo.)

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

£60000

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1876.



ADAPTED FROM MAIDEN AT MIANOSHITA

*J. H. Livingston
Ananias, Sept. 16, 1881.*

MY CIRCULAR NOTES.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNALS, LETTERS SENT HOME,
GEOLOGICAL AND OTHER NOTES,
WRITTEN WHILE TRAVELLING
WESTWARDS

ROUND THE WORLD,

FROM JULY 6, 1874, TO JULY 6, 1875.

BY
J. F. CAMPBELL,
AUTHOR OF "FROST AND FIRE."

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

London:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1876.

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Dedication.

IT IS THE CUSTOM OF PAINTERS TO PRESENT A DIPLOMA
PICTURE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY WHEN THEY RISE
TO THE DIGNITY OF R.A.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, WHO
DID ME THE HONOUR TO PLACE MY NAME ON THEIR
LIST WHILE I WAS AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE
WORLD, I DEDICATE THIS CONTRIBUTION TO THEIR
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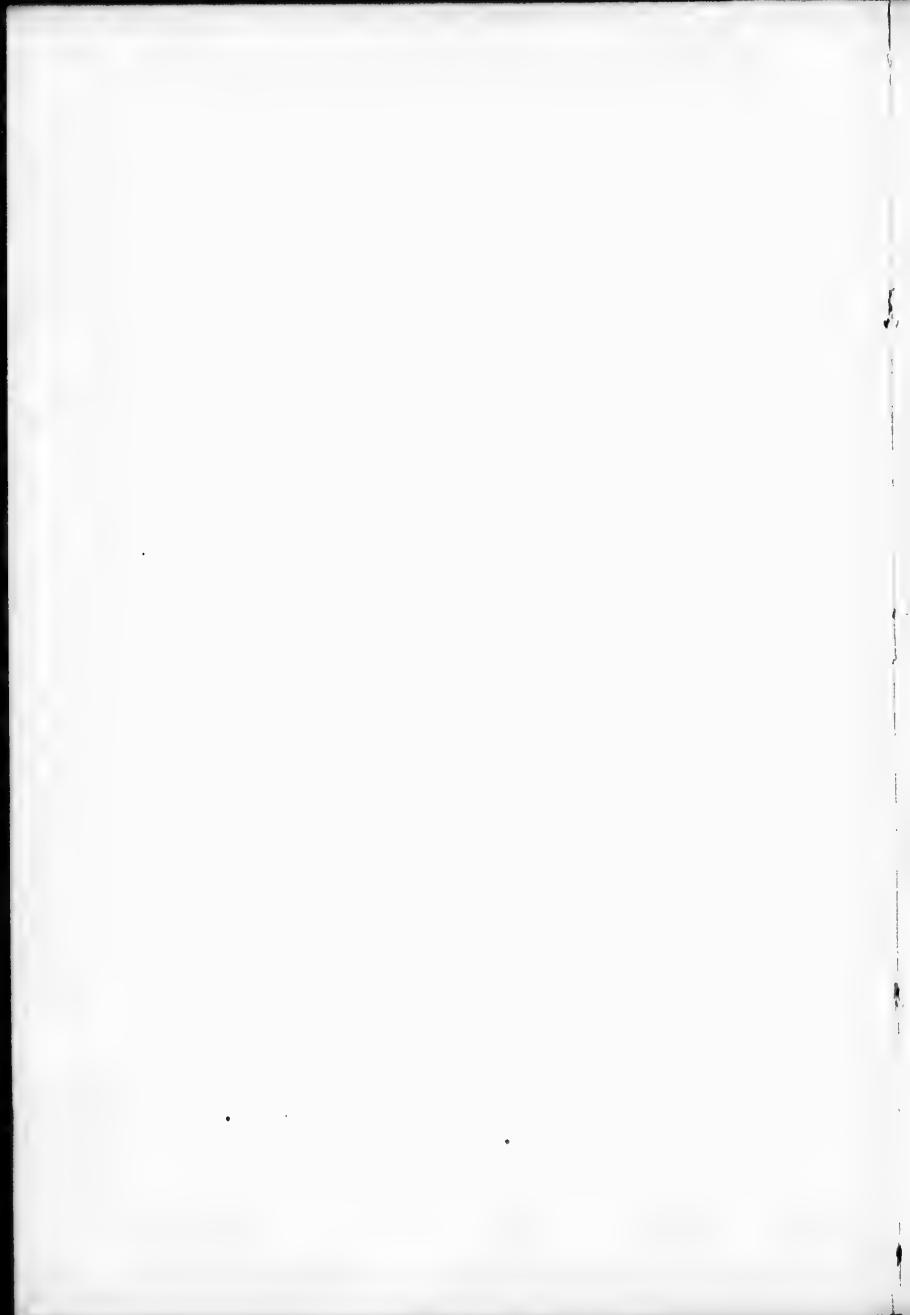
J. F. CAMPBELL.

NIDDRY LODGE, KENSINGTON,

July 6th, 1875.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

Ars longa, Vita brevis est *Pages 1—6*

LETTER I.

Morning Cigar after Breakfast *Pages 7, 8*

LETTER II.

Nothing *Pages 8, 9*

LETTER IV.

The Weather—The Dagger and the Drink—Artichokes and Oceans—The Blessing of Eyes—The Hub of the World *Pages 9—20*

LETTER V.

Champagne and Sham Spirits—Crows and Campbells—Black Men and Green Aryans and Africaryans *Pages 20—28*

LETTER VI.

Water Colours—Conroy—More power to him *Pages 28—32*

CONTENTS.

LETTER VII.

Luxurious Vagrancy—"Go fetch the Engines"—Celtic Canadians—The Red Burners—John is a good Indian—Live Stock and Landscape—A Difficulty
Pages 32—45

LETTER VIII.

Rocky Mountain Scotch Highlanders *Pages 45—48*

LETTER IX.

Salt Water and Seedy Saints Red Rocks, Men and Beasts—Vagrants and Tourists—Down Hill—The first Chinaman—Steam Trains and Cattle Trains—'Cute Tribes, and Salted Claims—The Eaters and the Eaten—Dust and Dryness—The Struggle for Life—Going ahead too fast—Where are the Americans? Natives and Vagrants—Californians. *Pages 48—75*

LETTER X.

Aryan Diggers *Pages 75—77*

LETTER XI.

Africaryan Drivers *Pages 78—80*

LETTER XII.

The Trees of Noah's Ark Thunder and Poison Oaks—A Whopper, and a Platform *Pages 80—86*

LETTER XIII.

Old Ways and New Lights—A Dream *Pages 86—89*

LETTER XIV.

Curious Creatures *Pages 90—91*

LETTER XV.

Oregon Webfeet Volcanic Cones—Eden in Oregon—Water Colours—Dry Colours *Pages 91—102*

CONTENTS.

xi

LETTER XVI.

A Pow-wow—Washington Territory—Puget Sound—The Terminus—Colour—
The Fashions—The Shadow of the World—Rest and be Thankful.
Pages 102—118

LETTER XVII.

Vagrants in Council—Counsel for Vagrants—The Green Isle in the Great
Deep—A Terrier's Tale—Nomenclature—Republican Revolutions—Frost
and Fire—Gold, Trees, and Water—Work and Wages—Leather and
Humbug—Sea Lions, and “Seeing the Elephant” . . . *Pages 119—139*

LETTER XVIII.

Irish and African Prosperity—Crops, Capital, and Interest . . . *Pages 139—143*

LETTER XIX.

A Clecking of Salmon—Land and Livestock—Come Here . . . *Pages 144—150*

LETTER XX.

Gonies and Seals—Fire Drill—The Quiet Pacific—The Chinese at Sea.
Pages 150—158

LETTER XXI.

Try-and-Can-Do—Kant, Can Do, and Cannot—Have Done, Must, and Won't
Go Ahead and Law—Heads, Helps, and Hands—Head over Heels
Pages 158—170

LETTER XXII.

Antipodes—Men and Birds at Sea—“Wings! to bear me over”
Pages 171—175

LETTER XXIII.

Eurasia—The Heart of Japan—Comparisons *Pages 175—182*

CONTENTS.

LETTER XXIV.

A Cruise on Wheels—A Second-sight View—Thinking about Thinking—Japanese Thoughts—Clothes and no Clothes—Cairns and Customs—Hot Water and Fire—The Luxury of being Cracked—The Sea-snake Maiden—Hurry and Rest—The Races of Men and Horses—The Man who was not Afraid—Old Boots and New Ways—My Old Plaid and New People—Spaedom and Second Sight—Heels over Head—Dark Angels

Pages 182—216

LETTER XXV.

Fine Flowers *Pages* 217—218

LETTER XXVI.

Horrible Historical Drama—“ And he put on his Kilt ” *Pages* 218—221

LETTER XXVII.

Eastern Ways and Western—Mine Ease at Mine Inn—The Road to Nikko—Nikko Kekko—Thunder and Wind *Pages* 221—233

LETTER XXVIII.

Church Plunder—Tempora Mutantur *Pages* 233—235

LETTER XXIX.

Fashions Change—Blossoms, Beauties, and Buds—Duck-hunting and Drawing—The Editor and the Tories—A Leading Article—Gralloch and Music *Pages* 236—248

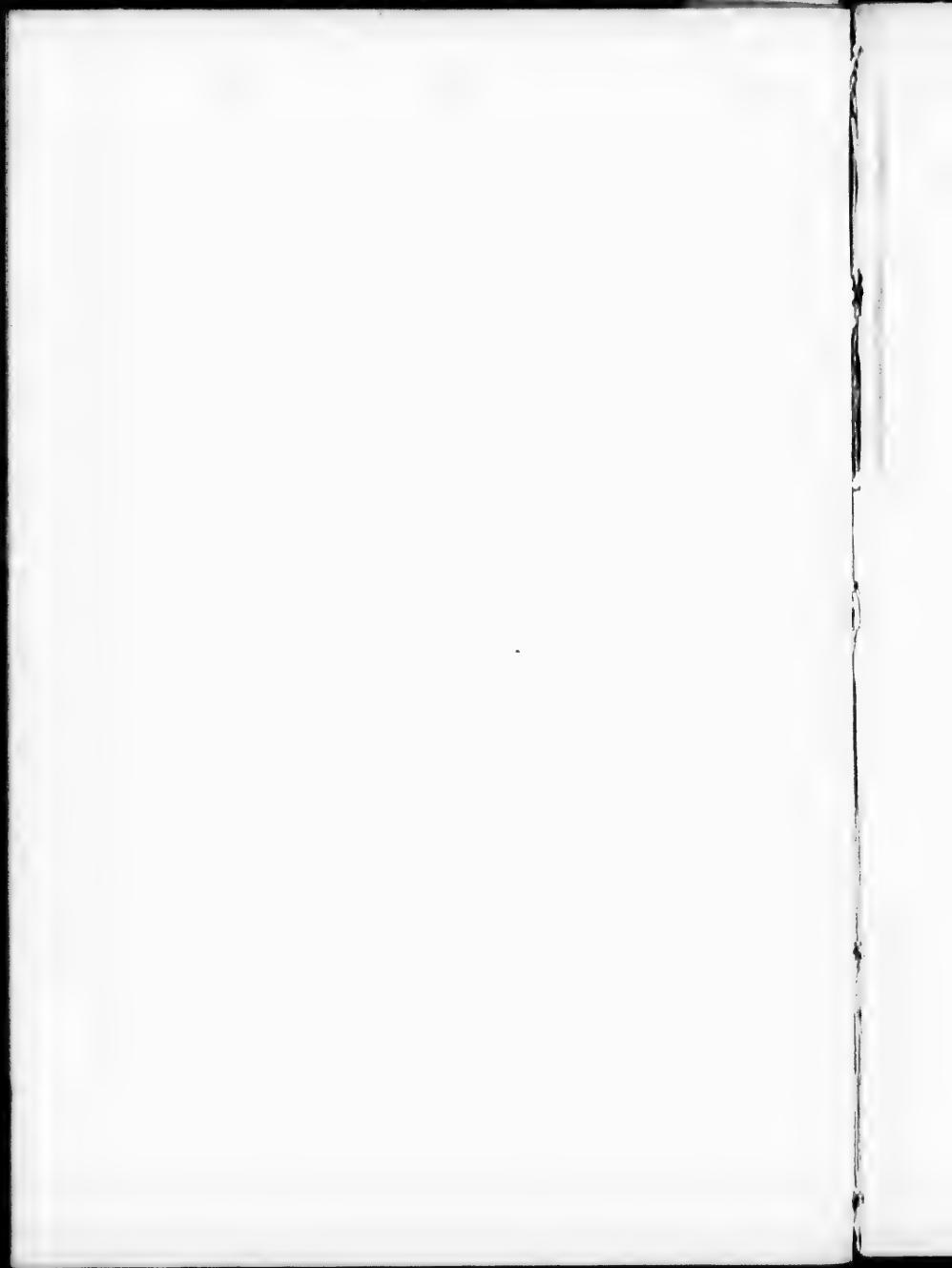
LETTER XXX.

Rococo—Astronomy *Page* 249—252

LETTER XXXI.

Nursery Tales—A Peep at Venus—Beef and Stars—Everywhere Look About
—The Press Gang—Start and “Wo”—The Army—Names and Weights
—Ombres Chinoises—Squeeze—Money Changers—Legal Torture—A
Japanese on Torture—Silk—The North Star and the Plough—Sinbad’s
Iron Mountain—Usui Tonge—Winter and Fire—Idols—Religions—A
Bronze Myth—Pilgrim passes Pagan—Myths—Shrines, Altars, Groves—
Gautama, Buddha, Pope and Pagan—Rest and Go-ahead—Hatchiman
out in the Cold—Engines with Drivers—Mills and Millers—Solar
Force—Uada Tonge—Men and Houses—Fire, Tent, House—Arts and
Architecture—Masonic Carpentry—Tune and Key note—Christmas,
1874—The Dragon—The Myth—A Theory—Mythology—A Day of Rest
—Seven-leagued Boots—Our Cards—Priests and Temples—The Ridge of
Japan—A Halt at a Stage—Weaving “Runic Knots”—New-Year
Customs—East and West—New-Year Offerings—Hunting and Spooring.

Pages 252—356



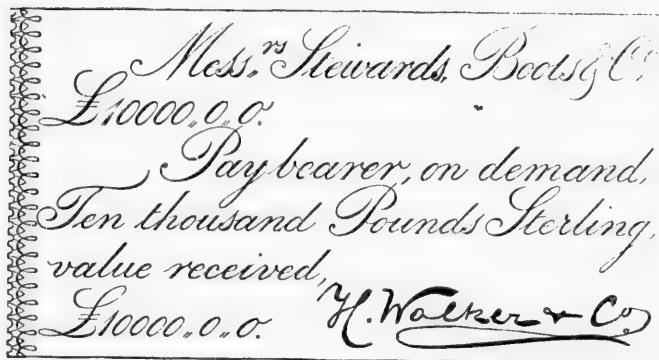
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	<i>PAGE</i>
JAPANESE TEA MAIDEN AT MIANOSHITA	<i>Front.</i>
NIAGARA FROM GOAT ISLAND	29
INDIAN MAN OF THE PLAINS	42
MUSHROOM ROCK	46
RED ROCK, COLORADO SPRINGS	51
INDIAN WITH A WILD GOOSE—THOUSAND SPRING VALLEY	64
INDIAN WOMAN, CUP AND BALL, CARSON CITY	69
NOON IN THE FOREST, CALIFORNIA	71
A BIG TREE, MARIPOSA	80
EL CAPITAN, A BIG ROCK, YOSEMITE	89
MOUNT RAINIER, A VOLCANO, PUGET SOUND	111
CLOUDS AND SHASTABUTTE, CALIFORNIA	137
AN OPIUM DEN, SAN FRANCISCO	149
SAMOYEDES AT ARCHANGEL	181
THE FIRE BRIGADE AT YOKOHAMA	189
RAINY WEATHER ON THE ROAD TO MIANOSHITA	190

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
BUDDHIST BOYS AT MIANOSHITA	193
TEMPLE AND TORRI, MIANOSHITA	195
THE RACES, YOKOHAMA	203
RAILWAY TIME TABLE, YOKOHAMA	205
A GARDENER AT TOKIO	217
THEATRE AND PLAY AT TOKIO	219
MILLS—POUNDING AND GRINDING	306
DRAGON FOUNTAIN AT SHIMONOSHUA	325
ANCIENT PICTURE OF DRAGON MYTH AT SHIMONOSHUA, JAPAN	326

MY CIRCULAR NOTES.



LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

July 26, 1875.

The mental matters upon the following pages were dressed in paper between this date and July 6, 1874. The writer on these papers—a briefless barrister, and public servant out of place, "took the world for his pillow," like the lad in the story, and set out to amuse himself in that long vacation which he hopes will last for many years, and his life. He might have been wearing out arm-chairs in London, well-paid and housed for doing very little; he prefers to please himself, and ramble with some object in view. "It's better to wear shoon than sheets," according to the old saw; "It's better to hear the lark sing

than the mouse squeak," as the Douglas said. One object this time was to visit places to which the writer once thought of migrating, bag and baggage, horse, foot, and dragoons. He wanted to see how it felt: to judge what the past might, could, should, or would, have been like, after 1848, if it had been done; to visit old friends who went and did it then honestly and manfully, like men and Britons. In these regions this idle vagrant was asked what trade he worked at, and whether he was a "bug collector," which is contemptuous Californian for a naturalist. On the main route he was classed "globe-trotter," which name is antipodean—Yokohamese—Yankee pigeon-Scotch, for the "Onepieceydamfoolsteamboatpassenger" of the Chinese. It means an idle, aimless, rushing, rich, gullible, squeezable being, wasting money; useful only to traders who fleece globe-trotters all round the world.

"Scotland is all spoiled," said a great man one day, about 1848 or 1849. "I'll never go there again. It's all full of dismal creatures, rushing about here and there seeking for an excitement." These are "globe-trotters." A friendly polite French steward, who knew Alexandre Dumas, and had seen him writing on board of a steamer in the Black Sea, or somewhere else, warned this writer, whom he took for a writer of fiction, to lock up his papers. "Ces gens-là sont capables de les imprimer; ils sont très-voleurs, les voyageurs," so he said.

The papers continued to kick about the cabin. Nobody read them; the stewards trampled on them when they swept up the dust in the morning. Vagrancy does make

men acquainted with rough night quarters; but there's honour amongst thieves, and fun amongst jolly beggars.

"Les gueux, les gueux, sont des gens heureux! Vivent les gueux!" Paper writings are the last things that vagrants pick out of the dust-hole, unless they are stamped; then they are apt to be annexed. The "circular letters" of Coutts and Co. were carefully hidden in separate places according to orders. They got home safe, so did my worthless "circular notes" and paper writings, which were stamped, only by Postmen, Stewards, Boots and Co.

The letters were posted when a post could be found, with the design of making friends at home see and hear with the vagrant writer. Many kind friends saw and heard, and said that they were amused. Some of the letters are wandering still. After a long parting the writer met his rough family of rude, ugly, bodiless beings neatly copied, well-dressed, like other rough fellow-travellers, adorned in new garments by town tailors. He was reminded by them of pleasant places, and people, sights and sounds. But after some weeks it became a bore to answer the question, "Where have you been since I saw you?" The letter writer took to pointing downwards and answering gravely "THERE." That seemed to be taken as the revival of the tenant of a comfortable coffin by some, who glared with scared eyes, and presently said, "We heard that you had been burned in the *Japan*." Some of the letters were in "the *Japan*," but their writer was on the Japanese hills amongst the snow. Matter-of-fact friends manly thought of the cellar, and suspected wine. Faces can be read like books. The case suggested printing in self-defence, for all

who questioned could not read one paper writing, and would not be content with one word. Friends openly asked for "a book." A fellow-countryman offered to cash my circular notes, and he got the paper stamped by Boots and Co., to float on his stock exchange. The author of the bodiless beings read the letters in which they were lodged, and was rather amused by their prattle. They had travelled in bags with oil-well shares, Emma Mine, Comstock Ledge, bills of exchange, and tea godown rich mercantile papers, till they had taken the infection of trade, like their elders and betters. Small blame to them if they earn money honestly, and share their gains with their parent. He for their good corrected them. He cut names and passages and letters out of a manuscript copied by a very neat-handed scribe, for home reading only. The family of impersonal persons, with scarce a change, now stand in order of age to be reviewed as they were delivered by the postman. That is the true story of the letters. They were written to amuse the writer and his friends. A journal was kept also. From it matters have been extended. A great many sketches as rough as the letters were stuck into the journal, with photographs selected to illustrate various subjects. Of these pictures the skilled hands who make books have had as many as they pleased to put into their work, on this condition, that no artist, however skilled, is to improve or alter that which, in fact, is the best copy from nature which a vagrant amateur artist was able to make with his materials, in the time which he had to spare at the place which he wished to represent.

That is the true story of this book so far. It is a corporation aggregate of impersonal persons and bodiless beings,

lay, not ecclesiastical, or eleemosynary; not created for the advancement of regulation of manufactures and commerce, but for special purposes and divers ends, like a club. It has a name and rights, for which see "Commentaries on the Laws of England," by Sir William Blackstone, Knight.

The geological paper was foaled on the way by one of the hobbies or neddies on which this vagrant rides when he is tired of driving the horse in a mill that grinds daily bread. It was got by Induction out of Observation. The dam and sire are old stagers: this dark horse may turn out a flyer, a screw, or a slug. Other hobbies helped on the trail. One skittish brute was that long-tailed fiery dragon which haunts the world and fairyland. He was hatched by Germans, Mr. Fergusson, and other comparative mythologists out of a serpent's egg formed by Shesha Naga, Yormundgandr, and a knot of other snakes long ago. Ethnology drew the Jinrikisha and carried the Cago in Japan. Many-voiced Philology cried "with voice inside him mouth, all the same gong. Topside golah!" Many cheery young human voices also cried "Excelsior" when they passed towards hill-tops; and helped an older boy all they knew. Bright old climbing days for climbing sake were gone. "Wait till you come to forty year," you cheery Yankee prairie birds of Pike's Peak; and you strong Scotch and Irish climbers of Ceylon. If you have to sit in chairs and grind your brains to make your bread long enough, you too will ride when you can find a horse to carry you. Climber, hunter, and fisher have found that sedentary work and years weigh heavier than flesh and bones on "the hill." This sportsman at his bloodiest never awoke daily

exclaiming, "What shall I kill?" This time he made acquaintance with many curious creatures, wild and tame, tailed and untailed, brutal and human: some tending towards angels of the Zenith and Nadir. But he did not shoot anything or anybody, and nobody hurt him. He carried nothing more deadly than pens and pencils; and no shield but a civil tongue, a big stick, and a steady eye. Natural history can be studied from life in the wilds without turning "bug collector." A houseless vagrant does not want a museum and scalps. On this trail pleasant human society abounds. Amusement and "Ologies" were motive powers abroad, they were comrades and companions where white men were not, and are so where books and men are crowded together at home. In short, long art helped a short-lived son of Earth to get round his old mother.

Letters home and lessons learned in a year and a day are the mental matters sent to be printed on the pages of a book. That readers may be amused by that which amused the writer is the hope of a Celtic Nomad who has worked hard for his holiday. He is known in his own land still as

IAIN ILEACH.

MORNING CIGAR AFTER BREAKFAST.

No. I.

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL,

July 7th, 1871.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Keep my letters, and they will make a series for a journal, and save me trouble.

My first adventure was within half an hour of starting. I was quietly ruminating when a severe bump roused me; a lurch to the right followed, then one to the left, and then a bump right down in the middle. A Hansom had taken off my hind wheels, and there I sat, in a sledge, gliding over the stones of London. I opened the door, jumped out with that agility which remains to me, and stopped the horse. The driver had quite forgot to do that in his anxiety to catch the Hansom's number. A swarm of cabs, and of butcher boys and others, clustered round us, and all stared at me as if I had lost my hind wheels. I bundled my goods into another cab, and in five minutes I was off again, leaving the wreck.

At the station I met a very good fellow, and we had a pleasant drive to Crewe. There he went to Manchester, and I to sleep. In the carriage was an old German who resides chiefly at Wiesbaden, and is visited by the Emperor.

His son had just been round the world. I asked how much it had cost him. He opened his hands and his eyes and spread his arms, and shrugged his shoulders, and said, "About ten thousand pounds."

Here I slept, and now I have breakfasted and inspected the other travellers. One last night was very drunk. He ate cream cheese with two knives. With his right knife he cut a slice, with his left he scraped it off the right, and then with his tongue he wiped the cheese off the knife into his mouth. After this he thrust a lettuce leaf endwise after the cheese, and bit it off, and then he began again with the knife exercise for half an hour at least.

I hope he is not my chum. I have spotted a man in a blue shirt, with a clean face. I hope he is going my way.

J. F. C.

NO. II.

"BATAVIA," OFF IRELAND,
Wednesday, July 8th, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I have got 57 to 60, a roomy cabin, with leave to keep my port open. All my bags are hung about on pegs, all my cloaks are in one berth, and I roll into the other, and am at rest. The wind is S.E., the sea smooth, thermometer 60°, barometer 30·550°, clouds quiet, and all's well. This will be landed at Queenstown, where we are to stop four hours for the mails as usual.

Going round the world all alone at this rate will be easy, quiet work, and my journal thin. For lack of something to draw, I have been drawing the gulls, who have followed ever since daylight, waiting for the cook's contributions, on which they pounce, yelling, to rise again, and

follow on. That I have fixed and fastened into my big book, and there I mean to fix this letter, when you return it to me. I cannot be bothered writing rubbish for myself to carry and show to fellow-passengers.

J. F C.

No. IV.

"BATAVIA," AT SEA,
Thursday, July 9th, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

The last thing that left the ship yesterday was a bag with No. 3 in it. (*Now demolished.*)

The excitement was to see the mails come on board. The *Jackal* came off, and got alongside, and then both ships together, with a gangway between, steamed out, plunging. Sailors ran like a stream of ants loaded and light, out and in, over the gangway, and bags full of thoughts on paper come tumbling in heaps on board. Then at the buoy we separated. Then a frantic man slipped down a rope into a little boat, somebody knocked him down with his own valise; somebody else put in the post-bag, and off we went after the setting sun seawards. We are thirty cabin passengers and 520 to 30 emigrants; 100 of crew and other people; and, so far as I can see, I am the only passenger on board that is doing anything but feed the fishes. It is fine and breezy from the north, with a considerable pitch and heave. There is absolutely nothing to do, and I am doing it. From the smell of whisky I reckon that the passengers are having a drain in their berths.

Friday, 10.—Swell and fog. A lot of French-speaking people from Verviers and Liège, singing the *Marseillaise*, and other songs, very well in parts. I discoursed them and

found that one at least was in Paris with me during the Commune. I gave him a cigar. He is bound for California, and hopes that we may meet again. I hope if so, that it may be daylight.

In the evening we were dismally howling in a thick cloud, rolling and pitching.

Saturday, 11.—Rolling and pitching. Spent my time in reading and inventing contrivances.

A little girl, aged 10, propounds the riddle, “What ship has two mates and no captain?” *Answer:* Courtship! “That’s a crushing little girl,” quoth the fourth officer.

Sunday, 12.—Blue sea and white horses, confused cross sea; ship wriggling in a strange fashion. Service at 10.30 read by Captain Moulard. He is a very good fellow. All the evening a lot of Bostonians and a Yankee Lancashire parson sang hymns. They did it rather well.

Monday, 13.—North-west. Clear sky. The first clear day since we started. The Irish lot, having found a flute and a player, took to dancing jigs, old and young. I found the Norseman. He comes from Telemarken, and speaks no English.

He looks a Norseman all over, and I mean to get at his story. Now with regard to weather.

The Captain says the Atlantic has been very foggy all this year. He, like me, holds our Government Meteorological Department very cheap. He holds that weather prognostics might be made by telegraphs from Boston and Newfoundland; together with the logs of steamers running westwards, telegraphed from Queenstown to headquarters.

In America they telegraph western weather to the east coast, and find that tracts of weather move northwards and eastwards. That is reasonable and probable. It is true experimentally. Our system is to tell people what the weather was: which does not help to prepare them for the morrow. All that I have to say about the world's weather I put into my log.

Tuesday, 14.—Fine, bright, small waves; north-west breeze; getting on fast. Last night I watched the comet till near midnight. The tail was more than twenty degrees long, and the head was very bright. It was just abreast of my port; so I rested my glass on it, and watched and wondered. It was very like a falling rocket, some ten degrees above the dark horizon, plunging into the sea. I made a rude sketch in the morning. Jigs are going on to a flute played by a native; cards in the saloon.

Odours of drinks and lemonade pervading the atmosphere. “You are the first lord I ever met,” said a Yankee boy to me. “But I ain’t a lord,” said I.

Wednesday, 15.—After dinner last night we saw a cloud ahead on the sea, and presently dived into it, and howled dismally with the fog-horn for the rest of the night. The air was fifty-one degrees. We had got to a streak of the arctic current. This morning we had got to a lane of the Gulf Stream. The wind south-west and the glass sixty degrees.

The steerage people are all alive; little Belgian girls and babies pay me the compliment of fraternizing with me. The Irish lot have so far recovered as to be love-making in the most demonstrative fashion in all sorts of strange

places. In the intervals of courtship they dance jigs. This is regular yachting.

I have good food, and 520 people to amuse me with Irish antics, and French and German, and Norse and Danish, and Swedish on whom to practise tongues. So far, well. "In good time be it spoken."

Thursday, 16.—Last night the stars shone overhead, and the comet glowed like a pinar of light through the haze. This morning the sun shines, and the sea is covered by a thin haze. Strong west wind; thermometer 64°.

The Captain produced a pocket revolver and a dagger which were taken from an irate steerage passenger. They took to pelting each other with potatoes; one got angry and threatened to use his arr's, so he was disarmed. The pistol was loaded.

Friday, 17.—Fog and fog-horn, thermometer 64°, wind west. We are here about the latitudes of Tiflis, Naples, Madrid, Lisbon, and other hot countries. But in consequence of ocean circulation the climate at sea is very different.

The cold stream which comes down by Greenland, Labrador, Newfoundland, and over the banks, crosses the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and coasts Nova Scotia and the States, hugging the shore westwards. Outside, the warm stream crosses the cold at the banks of Newfoundland.

Where the damp air of the warm stream comes to cold water, there mists condense, and we have been in clouds of this kind, and we are in a wet cloud now. Consequently the Captain is fenced in with ropes, and inaccessible; the fog-horn is howling, and we have just stopped to sound in

order to avoid the fate of the *Atlantic*, which ran right ashore in a similar mist. Passengers are beginning to pack up, and sailors to bring up moorings and coil them on deck. We live in hopes of landing to-morrow, Saturday, the 18th. After a run of 2,960 miles from Liverpool to Boston, add 220 to Liverpool, and I shall have made 3,180 since we parted.

So far I have been neither sick nor sorry for myself. I have read an amusing book about La Salle, who discovered the Mississippi; a great bit of Kinglake's Crimea; and of Tom Hughes on Alfred the Great. I have had all my comforts and dodges about me, and a steward to act valet and bring my morning tub. My wine bill will be covered by two bottles of sherry in ten days, one grog, and some lemonade.

I wish I could be amusing, but this quiet, idle life gives nothing to say, and so I say it. I try to make you travel with me.

Saturday, 18.—Very fine, hot day; bright sun. It seems that we have narrowly escaped cholera, but we have escaped; and there is America, and Boston will be alongside in a few hours.

The coast has nothing remarkable but flatness and sand. "The walrus and the carpenter wept like anything to see such quantities of sand." It is not a cheerful coast. The most remarkable thing on the voyage is the water's temperature, which I have copied from the log. While we were sailing from cloud to cloud off Newfoundland, we were crossing lanes of hot and cold water, turn about, and that accounts for the condensation. "What is teetotalers'

grog?" said a Yankee. "Animal spirits and water, Sir, I guess," he added, and grinned. A lot of them were drinking large tumblers of cocktails and other decoctions long before breakfast. Oh that I could tell you the story of an artichoke as it was told this morning by a jolly old man!

"Me and Joe, and my wife and his, was dining in Paris; and Joe, he ordered an artichoke. 'What's that?' I said. 'It's an artichoke,' said he; 'will you take some?' 'No,' says I. 'Mother told me to be sure to eat artichokes; I'll have one for myself.' So when it came we looked at each other, for we was green. We didn't know which end of the animal to attack. So first we began at the hard end, and that pricked our mouths; and we didn't think much of artichokes. 'That can't be right,' says Joe. So we began at the other end, and scraped out the middle and ate that. 'My,' said the wife, 'I was that ill, that I had to leave the table. It's all prickles and hairs, and they stuck in my throat.' Well, we did not think anything at all of artichokes that time, but next time we got a man that knew how to fix it, and then we liked them well enough, I guess. Yes, Sir, that's so!"

And now I shall close this letter with love to everybody from

J. F. C.,

Vagrant.

P.S.—A York man on board has £4,000 in gold; so there are greater fools than me in this ship. I have only £200 in gold for emergencies.

*Log.—Friday, 17.—*Cold, wet, misty, thick, and disagreeable dirty weather. In cold water. The fourth officer says that

the arctic current sweeps round Newfoundland and down the whole American coast to Florida. In winter ships get so frozen that they have to turn back into the gulf stream to thaw. They often come into New York with their sails adrift, being unable to furl them. This about lat. 40, south of Tiflis, Naples, Madrid, Lisbon, &c.

Saturday, 18.—Very fine, hot, bright day. Out of the cold water. Last night the comet's head was under the horizon, and his tail nearly reached the Great Bear about eleven when I looked at him. The sky was very clear, and the stars bright. We had got out of a cloud, which was resting upon cold water. We had passed through a streak of a local glacial period.¹

Discoursed the doctor on matters sanitary. It seems that we have had English cholera. It broke out suddenly amongst the steerage passengers in the fog banks, fifty cases at once, and ceased as suddenly as it came. When the cholera was in London in 1854–55, and I Assistant Secretary to the General Board of Health, medical theories abounded, but the most sagacious of the men who had studied the art of preventing disease admitted, behind the scenes and off the stage, that they *did not know* how to account for outbursts of cholera. There are many things that nobody knows, and those who know most know it best. Our doctor did not know, so he tested the water, tasted the food, and routed everybody out to dance in the air and sing. That was a sagacious medical student, but

¹ The results of observations and remarks on this branch of geology were put into the shape which they now wear in these volumes. Those who care can skip the letters, or the paper; read either, neither, or both.

why should health suddenly return as we passed from cold sea water and chilly fogs in summer to bright sky and a warm climate? I don't believe in curing cholera with "rosa crina" or "drops o' brandy," or a dance of death; and there was nothing wrong in this well-found ship with food or water.

The pilot, a neat, well-shaven, polite man, politely touched his hat and asked leave to try my aluminium binocular. He gave it back without remark. I saw what he said to himself as well as if he had a pane in his stomach. "The field is small and the clearness middling, but that Britisher must be very proud of that shining thing, and I won't hurt his feelings." I hope he saw inside of me, for I thought the pilot a very good gentleman, who would neither tell a lie nor speak disagreeable truths needlessly. The aluminium binocular was made for magnifying small objects, to wit, for looking at a horse in a race, or at a pretty face in a large theatre. It was made bright to attract pretty dears by shining. It would have scared all the deer out of a highland forest, and it did not suit the pilot at sea. He wanted a large field and low power, and much light, by which to find a ship or a light in darkness. I knew all that, but those who make aluminium glasses to sell for fifteen guineas, and those who buy them, don't seem to study optics for vagrants.

Great lots of ships and three large black whales set everybody to look through binoculars. When I had found my whale I could see him very well with the handsome gift that was given to me to see the world with. But while I was looking for my whale he dived and I often missed

the sight which others saw with cheaper glasses, made for rough work. There is a place for everything, and matter out of place is a definition of dirt. But that which we hold dirt cheap is dear to others who know the use of it. Everybody who owns an optical instrument holds it to be the best that ever was made or used by man. Long-sighted boast that they can see birds far away; short-sighted that they can read small print. It's a blessed provision of nature, for everybody is pleased and blesses his own eyes, and his opticians, if he wears spectacles.

Presently a lot of tugs came poking about us, asking questions and news. They were Press-boats, I believe, carrying the "Press-gang," as one of the fraternity calls the fourth estate. I don't know a more amusing fraternity to fraternize with. Then the sun grew so furiously hot that we crept under boats for shade and longed for an awning.

Then came the quarantine boat and stopped us. We had a clean bill, thanks to the doctor's prescription of jigs in air or to the healing art of nature, and we went on. We passed forts and islands, and rounded hills of rolled drift cut into by man's hand and by the sea. Then we went to the elevator and turned the ship round for the dock. *Elsie* and *Emily*, who had followed us for a long way, got side by side and stuck their noses against our port quarter, and then, like a couple of amiable whales or dragons, they snorted, and pushed, and panted, and went ahead full speed like their country, till they got our stern round, and the head the right way, and then we, too, went ahead and into the Boston dock, about noon. Then everybody warmly shook

hands with everybody, and we scattered. This corporate body, ten days old, was dissipated.

The custom-house officer in the cabin made us sign a declaration. Then he asked me, solemnly, "Will you swear to it?" "Yes," said I, "and kiss the book if you have one." But he had not got a Bible handy. Then we were searched, and I passed free, being too old a bird to carry anything worth bribing for. It so fell out, as I was told, that a passenger by this same ship landed at this same port smoking a long cigar. He had signed all the declarations. He entered into agreeable airy converse with this same custom-house officer, or some other as 'cute, and he offered him a magnificent cigar. The other accepted it and said, "Will you favour me with a light?" He took the long cigar, and held it fast, and ripped it up with a pen-knife as sharp as he was, and out of the mouth end of the burning roll of baccy rolled contraband diamonds worth untold dollars. The miserable owner who tried to cheat these authorities was detected and disgraced, nay, worse, he was fined. Now, the best and cheapest plan is to have a clear conscience, and then you clear your boxes without bribing very clever men. If you have a weak place in your inside, custom-house officers see it, even through blue spectacles, and they go for you at once. I never smuggle, for it is of no use, unless I bribe, and that is costly and unsafe. Some clever men are honest. Once upon a time I tried an experiment at Southampton. I had nothing worth taxing, and little worth anything to anybody by way of personal property, but I was arriving from lands of brandy and cheap cigars, and I had a pair of wooden shoes. These

I put into my pockets, and over my face I spread a mask of guilty consciousness. I walked to the side, nervously jerking towards the place where these sabots were concealed. A custom-house officer accidentally touched my clothes. "Have you anything to declare?" said the man in authority. "No," I said. "Have you anything contraband about your person?" he said, with emphasis. "No," I said. "Will you allow me to see what you have in your pockets?" "Yes," I said, and produced a pair of sabots, with sheepskin covers, fit for a small French child. "PASS ON, SIR," said the officer.

As I passed him, so I passed the customs at Boston without paying a red cent, because not one red cent was due by me to Uncle Sam. A friend who landed elsewhere with much property had to pay several pounds to escape heavy duty. All Uncle Sam's children are 'cute, but all are not quite so honest as those who dwell at Boston, the "Hub of the world." Let me explain, as some American writer said. "The world revolves on its own axis once in twenty-four hours, subject to the constitution of the United States." Boston, according to Postonians, is the pivot on which the whipping-top revolves. Britishers whip the world, we whip the Britishers. Boston whips the United States, and is the Hub of the world.

I got into a coach on C springs, with luggage strapped on behind, and recognized the conservative element of America in this curious old family coach. A drunken cad of an Englishman was drunk within. I would not be seen in his company, so got on the box in the sun and felt it. I also felt the jolting of the family coach on exceedingly

bad pavements, and wondered how the hub stood it. Bostonians are proud of crooked streets and old houses, as they are of their old families, the oldest in the States. But this old family coach on C springs had to get its hubs and wheels into floating stages and to go ahead with its load, and it went ahead. Somehow the old thing runs upon all fours, with the rest of these United States. It ran me into the Parker House, where I borrowed a dollar and paid like an honest citizen of that world which is subject to the constitution of these United States, which I left fighting like fiends in the fall of 1864. They failed to upset their family coach then, and it is running with drawing-room cars now. It did me good to see that old English lord-mayor's coach upon C springs, but it shook my bones till my teeth rattled. A hack is a thing like the old London hackney coach, which I can just remember. It was dear to me as an old friend: too dear; for the fare asked and often paid is about 19s. for a couple of miles. Four dollars and fifty cents to the Parker Hotel.

No. V.

BOSTON, U.S.,

July 19th, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

This is a change, and I am not sure that it is all pleasant. From fog and 53°, and the howling of fog-horns, to fierce sun and 85° in the coolest place I can find. I cannot recognize the place at all. Since I was here nine years ago the town has been burned and built, a bay and a marsh have been filled with gravel and built on, trees have grown, and public parks and gardens have come into being. Further, this is Sunday, and I can't get into anywhere. I have been

to church ; and I have been to fetch a walk with an umbrella over my head. I hear French and German, various Irish accents and some Yankee; the majority seem Europeans.

I drink lemonade and read rubbish in the papers. As soon as I can I shall be off to Niagara to bathe and draw. I don't expect to hear from anybody till I get to San Francisco, if then. The ways of this house are to pay two dollars for a small room on the third floor, and pay for anything eaten at any hour. I paid two dollars for a very moderate dinner, and eighty cents for a moderate breakfast. Cheapness is not the peculiarity of these States, but everybody seems bent on champagne, so prosperity ought to abound. I am going to a spiritual séance, if I can find it later. By my lack of employment you gain letters, and my brains repose, and now I am going to sprawl in my bed, and ruminate.

By the way, I found a whole fleet of small *Castalias* careering about on ponds. They are double boats with a wheel between. The man sits in a chair, with a leg on each side, and drives the wheel like a bicycle. In all essentials the plan is the same as the *Castalia* and the boats rocked consumedly.

I did find the séance. It was free, in a public lecture room. A pretty girl, who was flirting a good deal with one of the men on the front seats, got up and went to a piano. Three others joined her, and when the Lady Medium, and a man came in they solemnly sang a hymn rather well. Then the lady recited a kind of extempore prayer from the platform, and then the four sang again.

Nextly the lady delivered an oration with extreme volubility and wordy tautology. She repeated for an hour phrases which meant, "Set a good example to your little children," and I nearly slumbered. The peroration awoke me, and a hymn.

Then the male person announced that the female person was prepared to answer questions. Nobody spoke for some time. At last an old party, with a bald head and gold spectacles, a typical development of wonder, whom I noticed at first, asked, "Do spirits of those who have committed crimes ever return?" The lady answered at length, "They do return." Manifestations quoted from the spiritual telegraph were mentioned in proof. Cards with questions were handed in, and while the choir sang the lady wrote, acting thought, and putting her pen to her ear, as if that spoke to her. Then she got up, and in a crying voice uttered oracular nonsense, of which I could not catch the drift, not knowing the questions. In the midst I got up and bolted. Another scene of the same kind was going on on the opposite side of the same street. Now I am puzzled! I don't quite know whether this woman is crazy and "run" by rogues, or a rogue herself. The audience seemed grave and earnest, not at all disposed to answer my bantering question "who may the old party in spectacles be?" If the woman is a humbug, she is the most blasphemous specimen of the kind I ever encountered. She makes her money by private consultations, I suppose. Anyhow that was a common Boston spiritual meeting, and something new to you and to me.

Monday, July 20.—This is desperate heat. The sky is clouded and there is a breeze from the west, but 75° is the

coldest that I have found, and now it is 80° in my press. I have got coin and I have been to the Natural History Museum. It stood in a wide open space, strewn with bricks and deceased cats nine years ago; now it stands between a large church and a large institution of some kind, and long streets of grand brick houses file off in all directions, while tall trees, ponds and deer paddocks make Boston common beautiful.

I read the account of Montana and its geysers, and studied the Californian State map, and nearly fell asleep amongst the skeletons and stuffed birds and rocks and books where I read for Frost and Fire, when I was last here. A lady assistant clerk sat working at her desk and papers all the while. I came back in a 'bus, and sprawled about till dinner time, and now I am going to feed. There are, and there will be, no secrets in my letters, and you may as well read my journal at home. That will save me the trouble of carrying it, and reading it as I go along, and so I wish you all good-bye, and hope to hear from you when I get to San Francisco.

J. F. C.

P.S.—Roused by the enclosed card, I went to the parlour expecting to find Alicia and her brother. Found instead a benevolent white-haired man, with gold eyeglasses, and a pretty little daughter, who asked me how I liked Peru. Explanation: It seems that there is another John Campbell in the house, whom they had never seen. Told them that crows and Campbells are in all quarters of the globe, and went to dinner; now I am going to bed.

Wednesday, July 22.—Niagara Falls. Here I am again after ten years, more charmed with the place than ever. Vide

"A short American Tramp." Yesterday at seven the thermometer was 75° on a marble slab in a window at Boston, and the heat was oppressive. At 8.30 we started in a Drawing-room Car, and the change was instant and marvellous. It was just as hot, but the air was fresh and moving instead of stagnating in a hot, low-built, damp town.

In the Republican country, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class carriages would never do, so they run drawing-room cars for which those who will can pay and be happy; mine this turn cost 2½ dollars extra. It is a long lofty room, set on four pairs of wheels, of which two pairs are on a bogie at each end, consequently the long beams take off all jar and rattle. All down the sides are velvet-covered chairs, with spring seats, each on a bronze pillar turning any way. The sash windows are large plate-glass affairs, into which, when open, an attendant nigger fits wire blinds to keep out the dust. Green sun-blinds draw down, so there we sit at ease, each in his own hired chair, and look at the country as we whirl along at great speed. Truly the Yankees know how to travel by rail. Those who want to smoke find a cabin in the fore part of the car, those who want to drink find iced water, and those who want to wash their dusty faces and "slick their harr down" can do that to their hearts' content. The cabin of a small Clyde steamer is about the thing.

Now and then as we ran up the Green Mountain glens the train slowed. Curious to see the reason, I went out on the platform, and looked down into a rocky gorge. We were passing over a scaffold. A couple of rows of upright trees supported us, and a network of narrow laths bound them together, but if we swung that structure, down it

would certainly go. Therefore we went slowly over these bridges. The workmen offered us mint as we passed them slowly.

From Boston to Springfield we crossed hills 400 feet high. Then we crossed the Green Mountains 1,500 feet, and ran down to Albany on the Hudson. There, at three, I dined in 15 minutes, waited on by cheerful neat damsels, who gave me ice creams and ginger ale. Then we ran up to the Mohawk by Utica and Syracuse to Rochester, where I changed cars at about 10 P.M. By two I was in this cool charming room with the rush of the river to hush me to sleep, and so I slept, in a draught with the glass at 66°. That's pleasant!

A collegian on the cars fraternized with me, and he was the only fraternal being. The rest were absorbed in absorbing oranges, in knitting, and nothing at all. Like loafers at the hotels, the populace seem to enjoy sitting in chairs, doing nothing, at an open window where the wind blows. In this weather I understand it. My friend wanted to know about titles a good deal. He seemed to be a good green gentleman. At Saratoga there has been a grand University boat-race, and athletic games of all sorts. The papers are full of the meeting, and of murders and scandals and sensations. My friend, who had been to Saratoga, described a mob.

The next noteworthy personal matter that I can think of is the difference between races of men. At the Parker House all the servants were Irish. Some were green as the Emerald Isle, and none were like French and German waiters, but if they were lacking, it seemed to be want of education for the work. Left to himself, one always

brought me potatoes. I wrote down the name of a soup, but he brought me goose and potatoes. That was the result of education, I suppose. Here are niggers and no Irish, and they seem to be born waiters without much brains. Pat may influence elections and rise to be President; Sambo never will. "My name, sir, is Lloyd," said a young darky last night, "call for me and I will look out for you." I bade him call me at six. About eight he came. "I told them to call me at six," he said, "but they forgot, so I am come at eight." "Now go and brush my clothes and bring them back." He went and came. "I did not hurry myself, you see," quoth Lloyd, "I just took my time and brought them right square off." I never am in a hurry, least of all here, so I did not mind. Next we got to a bath: it is down in the basement, a large square room with a waterspout dashing into the bath in the corner. I got hold of a rope and held my back in it, and the spray flew ten yards into the room, a fountain. One feels as if bones were flag-poles, and flesh fluttering bunting in a gale of wind. "It's awful wholesome," as the black Welshman said when he shut the door and left me. But the born waiter forgot to give me a towel, which was not intelligent. A whole army of them were drawn up sunning themselves at the breakfast-room door, and very neat and clean they looked in white. Every shade of black and brown, every variety of cross, shines through their queer, quiet faces. The olive-green ones sell books and papers, the sepia men wait at table, the blackest black boots and brush coats, and bear burdens. But no amount of dilution seems to make a blacky white enough to keep a hotel, or own a shop, or do anything that an Aryan does.

I am quite sure that no Africaryan will ever run an Emma mine or an Erie ring. But the potato man may in time, for he has brains to be educated, while darky's head is like that of the Neander-thal man who was like a monkey. It is so precious hot and bright outside that here I have sat smoking and journalizing, and thinking about Celts and Niggers, enjoying the cool and the sound of the waters, instead of going out to see the Falls. That is the one great advantage of travelling alone. If I had some energetic person to lionize, or somebody always in haste to get on, I never could have dawdled away a whole sunny morning in this idle fashion. I fancy I hear my best travelling chums rushing about with letters of introduction, or C. G. charging about after the next trains for the west, so as to get somewhere else in a hurry. I never was in a hurry, and I always have been hurried till now, and now I have got over 550 miles in perfect quiet and repose. I was more hurried between home and the station. Now I am 4,730 miles from that station, and I have never been hurried or worried since I set out. If this goes on I shall become a peripatetic philosopher. "Air you going on the St. Lawrence, sir?" said a human olive to me. "I, sir, am travelling circumperambulatorically," I said, gravely. The olive gaped, and a white timber nutmeg of a Yankee grinned intelligently. Now I shall go out to Goat Island, and do something for a bait to catch curious creatures. I never fail to trap somebody, if I only sit down and draw, or look through a glass at something. By the way, you may like to introduce a domestic notion which is in full swing under my window. An upright post with four long arms is turned by a small water-wheel; from arm to

arm are clothes lines many, and on each are many towels revolving edgeways in the sun. They dry and bleach in no time. The machine has been click, clicking ever since I came. What an almighty fine water-power this little dam at Niagara is, to be sure.

I went to Goat Island and found 97° rather too much. The place was crowded with excursionists, so I wandered back and dined, and then in the cool of the evening wandered down and sketched.

Thursday, 23.—I have been back to fetch my cup which I left behind me, and there I found it at the feet of a man who had not seen it. That's luck! I have been making rubbings, and buying photographs, and sketching from the suspension bridge, and fixing and mounting the result of my morning's work. A Briton with a very strong accent of Yankee-English joined me, and we fraternized. He is going my way, and we may fraternize more. Surely this is one of the pleasantest places I ever was in! That morning water-spout is worth the journey. Now I shall post this and go on with the journal when the fit takes me.

J. F. C.

No. VI.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

NIAGARA,

Monday, July 27th, 1874.

Here I am still. I cannot tear myself from these baths and this beautiful place, but to-morrow I must onwards, so I write my log. I have made nine sketches and three rubbings, and I have bought a lot of photographs. But nothing can give the faintest idea of the beauty of these falls. The water is a sort of Prussian-blue emerald-green

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NIAGARA FROM GOAT ISLAND.



colour where it is clear of air bubbles and deep. Where it comes over the Horseshoe it is like nothing else in the world. It is a great green waving water curtain, edged with dark purple, where the red rock edge is seen through falling water four or five feet deep at least. Nearer and thinner and more broken, a promontory of falling water tells warm purple against the green Horseshoe gulf. Great stones below glimmer through the spray, and change from black to purple, and pale blue, and vanish as the clouds of spray go and come. Dark green and warm purple waves below fade into the cloud like the stones. The white Canadian fall shines white through the cloud like silver gauze, while the cloud itself changes like a dim rainbow of purple, and green, and blue, and yellow. Last night the setting sun lit up a great orange cloud behind the dark bank of trees in Canada, and the contrast made the falls like liquid jewels. I sketched, but Turner could not have imitated this. I defy all painters to copy Niagara. I have got the route from a Manchester man. I have invited him to your house, of course.

Now for some of the legends of Niagara from the barman. "You see, sir, these hackmen will tell you a lot of lies; I'll tell you some true stories. There was a doag, and quite a many people see him go out into the river on the Canadian side, and they see him carried over the falls. They never thought to see more of him, but that same evening Mr. doag comes hoam, he ran up the path down there by the suspension bridge, and he was none the worse. That's the only living creature that ever went over the falls and lived. There was another doag, and whether he went over the falls or not I don't know, but he swam ashore down by the old

suspension bridge, under the rock where no man could get at him, and there he lived for two years. Of course he had plenty of water down there, and they used to throw him down food. They call the place the Doag Rock now. There was a party of eight people went out in a boat at Buffalo. They upset the boat and five were drowned; one was a girl, a dish-washer in one of the hotels. Wal, sir, her body was found under the Cave of the Winds, without a stitch of clothes, and awfully knocked about, and she was buried there on Goat Island ; that was quite latel

"There was another girl came all the way from Chicago to commit suicide here. She jumped over the suspension bridge to Goat Island and she was washed over the American fall, and her body was found without a stitch of clothes on, and with an arm off.

"There was a man rowing over the river above the rapids ; he broke one of his oars and he was helpless. He went over the falls and he was found in five pieces. There was an Indian, too, who went over the falls in his canoe, and never was found at all.

"About six weeks ago an old man called MacCulloch was painting the bridge at the Sisters' Islands, and he overbalanced himself and fell into the rapids. He did not know where he was or what he was doing, but he saw a rock and threw his arms round it and held on. There he was for two hours ; but Conroy, the guide at the Cave of the Winds, got a rope. He did not tie it round his body, but wound it round his arm. He went in above the old man and came round above him and so got to him and gripped him, and the people on shore hauled in the rope and got them landed. Unless

that old man had caught that rock nothing could have saved him ; he must have gone over the falls, for he could not swim and he had no chance. And you may see the man over there for thirty-five cents, and the picture which Bierstadt painted of him and Conroy in the rapids ; there he is, a holding on with one hand, and holding his putty-knife in the other, stuck into the rock. Yes, sir, that's so. Brandy smash ? Yes, sir. Soda cocktail ? Yes, sir. There's a man going to walk over the river on a rope to-morrow—he's like a cat on the rope. He lives just over there, and he was a hackman here before he took to rope-walking. He will do it every day for five or six dollars. The distance is nigh about a quarter of a mile, and the height to the river is about 180 feet. The man that did it first jumped off the rope three times. The boatman says that he drank a pint of brandy each time he took him out of the water. That man was drunk, but he walked the rope. He was a Frenchman."

I have stayed a day longer to see the cat-like hackman walk the rope where Blondin did it, just below the new suspension bridge. After that I shall go to Chicago and see the ruins of the last fire which took place some six weeks ago. To be continued if I see the man walk. Fire and water must be gone through in studying the works of frost and fire in Yankeedoodledom.

Yesterday it rained, and to-day the sky is clouded and the temperature cool and pleasant at 70° , with a nice breeze. I have been roasting at 93° and 95° , and I am gradually melting away.

After dinner I saw Professor Fear walk over the river on a slack rope very well. "The rope is very bad, sir," he said,

"it creaks just like a fellow in creaking shoes walking after you. My name is Fear, sir—Professor Fear." "There ain't much fear about you," quoth I; "there's a dollar for you." "Wal, that's the first dollar I've seen to-day. Thank you, sir. I'm a young Canadian," said the Professor. He had on a fancy Indian dress, and carried a tin can for contributions. There was not a sign of nerve about him. Hundreds of excursionists sat about the cliffs who had been picnicking all over the place all day. Nobody cheered, only two or three clapped their hands. Very few clapped their hands into their pockets, and there was a general tendency to walk away from the terror of the tin can. That is not peculiar to America. It's a kinder human natur'.

"It's a very good world that we live in,
To give, or to spend, or to lend ;
But to beg, or to borrow, or to ask for your own,
It's such a world as never was known."

Aadoo,

J. F. C.

I am off to-morrow.

No. VII.

TREMONT HOUSE, CHICAGO,

Wednesday, July 29th, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Since I posted my last at Niagara I have made 500 miles, and I have made acquaintance with a Pullman car and a Canadian Scotchman—both very agreeable. The one was long and the other short. It rained like Niagara all yesterday morning, and I smoked and looked at the rain till one. Then I got into a 'bus and drove to the dépôt,

where I saw the sion extreme Fav pain with Sme maga dimi Wh of P and hum to i was mir an bre I m else tim on thre a w tio than and spit v

where I found an old English stage-coachman established as luggage-master. He checked my luggage, and I never saw it again till I found it in this room. At the suspension bridge I changed cars, and paid three dollars (say 12s.) extra for the Pullman car. Mine was named "The Favourite." It is a long and lofty room, with seats in pairs to hold two pairs of people by day; red velvet seats, with large excellent windows to look out of on either side. Smoke-rooms and dressing-rooms are at each end, and all magnificent with marble and mirrors. At one end was the dining car with a kitchen and black waiters in white jackets. When I got in I had to pass through a whole carriageful of people, each pair with a table let down and food thereon, and tea and coffee and all manner of luxuries. I was very hungry, but had to wait. Presently the satisfied returned to their seats. I went right into the drawing-room, which was a box near the kitchen, lined with red velvet and mirrors, and set out with a table and glasses. There I ate an excellent beefsteak, potatoes and green corn, peach pie, bread, butter, and hot coffee, with iced water to finish with. I might have had clams and berries, and goodness knows what else, but I had enough, and paid five shillings. All this time it was raining and we were travelling fast to Hamilton on Lake Ontario, passing over Niagara Rapids, and rushing through farms and forest, which would have cost a traveller a week to pass a few years ago. (Here make sage reflections about steam as I did. You can make them better than I can write them.) Dined, I walked through the cars, and smoked in the room provided with chairs, matches, spittoons, and iced water, and there fraternized with a

countryman. When five years old he migrated from the Duke of Argyll's estate in Ceantire. "I am the Duke's cousin," quoth I, "and my name is Campbell." "Bless me!" said a Yankee, and offered me a cigar, which I accepted and smoked gladly. Thenceforth we all collogued and smoked, while I studied the barometer and the passing geological section, of which I have made notes for my own private log. By ten we had passed Paris and London and Windsor, and then we went afloat and crossed to Detroit, seven-eighths of a mile, in the glorious moonlight. The train broke in two. The tail went first into a barge and the head followed on a second set of rails. Then the barge steamed down stream till all was right, and then up stream till it hit the other end of the railway on the American side. Then the head went ashore and hooked on the 'ail, and the whole train roared and rang itself into the dépôt and panted a little, and whistled and hissed, and subsided into repose, while the attendants oiled the joints of the monster and rapped its bones in the usual manner. Then it took a fit of going, grunted, and set off without warning, as is the fashion of American trains. I scrambled in and went to bed. The sloping roofs on either side of the cars had come down as shelves. The seats had somehow turned into a lower shelf, a foot-board and head-board divided each compartment from its neighbour, and there I found a bed broad enough for two, with pillows to match, and striped curtains hung up, and sheets and blankets; so I doffed my coat and shoes and turned in. Presently I found that we were many and the air frowzy, so I opened my window and pulled down the blind, and slept like a top till sunshine told me to get up.

Now because the cars are long and springy and because they are exceedingly well made, the motion is utterly unlike railway motion in England. There is no sidelong rattle and roll, no jar and little noise. With an easy swinging, seesaw movement on I went, feet foremost, sleeping as if I were at home in my own bed. So that is my first experience of a Pullman sleeping-car. While I was washing my face, the attendant Nigger had changed two beds into a roof and four seats, and I sat on one, and looked at my neighbours, male and female, and thought how exceedingly uninteresting we all are when half dressed. And so I got to Chicago as fresh as paint, fed and washed, found my luggage in my room, and wrote this letter, my journal and my meteorological log; and then I went out to smoke and see the ruins. This town, which is not so old as I am, which was utterly destroyed about three years ago, now is like Paris for size and bustle, with wider streets and shops nearly as grand. This house is a small palace, with gas and water everywhere, red velvet and marble, and mosquito curtains, walnut presses, and room to dine many hundreds of guests. The old house demolished by the fire was hoisted bodily out of the mud after it was first built. This is a go-ahead country for railways and city building, and that's a fact, I guess.

Thursday, July 30.—About dawn this morning I was awakened by an unusual sound below, so got up, and found that a fire was going on over the way. The sound was that of an engine arriving. Presently it was spouting vigorously. From time to time more steamers arrived; they came leisurely trotting with a pair of horses, hissing and sputtering;

and as each came up the dragons at work opened their shining eyes and shone at the new comer and squeaked a shrill welcome. Then each in turn began to blow off a column of steam and sparks half as high as the houses, and the whole flock spouted water into the fire. It grew till the flames came out of the roof, and they got the better of it. More steam dragons came up and were welcomed, and then they stopped and went away again, as they were not wanted. Three or four remained working, but they had beat the fire, and so I went to bed again, and slept. There was no crowd, not a dozen spectators in the street, and nobody seemed to care a jot for the fire. The steam water-dragons had the whole to themselves. About eight, three great roars from a passing train or from the shining dragons of the brilliant eyes awoke me again. I looked out, and there was the street looking as it looked overnight—busy and careless. The place burned seems to be a warehouse for pipes, leaf-tobacco, and carpets. Only two or three of the opposite neighbours lit their gas in the heat of the scrimmage.

I have got my tickets for San Francisco (118 dollars), and mean to start to-morrow, and stop at a great many places by the way. I expect to find letters when I arrive. I hardly expect to have time to write more of this kind, but when I have time for that purpose I will tell you my tale. Meantime good-bye.

J. F. C.

Log.—One of my fellow-travellers hereabouts was a timber and squared oak merchant returning from starting a raft about 1,200 feet long for the St. Lawrence, and bound for Milwaukee and elsewhere to fell more forests. Oaks grow

all over this tract and farther north and west. My acquaintance came from a land where the forests are chiefly heather, and the oaks are underground in peat bogs. He buys land and cuts timber "right away." The soil is deep and rich—black loam over strong clay. When they sink wells they get to lime and oil. Geologists say that coal is lower down, but no one has tried as yet. Lake St. Clair is a grand place for ducks; one man killed eighty-two brace in one day at a place on Lake Erie. That belongs to a Joint Stock Company; men go there and pay some dollars per day; a punt man is servant and included in the rent of this shooting. Sportsmen pay, and slay ducks in September and October.

"If you come back in the fall," said my Canadian Gael, "I will get you plenty of good duck-shooting." "Thank you," said I, "I am going on westwards till I get home D.V."

From all that I hear, Highlanders make excellent farmers and lumberers. The Scotch generally flourish. So do Norwegians in Minnesota. The Norse girls are famous to bind wheat. A girl will earn three dollars a day: they are as good as men. No wonder that men marvel at the strength of Saetar Pigas when they live amongst weak women whom I see hereabouts. One MacLellan, a Canadian about twenty-five or thirty years of age, beat Dinnie quite lately, and all Canada is proud of the athlete. In 1847, MacLellan from Islay beat all Inverary and all comers. Islay men about Bowmore are flourishing greatly. The way to Bowmore was the way to church when I was young. The way to go there now is to go to Toronto and then North-West.

"And how do you account for the fact that trees grow in these parts and do not grow elsewhere west?"

"Well, sir, the only way that I can account for it is, that within some late period the country was submerged," said the feller of oak forests. "Some part of the prairie is lower than Lake Michigan. They dug a little, and now the water runs out westward to the Gulf of Mexico instead of running eastwards, as it used to do, into Lake Michigan on its way to the Gulf of St. Lawrence." I wonder how many practical men I should find in the old country able to tell me so much that I wanted to know while whirling past London, Paris, Windsor, and other towns whose namesakes are here in the wilds. This is a grand country for men with brains to migrate to. But it's not all velvet. I heard of the proud bearing of trains of Highlanders passing through this land suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst, dusty and footsore and travel-stained, too poor to buy the food for which they were too proud to ask, and fed by those of their kind who had gone before and had enough to spare for kindred souls and bodies. The fact remains, emigrants have a rough time of it unless they carry enough for their needs. Natural selection of the strongest and fittest has made this strong population by slaying the weak.

All the people who come out here are not quiet, sober, industrious sons of toil. After writing my letter home I went to see the burned town. I wanted something to carry me, for the heat was terrible, and hailed a hack, as men hail a hansom. The fare was five dollars for two hours—say about one pound one. I took the cars instead, and paid five cents (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) for leave to drive all over the town, for

the whole day, I believe. That is Republican. If anybody chooses to be an "Aristo" and hire a fiacre, he must pay for a hack. I drove Republican fashion, and walked to the water-works and 133 steps up to the top of a tower 200 feet high. The tower rocked in the strong westerly breeze. The view over the town on the flat shore, with the blue lake in a heat haze, was curious and strange. Why, I know not, but it took me back to Kuopio in Finland and to the top of a tower on a hill there. This tower is the highest point between these American lakes and the Mississippi. The engineer in the pump-room asked tenderly after the welfare of Liverpool. He had traded there as steam-boat engineer. "There's three or four fires burning now," he said. "There's a lot of darned rascals in this town. They do it on purpose. They telegraph here about fires, and they have not rung them out yet." I know very well why that short speech took me back to Paris and to Easter 1871; and showed me the crowd of faces about the Porte Maillot, where all the rogues in the world appeared by deputies and representatives from Europe and from America. I began to realize that Red Republics are possible in older Republics. I noticed that an American fly-wheel was cast in many bits. "I would not like to see it make thirty revolutions," said the engineer. If Boston be the Hub of the world and steady, Chicago seems to be at the circumference; and the wheel may go off at a tangent if it goes too fast, and makes red-hot revolutions. A little of the frost of Scandinavia and Scotland may be useful where there is so much petroleum, and where there are so many petroleuses. "That tower of yours is rocking," I said. "I should not wonder if it came down some day." "Please God it

don't come this way," said the engineer. "Amen," said I.

I took the cars again, and drove up State Street to see the ruins of last fire. They *are* ruins. Those of Paris which I saw at the end of 1873 were nothing to them, and yet they were "some pumpkins." Here and there a tent or a shanty sheltered the ground-landlords, and Germans were selling lager beer from sheds. Directions of the burned-out citizens—doctors, dentists, merchants, parsons, and all the classes who own property, and wish for a quiet Republic that builds waterworks to extinguish Red fires—were stuck about on boards. The black ground under them was strewed with glass and a tangle of pipes, of all kinds, sorts, and sizes, and yet fresh fires were still red-hot, with water playing on them to extinguish them, pumped out of the blue lake by that fly-wheel in many bits, which the engineer would not like to see make thirty revolutions. I went home to my own room, and read the daily papers, to my great discontent. If the American people keep their press-gang going at such speed in such a mess, they have need of a steady old Hub at Boston to act brake for the flying-wheels of their old family coach, and some autocrat at their breakfast-table to give them wholesome mental food. All the people who come out here are not sober, industrious, hard-handed sons of toil. The Ouvrier of 1848 and the Fenian of 1875 are here in force, stirring up strife and poking fires in the engine-room. *Anges d'en bas.*

I saw a great deal between Chicago and Cheyenne which has gone into the geological pigeon-hole. At the Missouri I fell in with my first Indians. I stalked, and tried to trap

an old Pawnee woman. As soon as she twigged what I was about she covered up her towsy black hair and skedaddled. It was all in vain to hide behind posts and inside cars. She was very wild and picturesque, and far too quick to be caught flying with a pencil unawares. She came from the reservations to the North. A still more picturesque boy, in red tights, with a bow and blunt arrows, wanted to shoot coins, and so far as I know continues to want. Neither understood English. At Fremont more Indians came about the train with papers, begging: "John is a good Indian; give him a dime." As none of them would let me draw them, I got old John, and wrote the numerals. Here they are, as near as I can spell by ear.

1. Ask.
2. Betku (very soft).
3. Towet.
4. Schiète (soft and sibilant).
5. Sioux. This explains the name of the tribe of five nations.
6. Sioux aufen. (Very soft) 5 and 1 = 6.
7. Betku sioux aufen, $2 + 5 = 7$.
8. Towet sioux aufen, $3 + 5 = 8$.
9. Iuxidewan.
10. Ti Iuxide.

Now here is a Finnish numeral and a Norwegian. *Ti* = 10. *Iuxi* is nearly the sound of one—*de* I do not know what to make of, but the word looks like Ten the first.

I pointed at John and said "*Sh-quā*," which I knew of old. He looked very indignant and grunted "No." "*Papoose?*" I said. John gathered his draperies and snorted. He was

neither a woman nor a child, and he would have nothing more to say to a pupil who insulted his master. He got his dime, that was all he cared about, unless it was the dram that he bought with it.

I tried to catch a *Sh-quā*, who was nearly black and very striking, but on went the train into the region of the Platte river. At tea time, at Grand Island, many Indians came about. I saw their camp. One got talking to a knot of passengers, so I managed to book him. He looked like a noble Roman senator, with his black scalp locks, and red blanket draped about exceedingly well-made legs, and a light active body, carried by neat feet, with high insteps. His bow and arrows were in a bag of deerskin, with numerous hanging tags and ends. The general colour was warm yellow. Blanket red, shirt blue, hair black and coarse, skin very dark olive, sepia and vandyke brown, *not red*. Leggings, deer-skin with tags below, like the tails of two fashionable gowns trailing. Deerskin mocassins fitted his neat feet like a stocking. The crowd, as is the way of crowds, called him to look at me, just when I most wanted to look at him. He came, stuck his thumb on his portrait, gazed hard, grasped hard, looked amused and amazed. Then he exclaimed and laughed, and bore himself in a very frivolous manner, exceedingly unlike the Indians of my reading, and off we went fizzing over the plains. I saw my first prairie dog sitting at the mouth of his artificial volcano. It can't rain much where beasts live in open funnels. I saw herds of black cattle in the distance. All the tame kye are coloured, so these were my first buffaloes. I saw great numbers of ant-hills, piles of gravel half-a-foot high, amongst small cacti, some with small



INDIAN MAN OF THE PLAINS.

p. 42, vol. i

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round flat leaves, others round as a ribbed orange. The grass-hoppers, which have devastated Minnesota and fields of Indian corn all up this line, were in shining clouds all the way to the Rocky Mountains. When we stepped off the cars at a halt, they rose whirring, a glittering cloud. The corn-stalks where they had been were bare sticks. Prairie larks and hawks and antelopes made the list of live stock noticed on this trail. Now it really was curious to go whizzing through the wilderness in a drawing room, looking at these wild creatures from plate-glass windows. As I lay dozing in my bed I could often fancy myself on a well-known Highland seashore, watching a burn digging in sand. The burn was the Platte river, the sand was the bed of the stream, when the snow by melting sends a rolling flood over these dry sands.

An old fellow at Omaha, finding that I could speak French, took a liking to me, and asked where I was going. "To Cheyenne," I said. "Don't go there," he said; "all the men are murderers and thieves: you will have your throat cut and lose your money." "But," said I, "there must be a station and a hotel there." "Non, monsieur, there is nothing of the kind." But nevertheless I went to Cheyenne and found an excellent hotel, and a good station, and very good food, and nobody seemed to have the smallest wish to cut my purse or my throat.

I see no possible reason for trying to frighten me from Cheyenne, so conclude that people who do not travel in America, as elsewhere, need instruction. The country is so vast that different states are as European countries, and their inhabitants are as foreigners. One very pleasant fellow-traveller said that when he first went west, a little boy, none

of the other little boys would play with him because he was a "Blue belly." I remember that Queen Elizabeth called certain Irishmen "Yellow bellies" because they wore yellow waistbelts at a great game, but I forget which American state is inhabited by "Blue bellies." It is said that Lincolnshire lads are like their fellows the ducks, and have speckled bellies and webbed feet. Nova Scotians are "Blue noses"; every state in America in like manner has a nickname, and Cheyenne earned a very bad name indeed when my Canadian French American friend was a little boy.

The little Blue belly bathed and then the other little boys saw that he was of their kind and harmless, and played with him thenceforth. So I went to Cheyenne and saw that it was human and rather civilized. It looked so, and behaved well to me. But the west is a wild country, and wild spirits roam there.

At the station near Colorado Springs two rival drivers had a difficulty. One was slender and vicious, and he pounced down from a 'bus on a big, bluff, bull-headed, prize-fighting sort of man in boots and shirtsleeves, who had been a captain. He forthwith threw his foe off the platform down five feet amongst heels and wheels and sand. If he was slender he was as vicious as a wild cat, and full of pluck. He rose, climbed up, and charged again, bleeding from a cut. Thereupon the big captain got his knob in chancery and tapped his claret, and reduced his face to the condition of a beefsteak well beaten.

He kept on yelling all the time: "I'll kill him! bring me a knife. I'll kill him, give me a knife, I'll kill him." The rest, who kept their hands in their pockets, presently

suggested that he had enough. The bulldog dropped the tom cat, and there he stood dripping gore over the steps of the ears, and shaking. He was beaten, but he did not want to give in. I was looking for the revolver and preparing to get out of the line of fire. "Eh! he's had enough," said the captain; "that will teach you to leap down on me again." So the difficulty ended. Presently the 'buses started for Colorado Springs. But for that savage yell for a knife, the fight was a regular good mill. I never saw anybody get a more complete thrashing, even at Eton, where I saw B—— thrash Windsor Chummy, a sweep, and where I got my own teeth chipped at Windsor fair, and got thrashed by one of the "elods."

MANITOU, NEAR PIKE'S PEAK, AND COLORADO SPRINGS,
No. VIII.
ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
Wednesday, August 4th, 1873.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

From Chicago at 10 on Friday last I started and crossed the plains to the Mississippi, thence to the Missouri, and then up the valley of the Platte river to Cheyenne. I got there on Sunday at noon. At midnight I took a cross train to Denver and got here 180 miles south at dinner time. Two stage drivers had a good fight at the station. Captain Rogers of the Confederate army got the head of his adversary into chancery and spoiled his face awful. This great mountain, 14,000 feet above the sea, is a station for state meteorology. They live up there, and telegraph weather probabilities, and the result is satisfactory, for the weather does accord with probabilities eastward. Here we have rain and thunder daily

in the afternoon, and a range from 60° to 90°. This is a watering-place, called Manitou. There is a large hotel and many small ones, beside a brawling burn; temperature, 50°. I live in a detached cottage amongst some trees, and when so disposed fill a foot-pail and bathe. There is a soda spring, which is delicious, and a very nice iron spring, which is healthy. All the people are sick. "What is your complaint, sir?" said a man to me. "I have not got one, thank you," said I. "Anno Domini is my chief ailment." This is the queerest place I ever saw for weathered rocks. Nothing can describe them; they are not easy to draw, and photographs do not give the colour. They are red and white, and all shapes. Some are like giant mushrooms, others like anvils and figures with flat caps on. Some are spires, and pinnacles, and towers, and statues, and long narrow combs, 300 feet high, with holes and caves through them. The dark greens and brilliant reds against the distant hills beat everything for colour. These are triassic, grits, and pebble-beds, and gypsum and sandstone, all faulted and tossed about in the most fantastic geological fashion. I mean to make more sketches, and buy photographs. Now I am off to see a cañon nine miles in a buggy, for I find walking hard work in this great heat. I mean to go to the top of the peak before I start for Cheyenne again, and pick up my traps and go on westwards. Here my barometer stands at 23,400. I have seen Indians in plenty, deer, buffaloes, prairie dogs, and chickens, all out of a window. I slept the sleep of the blessed in the sleeping-cars, and looked out of a drawing-room on wheels at the wild prairies of the Far West. (Here make more sage reflections on steam.) I might telegraph to you



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if it were worth while, and yet this place is not ten years old.

Thursday, 5.—I went to my Cheyenne cañon and made a sketch, and came back all right. On the way I passed a lot of prairie dogs. We stopped, and got out the binocular, and I saw the brutes as clearly as if I were beside them. They did me the favour to yelp. My boy, a Yorkshire lad, has had lots of them as pets. He drowned them out of their holes with a pail of water. He also slew many rattlesnakes when he was a sheep stock-boy out in the plains. Dogs, owls, and snakes live together in these holes amicably. Returning, we passed an old fellow riding. “Bheil Gaelic agad?” soon showed that Mr. Blair was a Perthshire Highlander, and we fraternized instantly. He is fifty-four, and grey as a badger. He is justice of peace, landowner, and general manager here at the springs. This morning he came to fetch me for a walk, and we have been dawdling about and drinking quarts of water. The springs are all delicious, temperature 60°, taste excellent, boiling up with carbonic acid, and good for various ailments, of which I have none but laziness and weakness from the heat. We fell in with a workman from Gairloch, brother to the gamekeeper. Of course we jabbered Gaelic, and shook hands a good deal. A Mullman is here, and lots of other Scotchmen, who are all flourishing. Amongst these grand hills they seem as happy as kings; but they take the strongest interest in the old country and all that belongs to it. “Oh, but I was pleased when I came here and saw the hills again,” said one to me with effusion.

All my own geological speculations are in the log, where this is to go. The main result is, that I believe this to be

an ancient seacoast, and the weathered rocks the work of waves. I find none above a certain level. I find no marks of the "Ice Cap," and have ceased to believe in it altogether. Personal adventures I have none to tell. The people play at croquet, and sing and ride in habits, and the women dress in long-tailed gowns and swell sleeves. Most of them are sick, and nobody seems to fraternize with me. An Ayrshire man, who is a good walker, is the only sociable creature I have found. So I spend my time much alone—drawing, writing, and smoking. I go to bed at dark, rise at daylight, help myself to fresh water from the burn, and enjoy life. The best part of travelling is sitting still at a pleasant place, with Nature's soda-water to drink, or with cataract-baths, like those of Niagara.

And now I shall send off this letter and dine. I have not dined for two days, having been out all day long. I have drunk nothing stronger than coffee for a week. I may send you some photographs if they come off the cards. To-morrow I mean to try the peak, and if I find it too hard work I will stop where the horses stop, and ride down again.

J. F. C.

NO. IX.

SALT LAKE CITY,
August 12th, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I got in here last night and found gas and all other luxuries. Ladies with long muslin trains were sailing and trailing about in the dust arm in arm with male swells. Some one remarked that single men walked with half-a-dozen

of women, and these we concluded to be their wives. We heard Norwegian and English of many provinces, and all manner of outlandish tongues, all gathered into this queer mountain basin full of salt water and saints. Something does not agree with them, for they all look seedy and washed out. It is as hot as a furnace, and yesterday morning we had a frost. That sort of thing may disagree with the saints of Utah, or something else may; but the fact is that they look seedy exceedingly.

I went up Pike's Peak only as far as I could ride, or rather scramble, with an old horse. At 90° Fahr., and fifty-two of age and 230 lbs. of weight. I would not face 1,500 feet of rough ground with seven Yankees in good condition to shame me or make me walk my best or bust. So at 12,500 feet above the sea I turned tail and studied geology down hill.

Next day I drank soda spring water and sketched; and on Sunday I went 180 miles back to Cheyenne. On Monday I started at two, slept in the cars as in a house, got up to breakfast on Tuesday and fed by the wayside. At about eight I got here yesterday from Ogden, and here I am writing, drawing, smoking, and living as quietly amongst these Mormons as if I were at home. "*Calum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt;*" and here the English Mormons have carried their home ways. Boots is from Yorkshire, another is from Nottingham. Half the wives are from Wales. The master has three, and Brigham Young has fifty. I have none. My chief acquaintance in the cars was an old general, who offers to entertain me if I go south. He is a notorious Indian warrior, and used to scalp his slain men himself, so I am told. He looks rather like Lord Clyde. If I can, I will go see

his place. I also met a good fellow going to New York on the other train, who turned out to be the man to whom I had a letter. We shook hands and parted. And now I must go out and face the sun. I see my shirts drying in the yard, and rejoice in the prospect of clean linen washed by women who are saints. I have no news, and

I am, yours affectionately,

J. F. C.

Log.—COLORADO SPRINGS. Tuesday, August 4.—This is Robinson Crusoe life; all alone in a cabin, with my bags hung on pegs, employing myself as if I were at home. The sun shines through a round hole, and tells me when it is time to go to breakfast by walking along the boards. A tourist bragged that he had been up and down Pike's Peak in twelve hours; he rode most of the way. "I walk like a greyhound," said a slim little man; "I have little muscle, but what I have is good." "I am too old to walk," I said. "You are too fat," said the lean man. "You don't look as if there was much the matter with you," said another, "I had dyspepsia." I hadn't, so I finished my breakfast and went back to the hut.

August 4.—Walked down stream east, and was overtaken by Dr. Hayden, U.S. geologist, on the outside of a horse. He had found me out, and we had some pleasant geological talk to my great profit. I crossed the river on a plank bridge, and went over the sandstone hills wondering. I stopped at last and made a sketch. These red rocks, disturbed by the upheaval of the Rocky Mountains, are faulted right on edge, and are partially turned over at the Garden of the Gods, and elsewhere to the north and south. But the remarkable

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RED ROCK, COLORADO SPRINGS

P. 51, Vol. 1

P. M., Vol. I

geological feature here is the weathering. The pillar sketched is one of many hundreds. I only drew it because it came in my way. Great red and grey mushrooms of sandstone seem to grow in the woods beside oak trees. Great masts and scaffolds of red sandstone stand beside trees, and look as if they formed part of the same group. Red idols sit on pedestals in the midst of greensward. In short, this is the most fantastic weathering that ever I saw away from a seacoast. In "Something from the gold diggings of Sutherland" I tried to draw rock mushrooms, which there seem to grow in the sea which carves them. Here they grow in the forest. Gradually I got to think that this must be the old seacoast of the American boulder period.

Among these quaint dry red rocks, I fell in with a man and a collie dog driving cows. He was born in London, and is an American. The cows, I take it, were Ayrshires, and the collie from the Highland hills. I left them and watched the ants. They are little brown fellows and make a small mound of sand, which weathers off the stone images. In the mound is a hole at one side. It is a beautiful structure, carefully built and cemented; I had the wickedness to poke my stick into one round hill, and break the dome. Inside the mound was all galleries and chambers. Out rushed the builders in furious haste, tumbling headlong in the chasm which I had made, and rolling stones as big as themselves into the breach, working for dear life to repair the damage and keep out the rain. Left them and got to the Garden of the Gods. There the edge is 300 feet up, lifted like ice in a pond, but weathered like the Needles in the Isle of Wight. One bed is red, the next white, and the contrast of colour is

extraordinary. A lot of Sunday School children out on a frolic were yelling all about. Boys climbed to the tip-top in a rift, which would be called a chimney in the Alps; they stood upright on the topmost pinnacle, and there sang and shouted. When I was younger I stood on the maintop of the *Benbow*, but "you could not do it now," as a complimentary Highlander said. An old fellow came and discoursed me pleasantly: I like these rough friendly people. Then I walked back: my pedometer marked eight miles; the glass was 80° to 90°, and the air muggy. I had no water to drink all day till I got back to the burn, and I was thirsty and tired and too late to dine. I sat me down on a log and smoked. A good-looking young fellow stopped and said, "May I beg a pipe of tobacco?" "That you shall have and welcome," said I, so we sat there and fraternized. He had been round the country gold prospecting in the south-west. He pulled out his map and described the cañon country as "the most darned infernal rough country that man ever saw. The rocks are every way up on edge, and the mountains higher than that one up there." The most curious rocks were red rocks, "like these, only darker red, with a cap of white granite on the top, many thousands of feet high." That is the right sort of man, frank and free. He has been walking ever since May with a pack team of "Jacks" (mules), and he can walk as far as a horse. He and his two mates had a tent, and slept under three blankets. The water froze in their kettles every night. They were high, very high, and in "the most darned rough country that ever was seen." They ran out of grub once. It seems the climate about latitude 37 on these Rocky Mountains is something like the climate of Russian Lapland

about Lake Enare, where I slept in a tent under all the wraps I had, and awoke to find my kettle frozen, and where I walked with a pack team of several Finns and a reindeer, from the Polar basin to the head waters of the Kemi. What a bond of union a pipe of baccy is between people who love roughing it, and are not dyspeptic town tourists fashionably attired, where homespun ought to be worn.

*Wednesday, 5.—*Up with the sun, fetched a pail of water and bathed, hired a buggy and drove off at ten, nine miles, to look at a cañon. Up it I waded and scrambled to the fall, and there sketched. The "cañon" is a deep groove cut by a stream in granite, about a mile long. It is about 750 feet deep, where measured by the average height of trees, with a refracting quadrant of my own contrivance. It may average 1,000 feet deep and a mile long, and is a gun-shot wide. The fall is at the end of a corrie, seamed with watercourses. That half basin is hollowed out of a granite hill. The granite delta of the river spreads from the gulley on the plain, and overlies newer rocks disturbed by the granite on the plain, and is all rolled. The country is subject to sudden partial floods. One cleared away a lot of bridges since I came. Though there was little rain where I was, very heavy thunder-showers were passing all this day, and my boy was on the look out for showers all the time we were in the cañon. All the rain that falls in the corrie gathers into the central hollow, and tumbles into the cañon. A sudden flood sweeps it into the fan delta, and then subsides into the purling brook, up which we scrambled. Clear water runs on coarse granite sand amidst granite blocks. The whole is water work like the Riukan foss and Vöring foss, which are cañons in Norway. The

upper corrie may have held a glacier, but I could find no boulders in the plain beyond the delta whose apex is in the cañon.

Thursday, 6.—Wandered about the springs and fraternized with the Highlanders, and drank water. This granite is all crumbling to the touch, and water makes new cañons in a few hours; all the glens are V-shaped.

My Yorkshire driver who came from Lincolnshire assured me that he had often found clams and cockle-shells about the foot hills, south about twenty miles, where he used to herd sheep, and hunt rattlesnakes. The shells were in the loose soil, not in the rocks, and were like Lincolnshire shells. I did not see the shells, and I know that cretaceous fossils weather out of rocks in this region. In the evening I made a sketch, to the music of the usual evening thunder. After the storm passed eastwards to the plains, the sun shone on the cloud and made the grandest masses of light that I ever saw. The red rocks turned dark purple. While I was working a gleam of sunlight made them glow like red-hot iron against the falling rain of the black under-surface of the rain-cloud. It swept away to the plains, and night fell cool, quiet, and clear. "Are not these grand hills?" I said to the Ross-shire man. "Huch!" said he, "there's no heather on them, and no water." "Let's liquor," said I; and we had a dram all round, and shook hands, and jabbered Gaelic.

Friday, 7.—Up before daylight. Got some grub and some pocket luncheon, and mounted a white steed composed chiefly of sharp bones, with collar marks on his neck and signs of age everywhere. Started before six on a curious saddle with wooden stirrups, rode to the Cliff house, and there joined

seven natives of whom some were regular hearty prairie birds. Without a guide or any one to mind the horses, we rode off on "the trail." We passed the springs, and turned up a V-gully of rotten granite sand. We got to a ridge and rode along a knife-edge to the hill face. We turned along that through large firs and great stones and rocks of crumbling granite, chiefly pink. We got to a gap with a burn in it, and a big stone $40 \times 15 \times 15$ feet, 9,000 cubic feet of granite at 165 lbs., about 1,485,000 lbs. This and other marks convinced me that a glacier came down this way, but did not go far into the plain. It was a local glacier. We drank and watered our steeds and rode to the half-way house. To the right westwards we saw distant hills over a low "park," in which Dr. Hayden has found signs of extensive glaciation. The rocks about us were weathered tors, like those in Devonshire and Cornwall. I rode with the rest some way up the peak to 12,000 feet above the sea and the timber line, and then walked. My ears were whizzing, the glass stood at 85° in the air, at 63° under a stone on the grass. I felt weak; I had to kick my horse and fight with my slipping saddle all the way up. I saw a couple of thousand feet above me, so I gave it up. These cheery chicks from the prairies offered aid and gave it, and one said, "I want to get you along with us," but he went along holding his horse's tail, and I sat and fed, and drank fresh snow-water, and gazed out over the vast plain, and ruminated all alone, as is my chief delight on high hills. Then I wandered slowly down, leading my old slow steed, and sat on a bench at the half-way house and thought of many an old climb and race when I was not the last. I am

not sure that I had not the best of it thinking all alone in these grand woods. A small grey ground squirrel came skipping out of the wood, jerking his tail. I sat stock still and he came to my feet, picking crumbs from the ground. I winked at him; he ran under me and my bench and I saw him no more. I suppose that he lives in the shanty, nobody else does now. He was a beautiful bright-eyed little person. I would not have harmed a hair in his active tail, and he seemed to know it; he was a Chipmunk. Lower down I met three stout men walking up, with a bag and some gear on their backs. They were country tourists, not cockney swells. They asked if I had been up; "No," said I, "I'm too dam old." Thereupon we laughed and parted. Sketching, studying stones and the wondrous landscape, putting glaciers into the hollows, and covering the plains with the sea, I led my old stager slowly down to "La fontaine qui bouille" and drank about a gallon, jawing to old rough workmen who sat round the well. "There's nothing to see on the top when you get there but stones and all God's earth under you," said an old stager to whom hard work was not play, who seemed to admire my wisdom and lack of energy in turning tail; and so ended an expedition twelve hours long, pleasantly if ignominiously.

Saturday, Aug. 8.— Sat in my cabin with all open that could let in air, writing and working. Mr. Blair was surveying for new buildings and sanitary works, none too soon. I wrote him a paper on the superficial geology of his part of "God's earth" as I saw it when looking down from Pike's Peak. Then I gave him a hemlock stick from Cannes cut by a Ross-shire amateur gardener. Walked up to the water

springs and drank. They rise close together, but vary in composition, so their sources must be deep or wide apart. They come out near the junction of granite with disturbed beds which are dated "Triassic" by the geologists. The usual thunderstorm came down and cooled the air, which was 87° in my cabin at noon. While it rained I sat under a shelter and jawed with the natives, who are chiefly natives of Europe. Dined and walked to the rocks, and smoked, and sketched, and restored my mental picture, by putting in the sea at the notch which seems to mark the old sea margin along these great hill ranges.

Sunday, 9.—A polite gentleman from St. Louis asked to see a £5 note; he a business man, and had never seen one. I had to change two gold twenty-dollar coins, having no more greenbacks. All the guests within reach clustered round the bar to look at these scarce curiosities of American art. At ten started in the morning and drove to "Colorado Springs;" there the driver took out the horses and left me alone in the street. After a time I got out, and found that the man had gone to dinner and would not drive to the station till noon. So I made another sketch of the old sea margin, and the hill with the cañon in it opposite to the house of "Yun Lee, Washerwoman." The long-tailed Chinaman had got so far on his journey eastward, and there he was in his national dress washing. He dampens linen for ironing by filling his mouth with water, which he blows out in spray like a grampus. A lot of sharp civil lads, of whom one was a brother artist, came and looked at my growing pencil sketch; one was leading me to find those recent shells of which I hear so much. The place was several miles away, I had ten minutes to spare; so I never

set eyes on these fossils. The train took me to Denver and back to Cheyenne.

Monday, Aug. 10.—It was curious last night to look out on the prairie over the town and listen to the absolute silence of a perfectly still night. I have heard the sound of steamers, fog-horns, trains, rail-cars, Niagara, Chicago fires, more cars and the burn at Manitou, all ringing in my ears day and night ever since July 6. The dead silence was so striking that I could not sleep. Towards dawn an engine began to howl. Thereupon several dogs of various sizes, at various distances, howled also in the very same lamentable key till the engine finished with the usual shout and snort. Then the dogs ceased with a yelp, and there was silence till the cocks began to crow in sleepy tones because it was getting near dawn. Then I slept in this quiet silent prairie town, where I was told to guard my purse from a gang of cut-throats. The quaint part of travelling here is the baggage department. At Denver a "wagon" and four, loaded high with heavy trunks, came to the platform; an active little man leaped down and tumbled the trunks right out on the ground, anyhow. Then he rolled them on their corners to a place where they stood on their ends with a large pile of their kind. The driver, who worked like the brown ants of Colorado Springs, moved about three hundred times his own weight in a few minutes, then he lightly leaped on to the express of Wells, Fargo and Co. and gaily drove away. Here the baggage master is styled the Admiral. I left my luggage with him when I branched off a week ago—now I wanted it, but could not get it, for the Admiral did not come on his quarterdeck till nine. Nobody seems to care a jot for passengers or goods.

So many people and so much weight, so many tons have to be carried and landed. That is well done, far better than it is anywhere else, but for the rest a man must take care of his box and help himself. "Have you got my baggage?" said I to a nigger who was blacking boots in the bar. "No," said the nigger. "When can I get it?" said I. "I guess you can't get it till nine," said darky, polishing solemnly while he rolled his eyes and looked comical. "Where is the man who has my checks?" "He's asleep." "Where are the checks?" said I, pining for my clothes. "Right away there in the money drawer," said my ebony friend; and there sure enough I found my checks with a paper through them desiring somebody to call me at eight. The checks and the money were in an open drawer and everybody fast asleep, except the passenger who took his checks, got his luggage, and carried it to his room, and got his hair slicked down at last. This may be a den of thieves, but it does not look like it. The rail follows the emigrant trail. On Tuesday, 11th, we passed a caravan moving west. There were three mounted men, with a herd of wild-looking cattle, three white tilted "wagons" drawn by teams of oxen, with women, children, and gear on board. They were clustered in picturesque groups about the yellow banks of a streamlet under yellow sandstone cliffs. In the hot glare of the sun they looked brown, dusty, and travel-stained. It used to cost six months to make this journey, now it is made in seven days.

Hereabouts, only twelve miles from the rail, at Fort Bridger, American troops are hemmed in by hostile Indians. We landed a party told off from some other station to relieve the besieged. There were about half a dozen in this army, so the

enemy were not strong. Hereabouts were the famous diamond fields in which diamonds, dug at the Cape of Good Hope and bought in London, were planted in the good hope of cheating somebody. A geologist sent out to examine, at once exploded the sham. The rocks contain coal, dated Miocene. There are no pebbles about the place at all like diamond gravel, but thousands of people lost heavily in "claims" sold as rich in diamonds. It seems that they don't grow well when planted. The coal is sulphury and bad. At dinner-time I looked at a great block of coal planted on the platform. It seemed to be of excellent quality ; possibly it was a genuine article, possibly it was a black diamond imported from elsewhere and planted on the flat platform by the 'cute tribe who are at war with the natives and prey on the emigrants. A carriage at Salt Lake City costs three dollars (12s. 6d.) an hour. I wonder how much it earns in a month. I incline to suspect as much as I mean to invest in coach hire and diamond claims, and Emma shares. I can't afford these luxuries. I wrote letters at Salt Lake and then walked up and down 350 feet over twelve steps of rolled gravel which mark the old lake levels. I reckon from remnants of gravel on the hillsides that these benches must be 600 feet higher than the present lake level. I sat and sketched and thought of the Caspian.

The Salt Lake, eighteen miles away to the west, gleamed like silver in the evening sun, and the whole scene was hot with yellow light. I never saw anything quite like this before; a picture of the Huerta of Granada, with the Sierra Nevada, is most like these hills and hot plains, in my mental picture gallery. The river water pouring from the snowclad hills is fresh and excellent. There is not a trace of salt in it.

For irrigation and town uses open cuts lead the water along the hillside. All east and west streets are on the lake shelves. All the north and south streets run up and down the terraces. They are as clearly marked as the terraces at Alten, in Norway. The glass here stood at 98° in my pocket, at 75° in the coldest place I could find. Evaporation was excessive. Water-colours dried with extraordinary rapidity. I was parched with thirst close to abundance of excellent water, which I could see and hear, but could not reach without a scramble down into a trench cut by a burn in the old bench lands which are like beaches. These saints are located on the bottom of a dead sea, partially dried up. If the old Dead Sea were to dry up, it might uncover a couple of old Lake cities which were drowned for their sins.

Thursday, 13.—Drove in the street cars to the Sulphur Springs. The water is warm, and seems to come from a vein of red stuff, which looks like a vein of some decomposing sulphuret. Thence I went to the tabernacle of the saints. It has held 15,000 people, and is like the shell of a great ship resting on granite pillars, in the manner of many an old boat-house that I have seen, with a boat on top. There are many ways of getting up a subject; one favourite plan is to interview some leader, and most people who come here interview the president, Brigham Young, or one or more of his "twelve apostles." I prefer to interview followers when I want to get at the truth. "I am still an Englishman," said one, "but for my religion I would go back to the old country. Here, sir, is license, not liberty." I thought that laws affecting bigamists are the chief impediments to a general skedaddle of saints from the dry bottom of Salt Lake

and the Sulphur Springs, but I did not venture to say so. I fraternized with the Gentile photographer who made me acquainted with a very worthy Professor, who is an enthusiast and is curator of the museum. His father was schoolmaster at Warwick; he was born in Warwick Castle; he is a phrenologist, and a learned man who believed in the Book of Mormon, and came here and turned geologist and "bug collector," or naturalist, and chemist. A very intelligent man will forgive me if I name Professor Barfoot. According to him the geology of the country has not been ascertained, but these rocks are lower carboniferous. Their dip has nothing to do with the lake basin. He has failed to discover bromine or iodine in Salt Lake. He finds 1·5 by weight of chloride of sodium (common salt). He does not believe the lake to be part of an old sea, and attributes the saltiness to beds of rock-salt to the south. He has specimens very pure and compact. But where did these beds come from unless they came from an old sea? He has bones and teeth of Falconer's *Elephas Americanus* from drift. He has samples of ore from Emma, Comstock, and other famous lodes. From much talk with him and with others, I gathered that many people here knew that the Emma Mine could not possibly stand the price paid for it in England. He has malachite with gold in the green. The green mines of England have been more successfully worked by the 'cute tribes of this mining region. He has large garnets, and a few coal formation fossils. He has a live prairie dog, a little owl, and a couple of rattlesnakes, tribes who dwell together in social communities, eat, and are eaten. He has a scorpion in a seidlitz-powder box, tarantulas and their nest. Even tarantulas fear the enmity of a certain

dragon-fly, which preys on them so, they make a house with a hinged door, and holds for their claws. When the enemy comes to the castle they shut the door and hold on by the lock. He has Indian gear, a scalp or two which indicate the habits of modern warfare; some crania, some parrots; photographs, and petrifications from springs. These he calls "Tuffa." He has deposits on wood, wood half turned to silica, the rest still combustible, and wood-opal entirely petrified. He is a learned man, and I was glad to give him a letter to the British Museum.

The Mormons, who "made the wilderness blossom like a rose" by irrigating a rich salt plain, were men of this kind. The President is very like an old prize-fighter according to his photograph. I did not want his blessing. Some who waited on him were blessed. I went away from the saintly, salt, sulphurous city of the scorching sun and parching air. The place and the people who dwell in it are wonderful, and the most wonderful things in the place are the women, who still migrate to it in crowds from Norway, Sweden, Wales, England, and other parts of the old world. They might be happier according to my ideas of human blessedness. I do not envy the owner of one-fiftieth part of one old sinner.

Thursday, 13.—From Ogden steamed along the lake shore, watching the beach-levels and the geology of the hills while I could see. Venus and Mars and the crescent moon close together shone and glittered through the pure dry air. At Corinne, as I could see no more, I went to bed.

Friday, 14.—Awoke at "Wells," in the Thousand-spring Valley near the head waters of the Humboldt. An Indian of the Shoshones, in tights and a red shirt, leaning on a fence-

pole, with a dead wild goose in his hand, was the most picturesque object visible, so I sketched him. For the rest of the day we kept on down the Humboldt valley. There was little water in the river. There is more in Glenary. It winds in a great plain of sand and sagebrush, bounded on each side by sandstone sierras. At the base is a marked water-line with a higher plain, into which water has cut, so as to make bluffs. Small side-streams have cut small cañons from the sierras through the upper plain to the lower, in which the Humboldt winds. The valley for this whole day's run is like that of the Rhine above Bingen, but without the Rhine. Right and left open great flats of the same kind, bounded by hills of the same pattern, reaching as far as the horizon, and beyond it. Great whirling pillars of yellow dust were moving slowly about this strange weird country, which seems to me a dried lake or part of an old sea-bottom. The mining regions of California, &c., begin in crystalline rocks, near extinct volcanoes. East of these are disturbed bent strata of lower carboniferous rocks. East of these are undisturbed coal-fields, dated Miocene, which end at a ridge of pink granite, against which lean both sides of an anticlinal of red sandstone, which extends southwards from near Cheyenne to Colorado Springs, on the east side of the first range of the Rocky Mountains. East of them are plains, which begin about 6,000 feet above the sea-level, and slope down to the great rivers. In these plains are undisturbed coal-fields which are disturbed in the Alleghanies. The superficial part of the geology seemed to indicate late submergence of all the plains, followed by a gradual rise of the whole area, which is now North America.



INDIAN WITH A WILD GOOSE - THOUSAND SPRING VALLEY

— 11 —

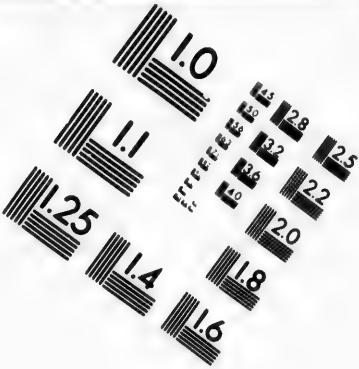
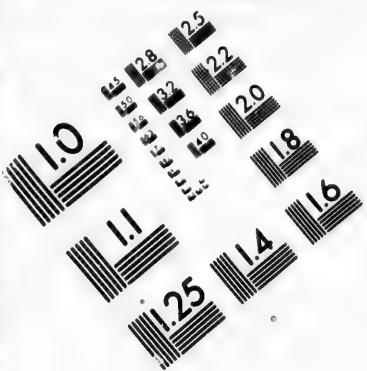
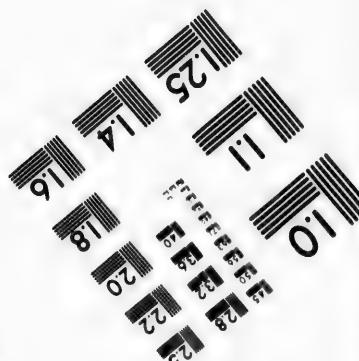
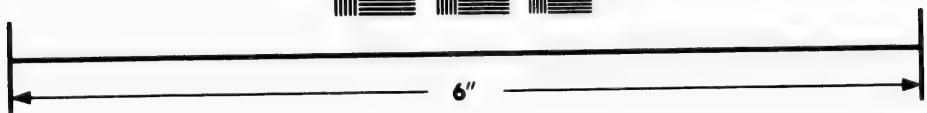
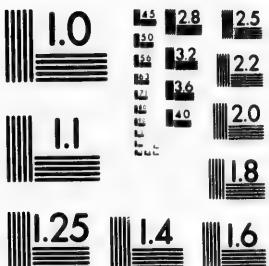


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In order to convey my own impression of this strange land to others, I would say to a Russian, "The plains are like your plains, and the hills like small copies of the Caucasus." To a Greek I would say, "The hills are like the Greek hills." To a Crimean I would compare them to Crimean hills. To a Swiss, a Norwegian, a Scotchman, a Welshman, and an Icelander, I would say, "You never saw anything at all like this country in your dreams, unless you have been dreaming about the Israelites in the dry deserts in which they wandered when they were punished for their sins."

At night we passed over the Red Desert and I was sound asleep. Into this hollow flow the Humboldt and other rivers which have very long courses and drain vast areas. They spread out in the Red Desert and return to the sky whence they fall. They evaporate, and no wonder. All my seasoned wooden articles have warped; my hammer haft has shrunk so that the head, stuck on by a famous tool maker in London, is loose. I drink gallons of water; my paints and gums dry so fast that I can hardly use them. I hardly see a cloud; it hardly ever rains in all this tract. I would not live here for all the gold in California—I should dry up and become like one of the stuffed fish in the Utah Museum.

*Saturday, 15.—*At one I was called by the black porter with whom I had smoked several sociable pipes to his great wonder. I rolled out, got a fresh ticket for a branch line, passed Carson, and at sunrise got to Virginia City on the Comstock ledge. Hereabouts the struggle for life is going at full swing. Everyone for himself is the rule of life; men will not answer questions or lend a hand to anybody. They do nothing but their own work. Boxes they toss about, checks

they work with marvellous accuracy ; they run rails and carry men and goods, and do business well, to earn dollars ; but any sign of decent civility I have not seen off the cars for a long time, unless I happen on a poor Paddy or a new comer, or an old stager, who wants to "stick me with a claim" or a "hunting business." All are preying on each other like tarantulas and dragon-flies; spiders and flies. One man lost heavily in our train at "three-card monte." Gamblers and "desperadoes" commonly get into trains, act some part, pretending to be foolish miners, and trap migratory flies who are not yet "up to trap." Consequently everybody is armed and on guard, and in the humour depicted by *Punch* in a cartoon some time ago. "There's a stranger, heave half a brick at him." As we steamed into Virginia City the passengers amused themselves by firing revolvers at the telegraph posts. It was a hot fire for a mile. No wonder I had to carry my own goods.

My general impression of American travel is that a man in a Pullman car knows as much about it as a man in a Cunard steamer knows of life in the Atlantic. He may see something out of his windows, he may see a buffalo, or a whale, a gull or a goose, and think he has seen a great deal ; but if he gets out of his palace afloat or on wheels he must swim or go down. If he goes overboard in the Thames he may find somebody to pull him out. If he gets out of his depth in the mining districts, he may sink or swim if somebody does not shove him under to rise upon him. This is pure Darwinian philosophy—the struggle for life in full force amongst men of Aryan race.

After breakfast at six, walked down to the Virginia Con-

solidated mine and left my name for a man in authority. The same lofty, frosty, chilly mountain air of coldness, and keep your distance prevailed everywhere. I realized that I might be a Stock-jobber and went away. Every eye said plainly "*You get*," which is Californian for the Irish "*Get out of that*." "*You bet*,"—you may bet safely that I did. When secretary to the Mines commission and to the Coal commission I went down enough of deep mines to know that I should see very little by the light of a miner's candle, that I should spoil my clothes, and probably hurt my shins and break my head in the dark; that I should be half suffocated in very ill ventilated "ends," and that I should have to exert myself in a temperature which here is said to be 140° at the bottom—73° in my room was more than pleasant. I went away and watched an Indian woman walking up the street with a small child strapped upright under a sunshade, in a kind of ark, slung on her back. The imp looked contented, and wagged his arms like pendulums.

The town is on the side of a steep conical hill, with a dyke weathered out of it running E.W. or thereabouts. The great Comstock ledge seems to run N.S., that is on the strike. They are down 2,000 feet, and attribute the heat in one level to the decomposition of sulphurets. If this temperature of 140° is not a shave, it is the highest mining temperature that I know. I armed myself with a hammer and a stone, and went out prospecting for knowledge. "What do you work at?" said a smith, who put iron wedges into my hammer, and did not want to be paid. "*Qu'est-ce que vous avez dans le sac? Est-ce que vous avez quelque chose à vendre?*" said a French barber who was sitting at his door

with a terrier clipped poodle fashion. Here he has been for twelve years, and he does not know anything about stones. A foreman politely took me to a new mine, and showed me the works, and a bucket of dirty water fresh drawn from the shaft which was full nearly to the brim. A Welshman discoursed me, a man recovering from Panama fever, with a pretty Irish wife and bairns, who was shovelling for pastime in a garden. We fraternized over a spirit-level which came out of the bag, and I went in and sat in the best chair. I went up to the "crop," and so far as I can make out from listening and looking and putting things together, I formed an opinion about this famous lode. Wild horses will not drag me into print with it. I will sell it if Californians will buy it. "You bet." I won't buy shares, "You get." There are The International, Gold Hill, Ophir, Virginia Consolidated, and a dozen more claims all claiming attention; and I paid no sort of attention to any of their claims. I gave the miner all the knowledge I happened to have *gratis*. I hope that he will make his fortune, for I had nothing to sell in my bag.

I gathered that mining here means getting ore enough to ballast the shares and make them sail into the market for sale. Enormous fortunes are made chiefly by selling buyers, "You bet." The 140° of temperature fell to 112°, when tested by miners. They all cracked up British Columbia as a better and richer country in all respects, and wondered why the British government does not push on the railway. I don't know and can't say. But if Comstock ledge is such a land of gold it seems odd to go further out into the cold. I did not seem to want to stop in Virginia City long, so I went away.

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Our train was made up of waggons loaded with white quartz going to be pounded and cleared of gold with mercury, and washed. It was a lot of flat cars, with one for passengers. The line is a wonderful work; it curls and winds about the hill sides, in and out of V-shaped hollows, which show the geological structure. As I sat the engine and train curled before me like a snake, and wriggled to balance itself. Sometimes the engine disappeared round a corner, and all the way it was dangerous to look at. As emblem of place and people, I drew a boy who sat in the brake of the gold train, like a mast-headed midshipman, while another bold reckless being sat on the buffer of the engine, swinging his legs over the edge of the track in front of the wheels. That is young America going ahead in the far west. Energetic, heedless, and reckless.

At Carson City, walked about and fraternized with a fruit-seller, who was a very good fellow. Tried to draw an Indian woman, who saw what I was about and fled. Lots of Frenchmen were seated at the door of a saloon, jabbering, singing, and drinking as if they were in Normandy. French saloons and all manner of French goods and gear were on all sides. I heard Spanish, Portuguese, German, Chinese, and other lingos. Since the Tower of Babel there was no place like Carson. At night they all got gloriously drunk. When I awoke at dawn they were still singing. There was no quarrelling. One man spoke in bloodthirsty tones of "killing" somebody, but that seemed to be all talk. One rough character was seized with a generous fit, and cried: "Drinks all round." All the polyglot crowd about the hotel got up and wiped their mouths and went to the bar, and

several politely begged me to come in and "liquor." I went to the fruit-seller and feasted there.

Monday, August 17.—As I could not get into the State Mint, I went to the Capitol and was introduced to the Supreme Judge. He was very civil to a briefless barrister. I should reckon his age at thirty years less than mine. At 10, mounted the box of the stage with six in hand, and drove up a sandy road full of ruts, and crossed the track of a late flood about which I will say more afterwards. Then we drove up a steep hill, and along the most extraordinary road that I ever passed on a coach and six. Above and below were slopes of loose sand, angle 32°, in which grew magnificent pines singly, with little or no undergrowths. At 1,600 feet we crossed the watershed, and there at a saloon I discovered that a French lumberer had come from Avranches. His pals were greatly interested. We went down 450 feet and got to Lake Tahoe at 1,150 feet above Carson. The lake is 1,700 feet deep, 30×12 miles, say 360 square miles in area. It drains by way of the sink of the Humboldt, and there three rivers evaporate. Lumber carts drawn by ten mules with 5,450 feet of timber on them, made driving six in hand so queer a feat, that I gave the driver a dollar, and a well-deserved compliment. He graciously accepted both. The Four-in-Hand clubs of England would demur to such driving, but this is a great country. I crossed the lake to Tahoe City, which consists of a hotel. The clerk is English, the housemaid a very good-looking Mayo girl with grey Celtic eyes; her help is a Chinaman with a long pig-tail and full dress. The Celtic maiden is a hard mistress to Turanian "Johnny." The porter is a Portuguese from the Azores.

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NOON IN THE FOREST, CALIFORNIA.

p. 71, vol. i

A German lets boats, a Norwegian fells trees in neighbouring woods. The guests come from all parts of the world. What I want to know is, admitting all these to be citizens of the United States, where are the Americans? I am equally at sea about the lake. Here are a whole lot of lakes at about 6,000 feet above the sea close to the existing snow-line. Their longest axis is on the strike N.S., or therely. At the south end of this big lake is an inlet. At the narrow mouth it is fifty feet deep; at the deepest point, inside, it is 500, according to an old Swede who helped to sound it. The main lake is 1,645 feet deep, according to the map. The only possible exit from this very deep irregular rock basin now is at the side, down the Truckee. That river has cut down about fifty feet, leaving a gravel beach to mark the old lake level all round. I think that this is old local glacial work enormously weathered. But hot springs are near the lake, and igneous action is more marked in the folding of rocks than any glacial marks that I can find about the lake shore. I found clear marks of glaciation near the lake.

Wednesday, 19.—After a very pleasant time in this cool pleasant place, at three set off in a six-horse stage, heavily laden, and drove down the Truckee river to the city of the same name, which is chiefly remarkable for Indians and Chinese coolies. There we changed stages, and with four horses and a light load set off at a "full run," that is as hard as the horses could go. We passed Donner lake and climbed to Summit. The sun set before we got in, and the moon and stars shone with extraordinary brightness in a very dark sky. At 7,042 feet we were at the snow, and 59° and 45° felt chilly after the great heat. At Summit are

barometers, a saloon, and sundry devices for the entertainment of tourists who come up to the lakes from the Californian plains. There is a bear and a monkey. A man took to sparring with the bear; he hit round at the man and tore the shoulder of his coat with his claws. If he had boxed his ears the blow might have done worse damage. A sheet of sacking hung over a cage had on it in large letters—

A MAMMOTH RED BAT!!

CAPTURED AFTER A THREE DAYS' SIEGE

IN HELL CAÑON.

"What fellows these are to exaggerate," I thought, and raised the sacking veil. A roar of laughter from the saloon pronounced me sold. In the corner lay a red brickbat.

Friday 21.—Up at dawn. Hoar frost. The snow lies fifteen to twenty feet deep here in winter. We ran down through snow sheds, and by noon my glass was 95 in the plains of California. I got to Merced in the middle of the night, after a long delay at Lathrop.

Merced, Saturday, March 22.—With a round ticket for sixty-three dollars, got up at five and got off at six in a four-horse coach. Mr. Sleeper was the gentleman who drove. The men on board were an American, a Chinaman, and this child. A young lad, who told me a great deal that was very interesting, talked of aerolites and comets' tails, the constitution of the sun, and spectrum analysis. I got my glass up to 103° under the awning, and swallowed enough of Californian dust to

make a small farm. My log is full of stuff about the Yosemite Valley and the big trees, but these are now cockney places. Digger Indians had the whole place to themselves ; now they fish there and pound acorns, but all the world and his wife go there. My landlord was a German, his wife, Miss Dobbs, from Renfrew ; MacAulay from the north of Ireland was next door ; Perigord, a Frenchman, has fed 3,000 travellers this year at his house on the top, which has become Parrigorie's, by the confusion of tongues. O'Hara is the guide at Clarke's, and Mrs. Clark says she is a Spanish Moor.

Returning from the big trees O'Hara rode away from me. Sauntering quietly after him, Parson, my steed, stopped and started and stared. I stared and saw nothing but a lot of calves and sheep scampering in a meadow. We went on the trail, Parson on tiptoe, or on that part of his hoof which contains his toes ; he kept his ears erect, stopped, and started, and walked slowly on. We came to a bough which looked like a snake. Parson started, and I looked for rattlesnakes. Some mouse or cricket rustled. We both started. At last Parson stopped all four legs at once with a strange jerk and came to a dead point. Then I spied two squaws going down the track before us. I could hardly get the horse to go near them ; they looked as scared as deer at me. Each carried a black puppy in her arms and a big basket. They were bare-footed and walked in the dust. With their black hair and wild faces they seemed in keeping with the big trees of Mariposa, and why my steed Parson was so scared by them remains to be explained. Are Indians a different kind of men, abhorred of horses ?

Sunday 30.—Drove to Mariposa, and there fraternise with a farmer from Donegal. He mined once, and he told me a great deal. Buffalo Jim, the driver, mined for many years, and never was so happy, cooking pork and slapjack, smoking with friends at night, working all day; no one to interfere with him; independent, and free as air. A German passenger was a sailor and did the same. Now he has a "regiment" of children and a Ranche. Every man I meet has been a miner and is something else. The gold bait brought them all this way; now they stay to work the country, and those who have the best brains go to the front. We got down to the plains in time. The ground next the plain is worn by streams into round bumps that look like ridges and furrows in the low sun. There abide in company owls, ground squirrels, and snakes. There pasture great "bands" of sheep, herded by Mexicans and others, who ride furiously in clouds of dust.

On holidays they come to "bars," and billiard "saloons," in shanties, and drink drinks of bad water with the farmers. At "Indian Gulch," which used to be "quite a mining camp," I found a whole lot, and discoursed with them in Spanish. Then we broke out into the plains. The sun set, and the shadow of the world crept up the sky, and overhead, and down the west, and closed the eye of day. Stars shone out more brilliantly than ever I saw them shine. The Milky Way was a cloud of light amongst them. And so we trotted and bumped on to Merced, and made seventy-five miles with one change.

At dinner we found a lot of "Odd-fellows" giving a parting entertainment to some young men who are emigrating to Mexico. They made speeches. They sang "Landlord fill the flowing bowl," and they were glorious on champagne

brewed in this marvellous State. Fine, tall, hearty fellows they were, well-dressed, thriving men, a credit to their several native lands and to their adopted country. But to me, who can remember the birth of this State, and thought of coming to the christening in 1848, there was something strange and incongruous in this sentiment addressed to Californian "emigrants":—" May they always act up to the principles of their State wherever they go, so that men may say of them, 'They are good men. They are Californians.' "

The young men were not able to get on their legs, so one returned suitable thanks sitting.

Monday, August 31.—Stayed in excellent quarters all day, and wrote log and letters.

Tuesday, September 1.—Got to San Francisco, delivered my checks and got my luggage; got my letters and wrote home.

No. X.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Wednesday, September 2nd, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

My last was from Salt Lake. I got in here yesterday, and found quite a pile of letters. From Salt Lake I went to Virginia City to look at the great Comstock vein where much mining is done. Thence to Carson City, noted for bugs. A man who was much bitten by them everywhere, went to the hotel there and registered his name in the big book at the bar as is the custom. A bug crawled over the page. " Well," said the man, " I never saw them come to see where I was to sleep before." None of them found me out and I slept sound.

I went over a mountain 1400 feet high in a stage, and six passing great carts loaded with wood, where there was hardly

room. The carts had teams of ten mules, with a wild man riding one of two shaft horses. The whole land is granite dust, in which grow giant trees 180 to 200 feet high, with no under-brush to speak of. How you would have pinched your neighbour if you had sat on the box, and looked down the sand slopes and rocks! I held on by the iron rails with might and main. Then we got to Lake Tahoe, and steamed over it in a steam-launch puffing. Then I stopped and sketched for a couple of days. I set off in another stage over a worse road and got to Summit. There I joined the rail again, and spent a day 8000 feet above the sea sketching and geologizing. Then I set off again and ran to Merced. Thence I staged for two days over fearful roads, into the Yosemite Valley, where I stayed four days, sketching and riding about in a great gorge of granite with vast trees growing in more granite dust. The place is full of rattlesnakes, but I saw none. It is famed for waterfalls, but I saw the only shower which has fallen there since last April, and I had to look for the falls with an opera glass. The feature of this place is dust. Then I rode right up a cliff on a practicable talus and over a granite hill down to "Clerk's," and on Saturday I went to the big trees and sketched there. I have got a stick for the Doctor, and I have sent seeds to those of the family who have ground to plant them in. On Sunday I staged 75 miles in a cloud of dust. On Monday I stopped at Merced and made up log and wrote, and rested. On Tuesday I came here and got my letters. I shall get out of this as soon as I can. I have no adventures to relate and nothing to tell. The people seem to be the wild spirits of 1848-9 who came here from all the world to dig gold. They

dug till every river course was washed clean, and then they took to mining in quartz veins, sheep-farming in the plains, growing wheat, and other industries of the ordinary kind. Few white men are washing gold. The Chinese are at it still and make wages by hard labour. The geology of the matter is this. The Sierra Nevada, where I have seen it, is a great outburst of Granite, Syenite and other such rocks; on each side stratified rocks are on edge striking north and south or thereby. In these rocks on both sides are Quartz veins which generally run N.S. or thereby; with cross courses running all ways. In these veins are metals—Gold, Silver, Galena, Copper, Mercury, &c. &c. These as a rule are rich near the surface, poor low down, so deep mining generally has not paid. All the hills are deeply furrowed by rains. The streams have washed the débris, and the gold being heaviest has stopped in the bottom of the watercourses.

Nature having done so much, men have carried on the process by washing the débris in the bottom. There is no gold, or none has been got above the Granite line. It is all got out of the watercourses which pass the outcrop of the veins. The best of them are nearest to the Granite range. The plains are all granite dust, and débris of rocks altered by heat, washed down and sorted by water and now as dry as a bone and alkaline. They get water by sinking deep wells. This may not interest you, but it does me, and may others, and it will do for my log.

This Occidental hotel is a Noah's ark full of people from Australia and the rest of the world on the path to everywhere, and a bore. I shall get out of it soon. And now good-bye for a while.

J. F. C.

No. XI.

MERCED, CALIFORNIA,
August 31, 1874.

MY BELOVED A. E.,

Since A. would not come travelling with me this way, and you went East to Gamle Norge, I must send you both a line and a present from the West. With pains and steam I got over the Atlantic, and up over one side of America and down the other, as my letters to your Grandmother and others more fully explain in detail, and my log will tell at large. Having some coin left I went off in a stage driving from this place to see the Yosemite. It is rather like your Norwegian Romsdal, but the hills are not so high, and the forms here are not so quaint. The glen is not so long, and there is less water in it and generally it is smaller fish. This Yosemite, or Great Grisly Bear, is not up to the Norwegian mark as a valley, but it beats all creation for trees. I measured them 198 and 200 feet high, with stems eighteen and nineteen feet round. These are the common sort of pine trees which clothe the Californian hills, and the higher I went the bigger the trees seemed to grow in shelter. So far, Norway may help you to realise the Sierra Nevada, but the driving! My wigs and old bones, that's something new. A man drives five from the box on a road as wide as his three leaders, and full of stones; up you go through the forest, and when the top of a hill is reached down you go full tilt, round corners, in and out, bump; with an angle of 32°, and rocks and trees on one side or the other, or on both above and below the road. At last you get to the edge of a cliff, and over you go down a road of the steepest practicable

gradient with cliffs on each side above and below, and no fence, and very sharp angular stones at the bottom. The Gemmi pass in Switzerland is a road of this kind, and there men prefer walking. The worst road that I ever drove a carriage on in Norway is less dangerous, and here a nigger drove five-in-hand rapidly and frightened me horribly for two days. The Yosemite reminded me of Sindbad the sailor's Valley of Diamonds. I looked for them and for gold and found nothing but sand, dust, and granite, and mica glittering in a hot sun. The snakes had nothing to guard but their own rattles. I found a lot of Digger Indians going about their avocations. I met one with a fishing-rod cut out of the forest, and a string of trouts, 'ticed out of the burn with green grasshoppers. I saw their camps and bath-houses, and recognised the ways of my friends the Lapps and Finns. I saw the women one morning pounding acorns with a long stone in rock cups made on the top of a flat granite block by frequent blows and much pounding of acorns there, to make meal and cakes. Another day I saw them cracking acorns for future pounding with great dexterity and a round pebble. They are curious creatures, and I was sorry not to get their ugly mugs drawn. I rode up and down the valley, which is as flat as Romdal, and out of it up a wall as steep as the Troll Tinderne, up by some fallen rocks and talus heaps on a well-made horse track, which led me to "Glacier point." If ever you get to "Martin Luther" or the "Bridal procession," and stand on the edge and look down, you will get a good notion of my bird's-eye view. The Fjeld seen from Jerkin is somewhat like the rolling plateau of the Sierra Nevada as I saw it when I got out of this glen of the burn.

But the Norwegian fjeld is a garden to this well-drained roasted granite desert. I went on to the big Mariposa grove, the Aristos of the forest, and King of trees. One was ninety-four feet round and 234 to the broken top; another was seventy-five round and 105 to the first limb. Some were 300 feet high, that is to say, as long as the front of your father's house, and a good deal wider than the gate. I rode through one trunk. Thirty feet diameter would let a railway train pass a tunnel. I send you a parcel of seeds; nurse them, and try to live six thousand years to see them full grown "big trees," and all that time believe in the affection of your wandering relative. Give my love to your mother, and tell your father that when I saw trout in the Yosemite I wished them salmon, and I ate them in Norway. That's so. *Farvaer, min Smoka Piga.*

J. F. C.

NO. XII. MERCED, CALIFORNIA, August 31st, 1874, and
 SAN FRANCISCO, September 2nd, 1874.

MY DEAR K.,

To-morrow or next day I shall look for letters at San Francisco. Meantime, I send you a pickle seeds of the "Sequoia Gigantea" otherwise "Washingtonia," *vice* "Wellingtonia" translated by Patriotic Yankees. I was in the "Mariposa Grove" on Saturday; one tree broken at the top, where the trunk is thick, and with caverns burned out of the sides, still is 234 feet high, and ninety-four round the trunk at three feet from the ground. Another which I measured is seventy-five feet round, and 105 to the first branch. I believe

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it to be near three hundred feet high, and it is an average sample of some four or five hundred of the sort in this grove. The tree is very shapely, with emerald-green foliage; light red, and Indian yellow, and burnt sienna, were the colours used to imitate the brilliant colour of the bark, when the sun shone upon the straight thick trunk of this magnificent vegetable. High up, the best of them branch like some Scotch firs that I have seen, but the general shape of these big trees suggested the trees of my youth, which grew in my Noah's Ark. Of course you know that they are reckoned to be six thousand years old. The mischief here is, that other little trees two hundred feet high or more, sugar-pines, cedars, and such like, grow so thickly about the big trees that it is hard to see or measure them from a distance. You cannot see the trees for the forest. I made my measures with a small optical square, which H. gave me; and measured the base with a string, by the help of O'Hara the Irish guide. I thought he never was going to stop; he ran out line like a salmon, and looked like a fly when he got to the root of the tree. A great many big tree groves have been found of late, and they range from near the Pacific Railway down into Mexico. So far as I can find out, all groups grow on granite, in the Sierra Nevada, at six to seven thousand feet above the sea, in deep sheltered gulches, and near some spring or streamlet of snow-water, which keeps the whole place damp. In the general dust and dryness of this high rainless drained mountain land of cañons these trees seem to need shelter from storms of wind and moisture. The soil is wet granite dust, and the débris of trees "as old as the hills." Deep sheltered west highland glens, like those which we know in Ross-shire

and in Argyllshire, seem most like the ground on which I found these trees growing. Try your luck with the seeds. I could hardly find a cone anywhere. Three thousand "globe trotters" and the residents have gathered them this year. I could not find a single young tree. I was told that an English Lord, who was a "bug collector" employed by the Queen of England, had carried off two or three seedlings. I could not identify this aristocratic naturalist, and suspect that he was, like you, a gentleman botanist. I got the seeds from a carpenter yesterday at Clerk's, from whom I also got a couple of sticks for the doctor—"The wanderer" who bit me, and made me a vagrant, and a collector of sticks.

Each bunch of leaves turns upwards at the end. Each leaf is made like an ear of corn, with a bent point at the end of each section of the leaf, which answers to an ear in a head of wheat. It looks like a green plaited fishing-line. The bark of the twigs is like the shape of the leaves, but brown, with the scales on the bark more closely packed about the wood. The bark on the stems varies in different specimens. Some look smooth, and these have piles of shreds of the bark below them. Others have angular plates of bark outside, like "Cedars." They all bear small cones a couple of inches long. "Cedars" do not, and their leaves are more palmated and quite different. Sugar-pine cones are long and enormous. I do not remember to have seen this big tree leaf on trees in England which purport to be young specimens. The wood is white outside, pink within, and very light. It works short, and is brittle. It is said to last a long time. The fallen logs are sound, and seem to rot slowly. From these fallen giants chunks are cut to

make relics for tourists. The trees belong to the State. The fibrous bark is many feet thick, and out of that they carve pineushions. The seed sells at twelve dollars a pound. As you are worthy of big trees, I send you a couple of photographs by Watkins of San Francisco, who is one of the best artists in this line that I know. I send you the measure of the Bottle-tree. It grows at a spring where tourists lunch, and amuse themselves by throwing emptied bottles into a hole in the trunk. There is a very large pile of broken glass in there now, some twenty feet up.

San Francisco.—Yesterday I travelled about a hundred miles out and in, from here to the top of Mount Diablo. I drove there from the station, about twenty-two miles, in a buggy, and got to the top, 4,000 feet, in a thunder-cloud. My driver, unused to thunder, insisted on stopping on the highest point. I made him drive down about a hundred yards, not liking to be a conductor. We stopped in a thicket of thorns and prickly oaks. I, unused to Poison-oaks, began to cut a switch. The driver, who had practical knowledge, which I lacked, warned me that I might easily poison myself by coming near these trees. Many Californians suffer greatly and dread Poison-oaks accordingly. Between us we escaped both dangers. There's nothing like experience to teach fools. I could see nothing of the view for a low electrical haze which filled the air. There were some loud peals of thunder about the city, and people were so unused to such storms that children screamed in the schools, and there has been a great talk. Some imagined that the end of the world had come. They don't expect another shower for the next three months. At noon my glass was at 90° in the shade near the

hill-top, at about 4,000 feet above the sea. At sundown came the usual sea-breeze and sea-fog, which come regularly. My glass then marked 60°, and the air felt raw and cool. The piles of wheat sacks and the hills of straw that I saw on this trip, all out in the open fields, would have made your farmer's mouth water and gape for envy and wonder. One man has been threshing with steam for five weeks, and coining gold faster than miners. This is a wonderful country, but the dust is fearful. The ground squirrels are as numerous, large, and hungry as rabbits. You asked me to look for investments. If any of your people invest here in land, they will have to pay for it. Some farm labourers earn four dollars a day, about 16*s. 8d.*, as I am told. They sleep out anywhere, and eat all that they choose while harvesting; but they have to pay in proportion for clothes and shoes and sic like. Nobody cares for anybody. A man is a hand, not a brother.

Fruit, grapes, peaches, pears, plums, and all manner of things that you grow painfully, grow here in marvellous abundance. I saw an old Irishman at the street-corner in caubeen and frieze, with unbuttoned knees and a dudeen, selling his own grapes grown in his own garden. His stall, at Covent Garden, would have been worth about ten pounds, I reckon. He was asking our price for street apples. I was raised about a famous Scotch garden, but I never ate better fruit. I therefore suspect that the big trees will not thrive very well in wet Scotland. But try your luck. A friendly fellow-traveller told me the other day that I ought to go somewhere to look at a newly-found group. "There was me and my mates," he said, "and we found a fallen tree with a hollow in it. Wal, sir, we rode in sixteen men abreast and

rode out at a knot-hole. Yes, sir, that's so, you bet." I smoked and remembered the mammoth red bat at Summit. If you send people here tell them to "keep their eyes skinned," for all is not gold that glitters, even about the golden gate of this golden State. It is a big thing in farms, I reckon, but not quite so big as the stories told about it to catch flats.

The hollows in the big trees result from the Indian practice of burning undergrowth to get at the game. Most of these very old trees have great caverns burned in their sides. In some the fire has emouldered up a trunk so that it stands hollow, like a chimney. Of these chimneys some have fallen. I rode through one at Mariposa. I had to stoop low and I blacked my widewake, but I rode through a fallen tree. I was told that a man might hold up his rifle at arm's length and ride through another, somewhere. I rode from side to side under burned arches in one standing tree. There was stable room there for many steeds. A radius of 15 feet 1 inch describes a circle of 94 feet 6 inches, which fits the string which measured the "Grisly Giant." The area of a circle 30 feet 2 inches in diameter is 714·74 feet. Allowing two square feet for a man to stand on, three hundred and fifty-seven stump orators might stand on the remnants of that stump if the tree were sawn over at three feet from the ground. Cut out a circle on your lawn, plant the seeds in it, and may you live to see trees grow as big as those which I saw and sketched and measured at Mariposa.

J. F. C., Bug-collector.

P.S.—*September 15, 1874.*—Seeds sent home in letters are growing now in Gloucestershire, in Walmer, in Cheshire, in

Ross-shire, at Windsor, and elsewhere. They lay dormant for a long time, and are now about twelve inches up. My carpenter was a true man.

No. XIII.

SAN FRANCISCO,
September 2nd, 1874.

MY DEAR V.,

My intending emigrant cousin's headquarters are seventy-five hours off in another State, and he may be days off in the mountains of Oregon hunting. My chance of meeting him is small. I have been going ever since Boston, but I have been wandering up and down, geologizing, and sketching, and enjoying myself alone. I never had so pleasant a comrade as myself. He never is in a hurry, and he stops when I want to sketch as long as I like. It's all a mistake taking travelling companions, unless they love, honour, and obey, as your companion does, I hope. You write of balls. There was one in Yosemite Valley while I was there. I did not go, but the dancers were several very plain-headed, middle-aged, hard-working American matrons, some Spanish half-breed washerwomen, and, I believe, "Mary Anne the Indian squaw." They are all perfectly hideous, for I saw them at different times riding mules and kicking up their heels in short snatches of Fandango about their doors in the valley. I believe there were some Chinese men, and some few belated and benighted Yankee tourists, of whom two reported to me the next day. Ball indeed! my dance was with big trees and rattlesnakes, and tarantulas, and granite cliffs, and "Abraham" and "Moses," who are mules. The last of these gave me a pretty dance, his back was like a very springy bow

on which I and a Spanish saddle sprang up and down, till I thought I was going up a big tree. He would not walk over bridges which he smelt dangerous, so he jumped and he bucked over logs, and generally he made me dance for a dozen miles till my back ached.

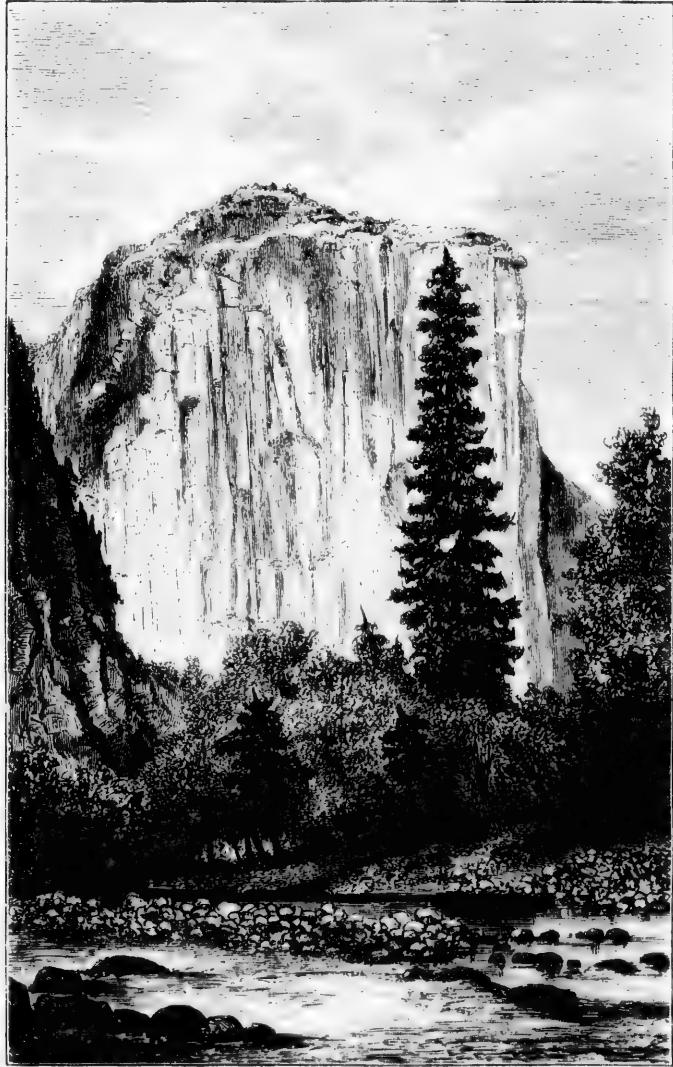
You talk of heat! my glass begins in the morning with 50° or thereabouts, and rises to 85°, 95° and 103°, while I sit in clouds of dust. I drink gallons of water, iced when I can get it, and so I evaporate till I am as graceful as a grasshopper. I am sure I must be two stone lighter since I started, and I feel quite active and juvenile, and ready to dance if I could only find some better partner than Moses the mule. You talk of Buxton. Bah! at Colorado, the springs at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, at the edge of plains which begin at 6,000 feet above the sea, at the foot of Pike's Peak, which is 14,000 feet high, I drank "La fontaine qui bouille." It is 60° and better than seltzer water. When I came down from Pike's Peak I got off my horse and sat on the edge, and dipped and drank from my indiarubber cup till I thought shame. Then I stopped and began again. I was so dry from evaporation in 85°, at 1,200 feet above the sea, that I mopped up the water like a sponge. Heat forsooth! Buxton indeed! dry up and don't talk to me about these kind of old-country matters. If you write to my fair cousin, wish her all the joy she deserves. They had better not come here to practise. "Scotchmen when they come this side o' the mountains, think there's nae God Almighty to look after them, but there is," said a venerable party in spectacles to me yesterday morning. He was going out to shoot field rabbits and cotton tails, and ground squirrels in the plains with a lot of

rancheros. They were going to look after sheep, and they all meant to sleep on the ground, with the sky for a roof and a blanket for bed and cover. And no hardship is that in this dry land. My friend was a schoolmaster.

On Monday I got into a breeze to cool off, and sat smoking and glowering at the sky at Merced. The stars did not look like brass-headed nails stuck into a blue velvet vault as they do at home. They seemed to float in purple light with a great cloudy arch of yellow light beyond them, which is the "Milky Way" of our dim Heaven. A German from Holstein came to "cool off" beside me and leaned his back against the same post, and spoke English with a Yankee twang, and Californian philosophy. "What is your opinion of the cause of this dry climate?" said he; "some people here say that's all Divine Providence, but I'm not one of that superstitious sort." And then he went off on science, such as he knew, and showed intelligence, but he had never noticed that which I showed him, the sequence of sunset colours on the west, and the shadow of the world creeping up the sky from the east. First a low bank of purple rose above the hills, then a great black arch was overhead, with stars glittering on it, and then a low arch of violet, fringed with blue, green, and yellow, and orange, shut down upon the western horizon where the sun had gone down blazing half an hour earlier, then it was night. There are very few of "the superstitious sort" in this land, and it is not good for spliced parsons. Missionaries in single harness would find a grand field. A German had been to a camp meeting; he said that he had so much Holy Spirit in him that he could not stagger home to his "Wagon," he met so many friends at the preaching, who

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EL CAPITAN. A BIG ROCK. YOSEMITE

P. 89, AGO. 1

had Lager beer and whisky, that he was "drunk," and the preachers was as "pad," said my German who had been a Hamburg sailor before he came here to mine in 1849. Now in 1848 or 1849, I thought of coming here to mine, and dreamed a dream in my bunk in Hanover Street, Hanover Square, and when I awoke my dream was so vivid that I made a picture of California as I saw it in my dream, and that you will find in a big book of old drawings which I left at home. Last week in 1874, about twenty-five years after drawing my dream, I made a sketch of El Capitan in the Yosemite Valley, and if ever my books and you and I get together I will show you that dream and reality agree wonderfully. Perhaps somebody described the reality before I dreamed. I am not one of the superstitious kind who believe in dreams, or in second sight, or in the evil eye which makes Italians point at me, but there are the drawings twenty-four years apart or twenty-five, and they may be compared. And now let your mother have the benefit of this rambling screed, and tell people where I am, and what I am doing.

I must go seek coin, for I am reduced to my last American gold, five dollars. Then I must make up my mind where to go next.

Accept the blessing of this wanderer. "Sir," said a man to me; "air you travelling for business or for pleasure?" "Sir," said I, "I am travelling circumperambulatorically." "That will do," said the Yank, "you bet."

Give everybody my love. I am going out to gamble.

N.B.—I tear up home letters, so take the hint and write scandal.

No. XIV.

"AJAX," Sunday, September 6th, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I wrote and posted a line to K. yesterday, and I started in this ship for Portland (642 miles) at noon. I went to the office to take my ticket on Friday. A man came in and said that he could not go, so they might let his berth. "Is it a good one?" said I. "Well," said the clerk, "I reckon that it is the best that was to be had here four days ago." I took it. It is less than a foot high, and scarce a foot wide, and there is a knee over it which makes it impracticable. So I went down below to the eating room, with two pillows and a blanket, and slept in my clothes on a narrow bench. I forgot in my dreams, turned and fell on the deck, "bump." A nice little nigger girl tapped me on the shoulder and asked me for a match. "Our babies is sick," she said, "and the lamp has gone out." I had no matches that would light the lamp. "They are twins; and they have been travelling all around quite well; now they are sick," &c., &c.; then I fell asleep, and the little nigger went prattling to the Stewardess, or some one else. The twins and the lamp were choking; I, in the open saloon, had a parched mouth and strangling. When they opened a skylight somewhere, the fresh air came showering down my throat, and the babies ceased to squall—what fools people are about air! I rose at six, went aft, rigged my bath and pumped salt water into it, and I am as fresh as paint. The freedom and easiness of the whole lot is something

delicious. I open my box to write, the whole crowd stand round and look at me; a man is now reading over my shoulder, as I write; another is looking at the other side of my paper, and staring at my pen. Five are trying to read my letter, but now they are gone to seats. I suppose that they have read this passage which was written to drive them away.

No. XV.

OREGON, PORTLAND,
September 12th, 1874.

So far had I got with my *Ajax* letter, when a horrid little Yankee boy came and pulled my pens about and bothered me, so that I had to pack up and quit. I have never been quiet enough to write since.

My fellow-passengers turned out to be chiefly German Jews, who are freemasons and odd fellows, and good fellows. I fraternized greatly with one of the tribe of Aaron, as he told me. They seemed prosperous and pleased to be treated with decent civility on equal terms. Ben Aaron is a clothier in this city. We were near 200 on board, and a baby was born in the steerage. Lots of other passengers in the shape of birds came on board by the way. One was a little ground dove with two long feathers in his tail. He was very tired and hungry, and went paddling about the deck, picking up grains of soot. I got him some bread, but he scorned that and picked soot. I presumed that he fed on black seeds on shore, and did not know the use of white bread—savage bird. The half-civilized Yankee boy ran after him. I could have kicked the little brute with pleasure, but I

tamed him a little by kindness before we landed. On Monday, 7th, we saw the coast range all day. At sunset, near Cape Foul Weather; the clouds were magnificent. Then the Captain concluded that he could not get over the Columbia bar, so he went slow all night, and we rolled fearfully. On Tuesday, 8th, we waltzed about a buoy for some hours, rolling, while the tide rose slowly and the rollers broke on the bar. At last we went at it, and through the passage and got in with eighteen feet water. Then we stopped at Astoria, and ran up the Columbia, through a flat alluvial plain with beds of Basalt everywhere for rocks.

I got to bed here at midnight, in the St. Charles Hotel, and found the boxes of my vagrant cousin in the bar. He is somewhere between this place and San Francisco, coming up.

Wednesday I spent here, cleaning up and recruiting. On Thursday I went 100 miles up to the Cascades and the Dalles—on Friday, I came back again, and here I am on Saturday writing up log.

This seems to be a kind of earthly paradise waiting to be peopled. Next the sea is forest land and the coast range. Then comes a wide flat valley full of trees and towns, and railways, and rivers, and river-boats, and a stage line to California. There are forty-eight hours of stage-coach in the overland route. This valley, about fifty to sixty miles wide, is bounded by the Cascade range, which runs parallel to the coast, and is continued in the Californian Sierra Nevada. It seems to be part of that great volcanic American range which begins north, about the Chinese Islands, and

reaches Tierra del Fuego. All that I have seen of it indicates tremendous geological disturbance and contortion of old rocks. In their breaks are Quartz veins, and Gold, and Ores. Their débris make the Placer washings and diggings, and these brought men from all parts of the world. In California it seems hardly to rain at all. The whole land is yellow dust. But directly we got out to sea we got into mist and fog. Here, between the coast range and Cascade mountains, it rains "thirteen months in the year." Consequently in this warm latitude trees grow to 300 feet high, and they grow in a rank luxuriant carpet of ferns, and shrubbery, and greenery of all sorts. The sky is cloudy and the landscape blue. But beyond the second range the land is as dusty as California, and bare as the plains, and sunny. There grow fruits and flowers, grapes and peaches, and luxuriant crops. There, near the third range, they wash gold and find veins of ore, and mine. Some years ago there was quite a gold fever, and the wanderers of the earth wandered to Eastern Oregon, over the plains and mountains north of Salt Lake and the railway. They came for gold, and stayed to work. I met on the river-boat a Norwegian from Romsdal, who knew all about B. and A. He is employed in fishing, with a whole colony from Norway. Another was from Christiania. They both spoke English, and agreed that their countrymen were great brutes, who get drunk, and fight and get into the State Prison. Next the steward saw Kensington on my luggage label, and turned out to be a Kensington Londoner who had been waiter at the Divan tavern in the Strand. There I used to dine in 1849 when I thought of coming here to dig instead

of turning barrister. I am not sure that I might not have made a fortune in this land. Many who used their brains have grown enormously rich though they began as labourers. I am too old to begin now, but I might succeed if I tried. B. may do it if he tries. Nothing can equal the beauty of the country. I only found it out yesterday when the glass rose half an inch and the clouds opened. Then, towering above the Cascade range, which is green and rounded, came out Mount Hood. It is between 11,000 and 12,000 feet high, a volcanic cone as perfect in shape as one of my finished models, and now it is covered with new snow from peak to base. When I suddenly spied it over the trees from the Columbia, glittering in the morning sun, with light on one side and clouds on the other, I was quite startled. I had no warning of its presence ; it was hidden by clouds as I went up, and now it appeared when I least expected to see a mountain. I thought it the grandest hill that I ever saw—a perfect Etna. Another of the class is visible 100 miles south. Another, Mount Shasta, is near the boundary of California, and a whole cluster of them can be seen from here northwards towards Puget Sound. I must see more of them. These old volcanoes account for the enormous sheets of Basalt which make this land, and which extend half way to the backbone of America. It was amongst the "lava beds," east of Mount Shasta, that the Modoc war went on. These volcanic rocks are on the scale of Iceland over a tract far wider, and along a line that reaches from North to South America as I begin to understand. At Cascade sheets of Basalt rise one over the other for 3,000 to 4,000 feet. Yesterday I got a boat and found at the river level a bed of yellow

sandstone, or possibly ash, full of petrified trees. These grew before these hills were made, and they welled up from some vent out of which rose Mount Hood, and the rest of the volcanic giants of this region. Amongst these sheets of Basalt they find at various levels old surfaces with fossils in them, bones, tusks, trees, shells, and every sort of surface thing that might now be buried if the volcanoes took to spouting as they have done over and over again. "Leaf beds" abound. But I have no time to hunt fossils, and I can find no geologist to tell me what has been found. I can but see the skeleton geology of this great country, and, seeing it, wonder at the vast scale of it all. As for glacial marks there are none. Possibly there may be some buried 3,000 or 4,000 feet deep, but if there be I have seen none; I saw great trees and I hear of tropical creatures buried under the Basalt. Everywhere I see the work of streams. Where rain falls abundantly, the main waterways have sides furrowed by deep glens and gulches, whose sides are furrowed in like manner. Where rain does not fall the main waterways run in "cañons." There are steep-sided ditches with falls in them where the water is digging back as it digs at Niagara, as it has dug since I was there ten years ago. Because there are few feeders, there are few side gulches in these cañons. But those who travel over the country find rough work. They ride or drive over waterless plateaux from one deep ditch to another, which they must cross to reach the next plateau fragment. In short, this is Caucasian Daghestan on a larger scale, over which these diggers travelled for months to reach the gold, and having reached it took to farming, and gardening, coach-driving and gambling, because they could not get

back. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* means go ahead. My landlord was bred a priest and came here from Dijon in 1849. He is a most agreeable old man. His runner is a Piedmontese, his waiters Irish, his housemaid is a darky with white blood, her help is a Chinaman, with a long black tail, in full costume. He means to go back dead or alive, and the contract is made and signed. A cattle driver was from Staffordshire, another is a Kentish man. I saw Spaniards and Mexicans, and Portuguese lately. In short, here is an epitome of the world. Jews, Christians, and Infidels, Heathens, and Africans, and Indians, Caucasians, Aryans, Peruvians, Americans, and all other races gathered here like vultures about a sturgeon, to feast on gold. "Americans" are the rarest class in this part of America. That's a fact, but a gold fever generally breaks out in the east where men are more civilized, buy land and need hands. As for the live stock of the forest and flood, I find that millions of salmon from 60 lbs. downwards are caught and cured, and fetch about a shilling a head (two bits). The curers made 75,000 dollars at one station one year. They wanted hands to work their nets. There are forty stations for fishing down the river. Nobody tries to catch salmon with the rod. If I had my rod I would try at the first rapids 100 miles from the sea. Besides salmon, the river swarms with sturgeon which are wasted. These run from *twelve hundred* pounds downwards. There is an epidemic amongst them, and I saw many very large fish floating dead and stranded. At one were five hogs and six or seven ravens; at another six eagles; at another a lot of birds which I was told to call Turkey buzzards. All manner of river fish abound. The cold streams which run from the snows of

Mount Hood, &c., are full of beautiful silver trout which "bite all winter." The Indians catch them, and the settlers eat them. I cannot persuade myself that the salmon will not "bite" also when somebody tries. Meantime they catch fish, for gold, not for sport, and they will soon spoil their property. Nobody cares for posterity. The forests are full of game, elk, bear, deer, beaver. The farmers drained the beaver dams. The beaver filled the drains, but the farmers slew the beavers and grow crops on the vegetable mould of centuries, which nothing will wear out. They speculate in beaver dams. Flying game abounds: I fled and would not settle on the beaver lands. I cannot fancy a pleasanter place for a hermit of sporting tastes than the rapids of Columbia. A man yesterday, who lives there, praised his place so highly that I smelt a wish to sell out and migrate. I did not bid, but if I were thirty years younger I might. Mount Hood in sight on one side, Mount St. Helen's on the other, as I was told, both smoking through snow, and casting up chunks of rocks as big as your head. An orchard bearing the finest fruit in the world, the finest trees, the finest water, the best trout, the grandest river, and all these wild beasts, birds and fishes to hunt, and slay, and catch; gold under the sunflowers waiting for me, sunshine on one side, rain on the other, and perfection in the middle. What more on earth could a man desire? But why did this Adam want to sell out of Paradise? Now I must go feed and wander about the town.

Let the family see this, and send it to the chief. He will be amused by the *leaf-beds* at all events. Good-bye.

J. F. C.

Log.—Columbia River Bar.—At 7.30 A.M., air 57°, water 58°, mist fog and showers flying about in a regular purple indigo, Scotch sky. After dodging about outside in a heavy sea, rolling and breaking on the sand-bar, as it used to break on Laggan Sands, in we went. Each white sea horseman, with his curved plume of spray blown backwards, rolled in before us to break. We funked, and turned round a buoy for the third time. At 7.45 we turned in again towards low hills, with puffs of mist like smoking fires curling amongst the trees. A bright line of spray and sunlight was on the bar. Cormorants and gulls, cranes and eagles, flitted about, hoping to eat us. We funked, and revolved once more about our pivot, the jolly sand-buoy. At 8 we went in, followed by a schooner which was pursued by a tug, hoping for prey of 200 dollars, which is the fare. We turned and twisted, and wriggled and rolled horribly, and got in safe, though we drew eighteen feet. The schooner followed, and the tug, having no fear of shoals, rushed madly away through the breakers, and went out to sea, followed by the gulls and eagles. This bad bar-harbour is the best between the Golden Gate and Victoria. It is but a postern-door; but through it vast stores of grain find or force a way down the Columbia on the way round Cape Horn to Liverpool. The bar is always shifting, and the channel is worse than the dreaded banks of the Mersey. The secretary to the Light House Commission saw nothing that he thought worthy of introduction “to Hum.”

Log.—Portland.—The marvellous change here to the eye is the colour. Instead of white granite sand, the trees grow in a carpet of berries and brush and shrubs. Rainbows and

clouds, and purple shadows and brilliant gleams of light and passing showers, make colours on the rank vegetation. In California everything is yellow in yellow sunlight, except the dark trees, which look black. Mountain forms here, are more varied. Basalt abounds in beds in cliffs by the river, and Saddle-mountain and other high points look igneous. The whole reminds me of Norway, near Christiania, in fine weather. I saw none but igneous rocks, and nothing glacial, not a boulder. The laundry is run by a Swede from Götheborg. Rain is very pretty, but a bore. Everybody is armed with an umbrella. I mounted my waterproof. The very colour of the people is different. In California men of all races and complexions were burned nearly black, and dusted. Here they are fresh and fair and rosy as in Devonshire, famous for beauty, and in Scandinavia. "I could tell an Oregon man anywhere by his colour," said one to me. I walked over a plain of alluvium with stratified sands from the bank of the Willamette River through the town. It is widestreeled, wooden, and afflicted by fires, like others of its kind, where there are *ouvriers*. These are the diseases of youth. The wooden side-walks bent and creaked under me, and many boards were broken. These I suppose are signs of premature age. The last pavement of the kind that I walked on was at Archangel last year. From formed streets I got to streets blocked out with foundations dug, then to stumps, and then to the hill-side, with a lumber road cut up into the forest. I looked over a "city" with street-cars, gas, railroads, great steamers on the rivers, foundries, steam-works, wharves, corn-ships, commerce, newspapers, and samples of all Europe in it, all struggling for life. I looked over it all,

and over the wide flat alluvial plain of the Columbia River, which reaches a hundred miles from the sea to the tide ending at the first rapid. Then down came a thunder plump, and indigo clouds rolled and poured, and growled and perched upon the tops, and hid the low hills. An Irishman with an umbrella, John Dunning, from Leitrim, came and fraternized under a tree. His parents could speak no English, he said; he could not speak Irish. But he spoke intelligently and contentedly and very proudly of his little place, on which grew trees three hundred feet high. When that shower passed he led me to a shanty, to avoid another which was coming. Then he and his umbrella went off to work at the road which he is making into the forest for lumberers. I sat and glowered there amidst a greenery of ferns and shrubbery, amongst tall trees and fallen logs. The fat town cows came about me, jingling their bells as they grazed on rich grass and flowers. They carried me off to Chamounix and to the green hill pastures of the Tyrol. Then I wandered down by the way I came, slipping in mud, looking out at the damp, misty, blue, beautiful landscape of forest plains and river banks. This is Devonshire, California is Spain in a hot summer, Utah was worse than the Sahara till the saints watered the Desert. In spite of the rain I would rather live in Oregon than any American place that I have seen since Colorado Springs.

Thursday, 10.—Landed early at the Dalles, and went out to seek a subject for a sketch. We had got east of the Cascade Mountains into the dry country in a day's easy journey by steamboat and rail. I was over the shoes in dust. When the sun got low it shone on this curious, dry, dusty land of

the Dalles. Winding watercourses came out in streaks of cobalt on the round orange hills, against which a solitary stunted wind-beaten young pine stood out in strong contrast. Beneath the tree stood the crumbling pillars of a bed of that Basalt whose beds and pillars weather and water have worn into cañons and rolling plains. Not one sign of glaciation have I seen yet.

Friday, 11.—Fine chilly air, clear sky, 48° at 5 A.M., hard sky to the east, clouds in the west. When the sun rose, extraordinary lights came on the western sky. A bit of rainbow, almost devoid of blue and green, shone out against an orange shower behind a black cliff of Basalt that might have been part of Staffa or Stapi in Iceland. The foreground was a sturgeon capsized, floating in green water, with four white paddles out in the air, and two eagles hovering over the big fish. “That hill looks cold,” said a man at my elbow. I turned, and there was Mount Hood in sunshine in cloud land, glittering beyond a line of black fir-trees and a dark beach of yellow sand. Rains below had been snow above, and there stood the old volcanic giant, shining in the morning sun, with light to the east and clouds to the west—the most wonderful apparition that ever startled me. No one had ever given me a notion of Mount Hood. I have been so often told of magnificent snow-mountains rivalling the Alps, which turned out to be mere shams, that a real beauty suddenly unveiled surprised me.

Nothing I ever saw in the way of landscape beat the beauty of the sail down the Columbia this fine evening. The great broad stream was smooth as a mirror. Trees at various distances faded from dark green to purple, and told

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dark against the Cascade range. That rose above the forest rounded soft and blue, like the best English lake scenery magnified. Behind, beyond, and far above, towered the vast snow-cone of Mount Hood, shining and glittering in the blue sky like a great luminous cloud. Across it, layer over layer, sailed grey flocks of cirro stratus clouds, and parties of cirri dotted the whole sea of blue air as they broke up for the evening. It was a Ruysdael sky, and a Claude landscape, with something which none of the old painters ever dreamed of in Mount Hood. Oregon is "the coming State."

No. XVI.

PUGET SOUND,
Thursday, September 18th, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Yesterday I came from Tacoma, at the end of the North Pacific line in Washington, to Victoria, one hundred and fifty miles in Puget Sound. To-day I am going back again in a fog. Yesterday we sailed out of a fog into fine weather. About sundown I could see Mount Rainier, distant more than 200 miles—a great golden cone of light beyond the flat drift and forest lands of Puget Sound. North, at a greater distance, another snow-cone rose above the shining blue sea. Eastward the sky was all one great haze of light, in which Mount Baker was entirely smothered up. With the glass the luminous eastern haze was a rolling mass of clouds resting on the Cascade range, opposite to the Straits of St. Juan de Fuca. It really was magnificent. I found glaciated rocks on the shore, and I was happy in Victoria. I asked a shopman how I could find a family called ——.

"Why," said he, "you must go up Humbolt Street, and turn to the right. Why, there's one of the Miss —'s over there." I crossed and introduced myself to a very pretty girl, and presently I was at tea in the house of my old chum with the wife and three bairns. The lassie who came to visit you with her father is grown to be a big girl. It was so ludicrously like the highland manse life of old, that I seemed to roll back a generation. The girls came in and whispered, and went out with keys and jingled, and finally, with smart pink ribbons on, we sat and ate and talked, while a big, bare-armed Chinaman, cook and factotum, came in and did some waiting with a plate now and again. It was a revival of my youth, even to blackberry jam. But at night the place was alive with Indians, canoes, and gear; fires blazed on the rocks, and shrieks and yells and whoops and howls of drunken, wild men, made the beautiful night hideous. The stars shone, and the sea shone with creatures that rocked and balanced in the swell below. It was warm and calm and beautiful. And that is the usual climate of the island that I once thought of migrating to, which I have now seen and departed from, and will not forget or revisit.

It seems that a great Indian chief, who had made money and grown old, gave a function here. He bought blankets in bales, and suits of clothes by the dozen, and set up a stage, and threw down the goods to the Indians below, who scrambled. Finally he had out a bushel of silver, half-dollars, and scattered them. Having thus distributed all his wealth, he will be kept as a chief by the Indians of his tribe. They came hundreds of miles to share in this live testamentary act, which is called a "Pow-wow." I thought of an old

Gaelic tale, and of King Lear, and doubted the wisdom of the great Indian chief. The clusters of canoes, and swarms of curious creatures that I saw, were the débris of the "Pow-wow." Victoria is the chicken of a great town. But meantime it is in a shell made of wood. The future of it depends on the making of continental railways; and the interests of Canada and Victoria seem to clash. Both sides want the commerce of the interior to pass their ports, and meantime Quebec has the gate of Northern America. This side is not settled up, and it will be a long time before it is. They are trying the gold bait, but it won't do. At the river "Stickum," they—that is to say, somebody unknown for unknown reasons—got up an excitement: and I have been conversing with the broken men who are going somewhere else. "They was considerable;" they say "fellows salted the grounds;" they put gold-dust into baccy-quids, and spat it into the pans when new comers came to prospect. These paid coin for the salted claims, worked hard at digging and washing, wore out their clothes, and got their purses emptied. To get to the place and to get out of it was fearful travel. They found mosquitoes in clouds day and night; the ground was bed, and their own backs were commissariat transport. Some came overland through the wilds, and lava-beds, and parched cañon country, by way of Salt Lake, and all who came were "stuck" in "Stickum." But all agree that gold is to be got up there, and that Russia did not sell Uncle Sam. Not knowing I can't say. If there be a good find the rail may be made, and then Puget Sound and its bays and harbours must grow into a great port for the farming land which abounds in the interior. The coast-land is no good, they say. I see that

a little north of Columbia River, and thence to Victoria, the land is made of sands and gravels and rolled stuff sorted in water, packed horizontally. Amongst this loose stuff are beds of Lignite from twelve feet thick to less. In these beds tree rafts are scarcely altered, and the stuff burns at "volcano point." In Whitby Island, Puget Sound, near "Useless Bay," the Lignite caught fire in a cliff, and burned for years. Now the fire is out. Near the Columbia some of these drift-beds are smothered under Basalt. The Cascade range seems to be made of old and new lavas, and on this range, at intervals, stand these great volcanic mountains which I have been gazing at with mouth agape. They are all of one pattern, all covered with snow here, and with small glaciers, from which spring the rivers and rivulets which water the drift country and feed the forest. That forest is the feature of the whole land. Trees 300 feet long are quoted. Logs were sent to China lately 80 feet long, 24 inches square, without pith or a knot. The whole low country is forest, and out of it farmers carve farms, on which they grow very poor wet crops, so far as I have seen them. They grow fruit and hops, and near rivers they grow hay and feed cattle and flourish, but they lack men to work the land and to buy the produce, and ships to carry it off to distant markets. Here at Portland, on the Columbia, where I am finishing my letter on Sunday, they have men and ships and home and foreign markets, and, if they could get rid of the bar, they have a magnificent river and harbour made to their hands. I am writing of Washington territory, and of 300 miles north of the Columbia, the country which I have just crossed.

Tell K. what I say for the benefit of his emigrants if

he has any. The climate about Victoria is near perfection they say. In the latitude of the south of England they have the tail of a warm sea-current in the ocean, and a temperate, even climate. The snow never lasts many days near the sea, the rain is not excessive, and the temperature ranges little, summer or winter; so they tell me, especially those who have land-lots. On good land magnificent wheat-crops grow. That is a fact; and in orchards, apples, plums, and pears, and all that grows in Devonshire, grows well in Vancouver's Island. A lad who was always ailing at New York is now growing strong and healthy there—out all day, shooting and working and enjoying life; his mother and sisters are healthy, happy, and well pleased in Victoria, and they are charmed with society there. But working men join in a chorus of discontent. They earn a dollar a day, two in harvest, but they are paid in bills at sixty days' sight, and clothes cost fabulous prices. They have to sleep anywhere out of doors and fight mosquitoes all night; and if they get good grub gratis they have to work twice as hard as ever they did in Europe. So they tell me. Consequently a man who has earned and saved some hundreds of dollars hears of a gold digging, and goes off and gets "broke." Then he comes back and works for a couple of years, and has another start. I never fell in with such desperate wanderers. They have been east and west, and south and north, to Colorado and to Alaska, to Australia, and to all parts of the world, and they have heard of South African gold-fields, and long to go there. I get my pipe alight, stick my heels on the back of a chair, and jaw with these wild fellows by the hour. Most are Irish, some are of Scotch extraction. One Gaelic

man came from Harris to Cape Breton, and is a ship-car-penter on Puget Sound. Others are Yankees from the East. They are regular Celtic nomads, with their four bones for capital, and the wide world for home. If I can manage it I will send a handbook by post, which will give the statistics of this Oregon country. The whole is too rosy, but it tells some facts. I start to-morrow overland for San Francisco. I have 300 miles of coach in the journey, and rather fear that. The rest is rail. I have telegraphed to my wandering cousin, I. A. E., and may see him. Good-bye.

J. F. C.

PORLAND, Sunday, September 20th, 1874.

P.S. Telegram from I. A. E., who is away hunting for wild beasts and an estate.

Puget Sound—Log Extracts.—Monday, Sept. 14, at 6 A.M., clouded and still 55° and 65°; started from Portland in the *Dixie Thomson* stern-wheeler down to the Columbia River, in cloudy, muggy weather, landing at wharves made of chips and splinters and rafts of great logs. Sometimes we ran right on shore on the sand-beach; men with saddle-bags scrambled over a plank, and walked right away into the forest; others, who came in teams and *wagons*, scrambled in over the bows. All looked rough and independent, but not flourishing. Clean shirts and broadcloth prevailed on board, beards and shirt-sleeves on shore. Fraternized with an old Canadian trapper and *voyageur*. He spoke French with a Norman accent, and English with a Yankee twang. He speaks all manner of Indian languages. He has been up to Sitka, where snow is seven feet deep in winter, and he seems

to have wandered far and wide. He was up Mount Hood with the American surveyors, but he could not get to the top for the wind.

In the matter of glaciers he says that one is on Mount Hood; but, on further investigation, he never saw blue ice there. I saw *crevasses* and *névé* with my glass. I conclude that small glaciers do exist on these volcanic cones. My trapper worked for the Hudson Bay Company, and looks as hard as nails. He proposed to show me the country. I said I was too old. Now this country was entirely given up to such men not very long ago, and Astoria was the capital city, and a trading post. It pleased some white men to hold a meeting, and make the wild country a territory. They elected state officers, and amongst them a Lord Chief Justice, or supreme judge. He asked what code of laws he was to administer. The meeting, after consultation, told him that "he might do just as he d—— pleased." Now the territory is a state, and beyond the Columbia River is Washington territory, which touches Puget Sound.

I landed in Washington territory at Kalama, and waited while lots of freight landed. Indians with fish on their shoulders were sloping about the streets, and buying thread in shops, and loafing. Their dress was seedy European, and their faces were American. At 12.30 started on the rail, and drove up the Cowlitz River. This is a forest country, with savannahs and clearings, and with farms carved out of the forest. The soil is sandy and shingly, the vegetation dank and damp and bright green. The crops were poor, and the hay protected from rain. We went up 600 feet and down as much in 105 miles, crossing several large streams which flow

from the Cascade range. Mount St. Helens is visible in clear weather, distant seventy-five miles. The story is that Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens were man and wife. They quarrelled and pelted each other, but the spitfire wife, St. Helens, silenced her husband Hood. To-day both were under a cloud. I saw near the mouths of the rivers large rolled stones and flat terraces of gravel and drift, like the country in the north of Norway and Russia, Sweden and Finland, but not one glacial mark. The land seems to have risen from the sea, and this hollow probably was a continuation of Puget Sound. At 6.30 got to a wharf on piles. There found an ex-waiter from the Junior United Service Club. "Do you know London?" he said. "Yes," said I. "Were you ever in the West end?" "I live there when I am at home," I answered. "Do you know the clubs?" "I belong to one or two," I said. "I was a waiter in one," said the Tacoma waiter. He came out here to make his fortune, ran a saloon, and gave credit. His customers went to dig gold in British Columbia, and came back "broke." So he broke too, and sold out, and now he is assistant waiter at Tacoma, waiting ill pleased, and going home. The general air of the terminus is far from flourishing.

Tuesday, Sept. 15.—My glass stands higher than ever I saw it. A thin, gauzy, brilliant haze is everywhere; the sky overhead is bright, and the air dead calm. Birds on the sea look like boats, boats like ships. Indians in queer, long-nosed boats are paddling about; white men, with nets, are returning from fishing salmon, but smelts only appeared at breakfast. I saw an old fellow trolling for salmon last night as Celts fished for "cuddies" when I was young.

Somebody caught a salmon with a minnow. On this day last year I was at Astrakhan, on the Caspian. There the fishing is all for sturgeon, and yet here sturgeon are despised fish, and caviare is unknown. As I could not see the opposite coast, I made up log, and loafed from five till nine; then I walked up the road to the city, and studied the drift. For a few moments, Mount Rainier appeared through rifts in clouds, which rose gradually as the day warmed. I made a pencil sketch. My foreground is the "city." It consists chiefly of black stumps and logs and green fern, and a few log-houses. Amongst them is the Bon Ton Saloon and the Rainier Saloon, and one big wooden house, which belong to the company, and the land-ring. A town lot costs 350 to 450 dollars, 25 feet front, 100 depth. If this grows like San Francisco, that is cheap. If it remains as it is, it is dear. A pound a square foot for ferns and stumps at the other side of the world would be thought dear to an emigrant from Barra. I interviewed a Yankee of Scotch extraction, whose father speaks Gaelic, and a Trondhjan Norseman, each in his mother tongue. The Norseman is not pleased. If he had 2,000 dollars he would return to Gamle Norge. Went on to the forest and to a fire. Three tall trees, about twelve feet in girth, had been set on fire to bring them down. Holes had been drilled with augurs, and their poor pine-hearts were blazing out of their sides. Fallen logs had been jointed with fire, and lay there like vast black reeds. Far off up stream in a valley are the Indian reservations. As Mount Rainier would not appear, went down and got a Chinaman to wash my linen. There is not a washerwoman in the country. In the evening went out trolling, and caught

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MOUNT RAINIER—A VOLCANO, PUGET SOUND.



nothing. About sundown the mountains cleared. Then snow glowed orange and vermillion, and the volcano seemed red-hot from peak to base. Suddenly it changed to a pale ghostly blue against a red sky. Seventy-five miles of atmosphere and 14,000 feet of ashes, covered with fresh, colourless snow, made a grand screen for rainbow colours to pass over as the shadow of the Pacific Ocean crept up into the eastern sky.¹

Sept. 16.—Up to see the sun rise. The wind was southerly, and the air hazy. The mount looked like any other tall distant grey hill. Copied the form, and tried to put in the sunset colours from memory. From all that I can make out, the landowners of this city greatly need customers, and the Northern Pacific Railway to bring them here. Meantime this is a sportsman's paradise. Ducks and geese abound. Salmon and large sea trout were playing all about us last night. The lakes are full of trout. The forests full of large game. The Indians are quiet, and the rushing crew of hurrying travellers, bent on earning money, rush past. A steamer and a train made night noisy, and shook the whole house like an earthquake, and then came quiet and calm. In the evening, with the General Superintendent of the Rail, and George O'Kelly, innkeeper, went out salmon-fishing in the sea. The fish were plunging all over the place. We hooked two, and the infamous trade-hooks broke like glass. We landed on the opposite shore, and went to an Indian camp, and bought a fresh clean seven-pounds salmon. A wild, picturesque woman, knitting and

¹ A famous American painter has made a portrait of Mount Rainier from Tacoma. It was bought by Mr. John Fowler, who showed it to me in London when I got home.

nursing a baby in a basket, sat on a log by a cheery wood fire. Two small children, about nine and six, paddled about, and a hen and chickens clucked and cheeped under a basket. Fishing-gear and pots and pans, and layers for sleeping, made a very pretty picture on the clean gravel beach by the smooth sea under a steep wooded bank near a great tall briar fifteen feet high, and a clear spring. Wishing to be civil and make friends, I took out a cigar-case and offered the lady a cigar. Why I know not, but thereupon she pointed down the shore with her chin, and said, "Saiwash" (Indian). Then with a face of infinite terror, she sprang up and made tracks along the beach with the baby, followed by the elder bairns. The eldest little girl stopped, stooped, picked up a big pebble, and with a face of rage, terror, and wild fury, she lifted her little arm to shy at me. I stood stock-still with my hands in my pockets. The wild-cat look faded, the stone dropped, and the child turned and toddled off after the squah. We marvelled and embarked, and rowed and sailed three miles in the rain back to Tacoma. This small incident tells ill for the white bearded men of this region. They must be ill neighbours to these wild critturs of the Puyallop River at the end of Puget Sound and the beginning of civilization. Several canoes, loaded with dog-fish oil, salmon, and gear, came to the wharf. A dollar a gallon was all that the innkeeper would give. An old woman, clicking as men click when they talk in the Caucasus and at the Cape of Good Hope, with strange grunts and gutturals for language, chattered. The men grinned. They were the ugliest set of mortals that ever I saw. They would not let me draw, so I dried my clothes at a stove, and slept in them till a steamer came at midnight. Then I went

on board, and slept on a bench till daylight. We ran about 150 miles to Victoria, passing the famous island of San Juan; a man on board was there when the place was surrendered. The Yankee officer with sixty men and two guns ran his craft ashore at the back of the little island, and ran up the small hill with drums beating and fifes playing "Yankee Doodle." British ships, with cannon as many as the others had muskets, looked on from the other side with telescopes. If that story be true, that was bunkum and forbearance, and the man who looked on had a good temper, which may have saved the war which the others tried to provoke. The whole of this coast, so far as I could see, is water-drift, with a few large stones dropped in it. It is glacial marine drift, for it is stratified. As soon as I spied the rocks at Victoria I recognized the familiar glaciated form. I landed, and in the first street found a well-grooved rock. The direction of movement was parallel to the axis of Puget Sound, at right-angles to the strait, which opens into it from the Pacific Ocean. The dip is easterly, the strike northerly. It follows that all this water-drift, with rare glacial boulders in it, rests upon glaciated rocks. Because of shells found in the drift, the glacial period here was marine. Further north, in Sitka, glaciers enter the sea, and sounds are dotted with small icebergs. There the glacial period now is marine.

Sept. 17, 1874.—I did not come all this way for nothing.

The whole of these settlements were pervaded by Indians and half-breeds. Some gorgeous with rings, and gloves, and hats, and feathers, and Balmoral boots, and tartans, came on board. Their hideousness was portentous, but they were greatly admired of our sailors. Here has been a clerical row.

The ritualist Bishop has suspended the Dean, and the congregation, who love the Dean, threaten to burn the cathedral (they did try afterwards). What wonderful people we are to enact history over again. At dawn we were off again southwards, diving in and out of fog banks howling, and now and then passing over shoals, where I could see shells strewn on the new country, there forming by the action of waves and tides. As I could not see I wrote. Here a young lady artist kindly ran in to tell me that Mount Baker had popped up in a sea of clouds. I ran out and made a sketch. The young lady did me the honour to give me her autograph and to ask for mine. Her brother was a circus clown, and is a temperance lecturer, starring it. I had a deal of pleasant talk with a clever man, who told me that he understood that his style of comic serious discourse would take remarkably well in England, and that he meant to go there to lecture. He made rather a good thing of it even in Washington territory amongst lumberers and labourers, sailors and Indians. They crowded to this entertainment, and feed the lecturer, who made them laugh and told them the evils of drink, and how he was reformed. I hope to meet my acquaintance in the old country. From other passengers I gathered much knowledge which bears on coal and glaciation, salmon, the grand cañon of the Colorado, the hot springs, of the Yellow Stone, the lava beds, and the climate of Alaska. Our ship was full of wanderers who had been exploring, and who were ready to talk freely about their adventures.

PORLAND, Sunday, Sept. 20th.—Cloudless, clear, warm sun; hills magnificent. Went to church, and later walked to the other end of the town to ship sticks and sundries for

round Cape Horn to Edinburgh. (If ever the captain of that good grain ship should see this my log, I beg him to accept my best thanks for his kindness. I met the sticks in very similar weather, about the same season, out in the western isles of Scotland.) The evening was perfectly clear. The sky cloudless. To the north was St. Helens, with Rainier peeping over her shoulder. To the east was Mount Hood. The sunset colours were magnificent. The snow cones were a warm yellow, the sky green such as Raphael saw, and orange for which there is no name. The green forest plains were bathed in yellow light, and the whole landscape was smooth and soft and cloudless, like a single even wash of all the colours in the box, harmoniously blended. I knew it was too beautiful to last, so gave it up, and made a pencil outline, and then sat and gazed from a rail fence. The blue shadow of the low hills crept eastward, over the forest plains, away to the Cascade range, and then up the snow, till a single point of the great cone glowed like a fire on the top of Mount Hood. It lingered there while the world's shadow crept up the orange sky behind it; and then the light went out suddenly, and I went home to the St. Charles. Fraternized there with an English gentleman come to settle in Oregon—one of the right sort.

Sept. 21.—Very fine; bright, clear, hard sky. 51° in the train. Up with the dawn and drove 200 miles to Roseburg. At first the Willamette valley was rich with orchards, vineyards, corn, fern, and forest, with a rich shrubbery and undergrowth. Twenty-five miles up is a small fall over Basalt: gradually the forest scattered and broke up into clumps, and we got to very pretty farming prairie land. Mount Jackson was east

of us, at the back of a rolling mountain range, which, like the rest of the Cascade range, appears to be made of igneous rocks. Skye and Mull, with volcanic cones still entire, rising to 13,000 feet or thereabouts, may enable a west Highland geologist to understand Oregon and Mr. Judd's paper on Secondary Rocks. The foreground here was yellow prairie, which looked like an old lake or sea bottom. It was fenced and cultivated, and grazed by numerous flocks and herds. Single trees stood about, and clumps of forest, like a great English park. Neat white towns come often, and the rail and river often met. Eighty miles up, the valley narrows to twelve or fifteen miles. It is still flat as the sea, and the end of it is only 900 feet above tide-water: at 450 feet the valley plain ends. I noticed that from Eugene City southwards the southern slopes of conical hills are all fine dry grass, while northern slopes are forest clad. I suppose that there is some good reason in the climate, but I do not know what it is.

A hilly, basaltic, narrow valley, with haughs in it, overgrown with grass, fern, oak, pine, maple, sycamore, and a rich autumnal vegetation, took us over a ridge at 950 feet, and then we ran down fast to the Umpqua river. The trees in the gulch were very tall and slender, and certainly were fully 200 feet high. It fell dark before we stopped at Roseburg. I walked to the hotel and tumbled into a ditch. The rest let me tumble out again. The overland coach was overloaded at the door, so I camped in the Metropolitan Hotel.

Tuesday, Sept. 22.—63°. Very fine; cloudless, bright, fresh morning, with a heat haze in the air. This is a very pretty place on a river, the Umpqua, which comes out of

the Cascade range. The rocks are all igneous decomposing brown stuff, which makes a red soil. I went 500 feet up a hill. The whole country is a network of glens, with conical hills and hog-backed ranges, all worked into shape by the rains. There is not a trace of glaciation. The south slopes are grassy, the north generally forest, with a richer and damper soil. I saw oaks and manzanita, mountain laurel, pines of all sorts, and much unknown shrubbery. A few twittering birds tried to sing, and a great brown hawk sailed about trying to catch the musicians. Black ants had small granaries of grass seeds disposed about their holes like a sunflower. Far away in the yellow valley a turn of the Umqua shone like a mirror set in pines. The air was still and nearly silent. So there I sat on a hilltop, with my back to an oak, listening for the rare sounds of life and work. I heard a far-away hammer, an axe, a wheel, a cow's bell, a sleepy dog, a cock, a donkey, a blue jay, a fly, the whirr of the hawk's wings, the twitter of the little birds. A series of sleepy summer sounds made the strange silence of the forest more striking. It was a day to be lazy and to enjoy life, and "rest and be thankful." (A year after writing the words I was very near that pass, copying my log, and comparing Oregon and Argyllshire. Those who like one climate will find something very like it by moving half round the world.) Got up and wandered down to the river. It is a rapid, amongst igneous rocks, with a deep broad pool. Into that I presently swam, to my great contentment, in water at 71°. As I sat paddling my feet in the warm water and basking in the sun, with all the seal awake within my body, a shoal of bold little fishes gathered and nibbled my toes. The little brutes took

hold and shook their heads like a terrier at a rat. They tickled me so that I left them, donned my human garments, and went home to Roseburg. There an old man was selling beautiful trout and "suckers," nine for two dollars and a half. About sixpence a pound in these wilds seemed a long price, but the vendor got it. The landlord of a saloon, who sold me an excellent draught of lager beer, said, "I would not now go and jump into that river for five dollars, not I. It's too cold." If I be a seal, I presume he was a land dog and died of hydrophobia before he was born a man. He led me to a shop where a very polite man exchanged knowledge. He showed me specimens; I told him all I knew. The great wants in this rich pleasant land are markets, capital, hands, and knowledge. There seem to be plenty of heads, and pockets waiting to be filled. The whole ways of the place made me think of England as it was a hundred years ago. The lumbering stage-coach and its passengers, the sleepy sounds of quiet deliberate labour in the streets, the shops that sell everything, the dusty men and beasts, and the general air of content, and peace, and quiet, and plenty, suggest merry England, of the poets and Macaulay. But down comes a broken miner to tell of the Pacific coast, and forests, and wilds, and briars, and hard work for nothing, and merry England gives place to Roseburg, capital of Douglas County, Oregon. At eight, started in the Oregon coach for California.

TO INTENDING AMERICAN EMIGRANT, ESQUIRE, ANYWHERE.

No. XVII.

MY DEAR I. A. E.,

I am not a politician: I am a wanderer. The advice of Mr. Punch to persons about to marry was "Don't." He was a bachelor then: I have since dined with him and Mrs. Judy and the olive branches. Unprincipled people will marry and multiply, and after multiplication Division. Birds migrate, men are nomads, and you mean to migrate. Are you a nomad? Will you migrate? Where to? Practice is useful in calculating and subtraction in travelling gear. Use your brains. Set fancy and common sense to argue, and test your properties before you start. If you must migrate, take all you want, and make a pile at home. Then pack it on your back and carry it a mile. You will soon learn how much you can do without. Your luggage will soon go into your purse, and your money will be turned into circular notes if you are migrating to wilds where you must carry your own load. One suit of working clothes and a blanket commonly are a complete miner's outfit. If fancy will go for digging gold, let common sense try it at home. Pack the pile and picks and shovels on Shanks his mare, and walk to the nearest river. Wade in it and work; dig holes and carry sand; make leads for water till you are tired and hungry. Then fast if you have forgotten to carry grub, or buy food at a shop and pay double price. Make a fire, cook and eat, and sleep out wet or dry till you realize life at gold-diggings. If you like it and think yourself able to work and trade,

sell the sand-hole or your share, if the ground is not yours. Put some brass filings and broken glass in; salt your claim, and trade it off to a stranger, and make tracks with the plunder. If the buyer remonstrates, knock him down and stamp upon him. "Cut him" if he desires your acquaintance, that is, kill him with a knife; or shoot him down. If you do all this and get to "Stickum" in fancy, let common sense put the cute biter in the place of the bitten. Fancy being "stuck" with a salted claim, and "cut," and "broke," and driven to march for several weeks, and "make tracks for the settlements" to seek work, through the "darndest rough country that ever you see." That portrait was painted from life orally by many autobiographers, "down on their luck," in the far West. Others painted in glowing hues. They showed nuggets and dust and greenbacks to green-horns, and shares in priceless properties which were dirt cheap. Common sense remarked to my Fancy, "Such generosity is inhuman: heave half a brick at him" is more like our humanity. That Mainmoth Red Bat on the frontier was a caution to strangers bound for "these diggins." So common sense and fancy and I jogged on together after the setting sun.

If you must migrate, my brother Vagrants, you must go somewhere. I owe you a day in harvest for many kind acts done to me in your own European lands. I wish you well and this is my counsel.

You free, sagacious, hardy Norsemen of the Teuto-Celtic-Icelandic cross-breed have taken the right road. You have sent people of your own sort from Iceland to look out for a new American country fit for your needs. You will be

welcome there. Your own rocks and sands and bogs grow little but grass. You know about cattle and ponies, cod-fish and sharks. You have been mighty sailors and colonists. You found America. You are Nomads by nature, smoked out of your nests by volcanoes. It is all in the natural order of things that you should follow leaders and swarm: take your time and do it well, and go ahead.

You, my amphibious Scandinavian friends, are fishers and hunters, sailors and farmers. You are Northerns; keep to the cool north if you wish to keep your health. Join your kindred in America; stick together as you have done thus far. If you meet a Mormon missionary send him to Utah. The strangest sound I heard in that hot basin full of saints and salt and sulphur was the familiar voice of a Saetar Piga, who ought to be out with her sisters herding kye in fresh cool air, by purling sweet snow-streams.

You Finns, Lapps, Russians, and Poles, and you North Germans of the northern plains, keep well to the north. You will find plenty of elbow room in Canada and about the lakes, in plains like your own, where snows cover the ground in winter, and the summer sun shines hot on lands that are rich and flat. You need wintering, and you are used to deal with flats and water, cattle and corn. Don't be flats yourselves. You German vine-dressers of the Rhine, who work on steep rocky hill-sides at home, and brew horrible drinks in Californian plains, where you came to dig gold, find some rocky hill-side near a big river, and you may yet give me a glass of wine. You may fit your new American country to your old skill. Your skill is wasted in dry California.

You Italians of the plains, go to California and irrigate, as you learned the art from your Roman ancestors. You may easily grow poplars, mulberries, and vines, Indian corn and pumpkins—four crops at once in the same field, as you do at home in Lombardy. The Sierra Nevada, like the Alps, has snow enough to water these plains, which are rich as your own when properly tilled. Your skill is needed out in the west, where crops fail for lack of water; but you would freeze and sneeze in Canada and Oregon.

You, my English and Normandy friends, go to Oregon or British Columbia. You will keep your cheeks rosy where apples flourish; and you can brew cider to your hearts' content in this "Avalan." You Cornish and Welsh metal miners, stick to your trade. Go west and prosper in Nevada, or in California or in Oregon or in British Columbia between granite and altered rocks. The minerals of these lands are not half explored. Where sands are golden prospect up stream, and you may strike fortune. You need not go to the volcanoes. You don't mind heat; go anywhere; you will be welcome if you bring knowledge, which everybody wants out in the west. If you are content to earn wages, you can earn them easily. You coal miners, keep east of the Rocky Mountains. You French incendiaries, go to Utah, or roast yourselves in any other wooden town, as you did in your own pet Paris. You Aristo, keep to the east if you seek polite life and fashion. Go to the west if you want to buy land and continue to be an Aristo, and lord of yourself, that heritage of woe. Remember one head is worth two hands; brains are better than four bones. If you have capital, you can hire Chinese coolies, body and

bones and pigtail to boot, on the Pacific Coast ; and be head of a large clan at small cost. If you have any dignity about you, pack it up with your court dress, and be content with a Sunday suit. You who are blessed with brains, use your wits, and you will float up in the crowd like a cork in the sea. You may easily rise as high as Haman if you are too cute. You, my Celtic friends in Ireland and in the Scotch Isles, do as your kinsmen of Iceland have done. Listen to no stranger, for you may be sold. He may want to "run" you, and speculate on your properties. Few understand you and your nature; but of these many "stick" you, for you are easily gulled, and very useful and valuable as hands. In the settled east you serve and make the worst of servants, for you all want to rule. There the land has landlords who know you not, and who only care for you as they do for valued live stock. Hold up your head—there's money bid for you. When you have got enough, go west after your kindred, follow your friends and take their counsel. Many workmen are rich landlords, who hire Chinese for themselves. You may talk Irish all over America; you may talk Gaelic in the dominion; your kindred there need your properties, and will help you to rise in preference to other "hands." But mind this: it's every man for himself "in the Green Isle that is in the midst of the deep." You and your many good qualities are wanted over the water. If you are not wanted here at home, if the cry is "crowdy crowdy ever mair," and the Sunday dinner, potatoes and point, go to your kindred: speak Gaelic, learn English, acquire the nasal twang, and, above all, learn from Yanks to go ahead. Go to "the Green Isle," after your ancestors, the Fenians, and

drink beer like Fionn. I speak to you as Oisein did when he came back from the Isle of Youth. You shepherds of the French Landes and Spanish Llanos, go to California and to New Mexico; take your own breeds of sheep used to pastures brown, and able to wear their great-coats in hot weather. Take care of your own fleeces when you get there, and don't drink that sour German wine in billiard shanties. I never saw one of your southern breed in the north. You could not flourish there amongst snows and rain. You Southern Europeans go south. When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war. Let Greeks go to Wall Street. If Turks go to America they must do as the turkies do there—gobble and be gobbled. The sparrow on the house-top may learn from the swallow under the eaves. The cuckoo may tell the blackbird where to pick up worms. If the worm gets up too early, the early bird will eat him. Householders who are houseless may learn from tramps where to find house room; and you, my dear I. A. E., may possibly learn something from a landless Vagrant, who has seen many lands and "mair toons nor Tobermory." In Chinese fashion I salute you all.

CHIN CHIN.

Extracts from Log, &c.—Overland Oregon Route. Portland to Frisco.—At 8. P.M. started in the overland coach with a man who objected to smoke and took the best place. Jolting fearfully all night, rattled like a pea in a whistle on the back seat. I slept in snatches, but every now and then the coach jumped on to a log bridge or off it, or over a stone or a rut, and I was thrown five or six inches up, to come down

on a beard with a fearful bump. My hat was crushed flat against the side, and it was hard work to rest. A Chinaman, with picks and shovels, and iron pails, got in with a bundle of blankets. Him I kicked, but that did not help much. At last I got my legs stretched out of the coach and slept. From time to time we crossed the trail of a skunk. The smell was the concentrated essence of fox. I knew it from having crossed a trail on the Pacific Railroad, and from having made acquaintance yesterday with a terrier. His master, an old runaway man-o'-war's man of 1849, had just tramped up from Frisco. He was camped in a gulch, with a good fire, when his dog barked.

"I knowed there was some'ut up when he barked," said the old sailor, "so I gets up and looks, and there, in the moonlight, I sees a skunk comin' along. Well, he goes right at his head, and he killed him right away. He swished once, but before he had time to swish again he was dead."

Here the dog got up and wagged his stump of a tail, and laid his cropped ears back and smiled, and picked up a chip of wood and brought it, and I smelt skunk. The master had his shoulder put out at the Dalles, and went to Frisco to get it put to rights.

"I thought they could do anything in Frisco, but they said I was too old, so I sets off to travel back to Oregon. It's hard work tramping with a load, sir. I was born not far from London. I went to sea. I was 'prenticed at Limehouse; and I was in a man-o'-war at the Sandwich Islands."

"And then you ran away to the diggings," I said.

"Yes sir, you bet. I ran away for the gold diggings in

1849, and I've been in this country ever since. I've made a power of money. When I got it I used to go a voyage to Portland, and then go back and dig till I was tired of it, and then take another voyage. Now I'm broke."

He was peeling tatties, having got a job as cook's mate from the landlord. I gave him half a dollar, and he went and got a drink of beer, and returned with the change. He seemed astounded when told to keep it for luck. There's not much given away in Oregon, but a good many people and things are sold there. At nine, we stopped for breakfast at a farm in the forest, about 1,000 feet above Roseburg, in the cross hills which here divide the rivers. A general desire to take care of number one seems to pervade all the people I meet here. Everybody ate up all he could, and nobody cared for the stranger. "Heave 'arf a brick at him" was characteristic of hospitality to strangers in the black country, "to hum;" the rule here is, "Let the darned cuss take care of himself, and give him a wide berth; he may have bricks in his pocket to heave at me, or something worse." I became exceedingly polite to strangers in Oregon. The country all day long was like a shrubbery in a pinetum, with oaks, and hard-wood, and grass glades, with occasional open prairies, farms, and orchards. It only wanted "the hall" and "the parsonage" to make this an English park in a hill-country well watered. We got over a steep pass called "Grave Crick," where somebody was buried near a streamlet. A young fellow, at "Jump off, Jim," came on board and explained the topographical names. "Jim" had to jump off because of the Indians, so his place got the name. Then we got to the "Rogue River Country" (I was too polite to ask a stranger

to translate that), and to old diggins which once were very rich, as a stranger told me. Now they are stopped for lack of water, and capital is wanted to dig a lead from the river. Rogue River is a beautiful stream of clear water full of fish. I have caught a good many in my day, but I was not fishing in Oregon. No doubt that river brought gold to these dry abandoned "placers" before it dug its present bed, in which there is nothing but suckers, and trout, and green water. We dined and picked up a family of four. Of course I had to give my place to the lady. The heat got intense after the cold night, and the dust was fearful. We bumped into Jacksonville, and there a very pretty, modest, quiet, country girl got on board and took my new place while I was eating apples at a stall. I had not the heart to move her, so I was shunted into the worst place on the middle bench, with a strap to lean my back against and my sleepy head shaking loose. The Chinaman, who tried to pick my pockets in the dark last night and failed, departed here with his gear. At "Bear Crick," in the Siskyeoo mountains, about eight, I got out in the moonlight, stowed my goods in a barn, and halted at "Casey's," because everybody on board said that the charges were terrible, and the man a heathen. I reckoned that I should have the house to myself, and I was right. After thirty-six hours on foot and on wheels I kept fresh by eating little and drinking water. On this journey something was learned about the philosophy of topographical philology. The tribes of the earth have come here, but for some reason they selected English as their common speech. All the settlements, or nearly all, have English names, pronounced by various Aryan and Turanian tongues, and all these have a

meaning still for English ears. The mountains, named by the Indians, retain something of the Indian sound. The meaning is forgotten and the name only remains. If any other tribe follows, "Jump off, Jim," altered by Grimm's law, by Aryan tongues from Europe, and by Chinese from Asia, may become as incomprehensible as Siskyeoo is to me. But I suppose that the name means something descriptive.

Sept. 24.—Mr. Casey came from Georgia, and says that he is a heathen. He is a very blasphemous old person certainly, but not much worse than my companions for the last few weeks. His wife is from Dundalk, and he is very clever and amusing. A lot of Germans from Jacksonville had brought a very stout lady to the stage. She got my place: I got more room, a welcome, and good quarters. All about are hills, trees, farms, and fresh water. This really is a magnificent country and climate. My host and the Germans were up with the dawn, and after breakfast the Teutons drove off from the Celts in a "wagon." On the heathen's table is Baker's book on the Nile, 1868, printed in San Francisco. Rather good prints hang on the walls, with a map of the States. They represent "The Life of Christ," in eleven coloured pictures. Looking-glasses, clocks, good beds, good furniture, carpets, chairs, plenty and comfort, are everywhere in this old Irish American heathen's den. The wife is a Christian apparently. A wagon, followed by another, and a lot of led horses, passed, with women and children and chairs on board, and men with big beards and wideawakes. "What are these?" said I. "Oh, they've been on a visit, I guess, or they're going on a visit." Another team comes up, and there follow a blast of politics, and a quick fire of jokes from the landlord,

followed by ready German laughter. Then off goes the team in the sunny dust of the road. The team is the butcher's, with beef, and they bring a petition for reducing the pay of the State officers, signed by "Macalister Schumaker," and names from all parts of the earth. Why should English swamp the rest in such a crowd? I could hardly find an English name in the list. Here goes old Ireland. "Cuss! cuss! cuss! Blasphemy! They sign your death-warrant if they can get a jury to find you guilty, and we pay them 20,000 dollars for that. Ha! ha! ha! Blasphemy! Cuss!" "Sign the petition! You know your fate if you reckon to run for an office. You won't get much salary." And then a volley of oaths. Oh, my Chartist lecturer and reformed Atheist, author of the *Purgatory of Suicides*, admirer of Milton, preacher, schoolmaster, and steady clever clerk in the General Board of Health some twenty years ago; were not such topics your texts in Ould England when you stirred up a mob who burned a mill, and you were sent to work out political problems in a stone jug for breaking English laws? You French *ouvrier*, whom I saw in force in Paris, what have you made by your revolutions? You wise English workman, is it worth your while to go to Oregon, and hunt that same old warlock hare over there with Casey and the Fenians? How well I remember the old Radical cry, "Burk the bishops—them pampered prelates that batten on the fat of the land and the sweat of the people!" Cut down expenditure! cast down the crown! turn heels over head! down with everything that men have raised! burn and destroy! Disestablish and disendow England and Ireland! shoot the landlords! take the land! Repeal or rebel! Aboo! But when

all these radical reforms have come to fire raising and red ruin, I want to know what is the good of going all the way to Oregon to disestablish and disendow your own State officers in a free republic, and break your own laws. Mob, the first king of Oregon, you are a fit subject for the author of the *Purgatory of Suicides*, my Chartist friend of 1848. If there be nobody else to hang you, lynch yourself. But so the world rolls. Butchers, beef, and petition roll off in their waggon and their shirt-sleeves as if it were an English June day, roaring and laughing at Casey's jokes and curious cusses. No wonder Germans prefer Oregon to Hanover.

So far as I can count I have made 8,800 miles in eighty days, at the cost of £2 12s. 6d. per day; this is the dearest and queerest travelling that ever I did. A pound a day has carried me round Europe. I suppose that I pay for seeing all Europe broke loose in one day in Oregon.

I spent a very pleasant, lazy, amusing day with Casey, watching men and ground-squirrels kicking up a dust, and pondering over men and manners. At night the stage came, and I went away.

We crossed a range of hills and the Klamath River. At Yrika, pronounced Wire-ee-ka in order to puzzle Greeks, we changed stages, and drank beer and warmed ourselves at a stove. At dawn, Shasta Bute, Black Bute, and four other volcanic cones in California, were visible against the eastern sky. They seemed close at hand. From our point, some 5,000 feet above the sea, Shasta, which is 14,000 feet high, compared unfavourably with the Oregon hills, which are near the sea, and covered with snow. But my waking view of Northern California was very beautiful.

The snow lay in patches on Shasta Bute. I could make out fragments of an avalanche of frozen snow reaching a great distance. My first foreground was a flat of yellow flowers, sage brush, and grease wood, extending to a great many broken hills shaped like volcanic cones, and craters or old lava heaps, ranging N. S. along the line of the Cascade Mountains and volcanic cones. Seven miles farther on we got to these foot hills and to a forest, and I stopped at the station to look about. The coachman wanted to take on my luggage; I wanted to use it, and there was a difficulty. "What confounded unreasonable cusses these passengers are," I said, "they want their luggage; they never are satisfied." The crowd grinned and I got my goods. After a bath in a burn at 50°, and a jaw with the natives, and breakfast, and a rest, I walked up a hill and found brown sandstone beds on edge, striking N. S. This great line of volcanic disturbance is on the strike so far as I have gone. On the hills are scattered large blocks of igneous rock, each a cart-load, pumice, and igneous rocks of sorts. I could find nothing glacial to be sure of. I measured the angle of two volcanic cones roughly, and made the slope of Shasta 67°, of Black Bute 45°. The latter is a small cone exactly like some of my models, with an open crater and a lake in it. I could not find a good point for a sketch. Trees were in the way, and the air was full of smoke, so I wandered down from my dusty hill and drank clear pure snow-water from a burn. The people say that Shasta never smokes, but there is a boiling sulphur spring right on top where eggs boil rapidly. From it steam escapes, but the smoke in the air is from forest fires. I have now seen along a line of about 600

miles : 1, an unknown peak ; 2, Mount Baker ; 3, Rainier ; 4, St. Helens ; 5, Jefferson ; 6, Hood ; 7, Jackson ; 8, Diamond ; 9, Shasta ; 10, Black Butte ; and a great many minor cones without snow. So far as I can make out, the rule explained in *Frost and Fire* holds good. The longest slope in a cone of eruption is to the S.W. in the northern hemisphere. The easiest ascent is on that side. In many cases the broken side of the crater is to the north-east, which ought to be the steepest and weakest part of the cone. This whole region is pervaded by "soda springs." Two were near Casey's, and more are here. We stopped the train to drink from one north of Roseburg. I have tasted several and find that they differ greatly in nastiness. One was Epsom salts by lingual chemistry. The people hereabouts are all possessed by the notion that they will find true coal. They are mining at Coos Bay and exporting. Some say that the stuff is brown coal, like the stuff found about the Rhine and in Mull, and elsewhere, among igneous rocks. Others declare emphatically that the coal is true coal in sand-stone, with the right fossils. Not knowing, I cannot say ; not caring, I was not such a goose as to go to Coos Bay. "Sir," said a man to me one day, "the geological survey of this country was put an end to. The honest men who wanted to know the truth and tell it were in the minority. The fools did not want to spend money on nonsense. The rogues wanted to speculate, so they dismissed the State Geologist. Why, sir, there was a man from the east who went to that coal country and reported that it was all brown coal. He had to clear out pretty smart I reckon. They would have lynched him, you bet." In fact, I have seen

nothing but igneous rocks and brown coal on this coast. My hosts were Irish, with a Chinese cook, long in the tail, short in the temper. The sun was scorching. My glass is 71° in a close, dark, cool room. I am not game for much work in such weather after a night of shaking and jolting, and shivering from cold when dawn began. Made a sketch from the roadside in the cool of the evening. Without knowing it, I saw and sketched a glacier, of which I afterwards bought photographs from Watkins at Frisco. The region of Shasta is haunted by great wild sheep.

Sept. 26.—After breakfast, started in the stage, and went up 600 feet through the forest, and down a little to Strawberry Vale. Here is an open glen, with Black Bute to the left, N.W., and Shasta in front, N. It is a fine view, but I went on. Black Bute is a perfect volcanic cone of loose angular stones, amongst which great trees grow nearly to the summit. No one has ever found the colour of gold in any of the streams which flow from Shasta. We drove on through a forest of giant trees, over volcanic rocks and dust. In deep gulches, the trees which grow in the bottom towered far above us on the edge. Three hundred feet is said to be a common height here, but the girth is small in proportion. At "Soda Springs" found a good house and tourists, and tasted cool, pleasant, healthy water with sulphuretted hydrogen in it. The place is on the head waters of the Sacramento. The rocks are volcanic, but pebbles in the river seem to be rolled fragments of old altered stratified beds, like those which I saw about the Yosemite country. The river comes in from the west and from high snowy mountains, part of the coast range. The water is beautiful, clear as crystal, a

brawling burn full of salmon and trout. They catch both with salmon roe. Amateur fishermen came on board, and we fraternized over hooks and lines. Lower down I fell in with an Indian who had two squaws mounted on one horse, a fishing rod, and a horse loaded with dried salmon heads. There were more than two hundred. The average size indicated seven to eight pounds. The teeth were formidable, white and hooked, such as I never saw in Europe. We came in sight of Castle Rock to the west. It is a great wall like the Yosemite walls, and about as high, all peaks and pinnacles. A great stretch of forest, many miles of a slope, lay between the river and the rock. Went on down the Sacramento to Slate Creek, where supped with a coloured gentleman and stopped. Went to the river and bathed, and fancied myself jigging salmon again in Argyllshire. The rocks are black and purple slates, striking N.S., dip E., splintery and burned. A gold digger ferried himself over the tail of my pool on a raft of small fir poles. He is making two dollars a day, but then he has to pay dear for everything he wants. I fraternized with the stage-driver and gave him a cigar. He was dead tired; a weak-chested, red-eyed, sickly man. Nevertheless he drove six horses forty-five miles a day all winter, when he had to go a mile an hour at many places. The heat, dust, and jolting all this day were terrible. The passengers who had come through without stopping looked pale and jaded, and slept most of the day. The refrain of a workman's song comes up :—

“ Eight hours work, eight hours play,
Eight hours sleep, and eight shillings a day.”

Here are the eight shillings, but I don't seem to see much sleep or play. I have been taking it very easy, but since I travelled from Archangel southwards last year in a tarantass I have not had such hard work for my money. £2 12s. 6d. a day is high wages, but I spend that sum, and would have to earn it if I lived here.

*Sunday, Sept. 27.—*48° in my room. If my barometer is right, we are still about 2,700 feet above the sea. The fiddle and the banjo and plate-washing and coffee-grinding went on till a late hour last night. My room let in the moonlight above, and my window was open all night. The air is so dry and pure that I felt fresh as paint. When the sun got up the heat was fearful, 76° in a draught. Discoursed an intelligent man, who says that much Porphyry is in this region. The quartz veins are not rich in gold ; he called them "beds," he may be right as to the large leads. Most of the gold is in small "strings" of Porphyry, with quartz amongst it in crystals. He was quite up to the upheaval of rocks, and attributed the movement to sidelong pressure, caused by the earth's cooling and contraction. He was going up Shasta for curiosity. His dress was a shirt and trousers. A watch and chain were the only outward signs of civilized, educated man. Eastward, in Idaho, under Basalt, they have hit on the bed of an old river, with rolled stones in it and washed gold. I had heard of the find from others. Manifestly the Basalt region covers an old surface, with all that was on it. This being a day of rest, rested, as did the rest of the people except the stage-drivers. Wrote a letter, and dawdled till evening, when the stage came, when I started. It was a very steep, up-and-down, zig-zag, dangerous, rough road, in the

Sacramento Valley for two stages. Then we struck the "MacLeod" River—a roaring mountain stream. Intelligent travellers got on board. One had eaten sterlit at Vienna last year; I ate sterlit last year at Archangel. His party paid four dollars a head for the fish alone. We jolted on in bright moonlight till 2 A.M., when we struck the rail at Redding. Two hundred and seventy-five miles of stage had finished men who came through from Portland. One, a banker, was so done that he could hardly walk.

Monday, 28.—"Can you give me a bed?" said I. "I reckon I can: but I cannot give you a room to yourself till the train goes," said the station-master.

Not liking the idea of a warmed bed, got a night-watchman to show me the way to another house. He carried my bag, and refused a tip. Camped in a sort of deal box, lined with old sacking, but clean. A pig started from the porch, and a dog hunted him. Several hens fled, cackling through the yard. Slept like a top, and rose at nine. "What can I have for breakfast?" said I. "A'most anything you want," said a frowsty boy, half awake. "Sterlit soup and elephant steak," I said. I got a tallowy mutton chop and a beef-bone with strings on it. Found a saddler, and got my bag mended. My leather was his admiration. American leather is abominable, he says. Sang:—

" And take from me these fine, fine shoes,
Made o' the American leather,
And gie to me a pair o' brogues
To walk among the heather."

"Like many American songs, that's humbug," said the

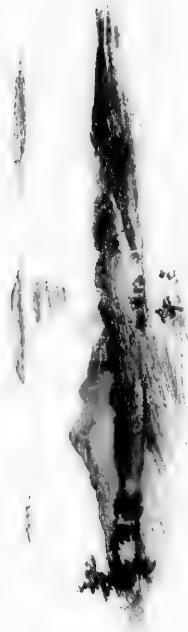
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CHILOPS VERSATILIS (F. C. M. WIEGM.)



saddler. "That's not American; that's Scotch," said I, "and it ain't humbug."

One of my fellow-passengers last night assured me that on the north-east side of Shasta there is a glacier which reaches down to 9,000 feet. It is three or four hundred feet thick solid ice, a mile wide, and two or three long. I got a photograph of it afterwards, and thought of American leather. I suppose that I saw it, and did not recognize it to be a glacier. The naturalist asked me if the rook was not the young of some species of crow. A bird so besung of poets ought to have been known to the gentleman who snapped me short about glaciers. The nondescript described at Tacoma is the Rocky Mountain goat. It has a fleece nearly as fine as the Angora goat; it is white, and has black polished horns and hoofs like a chamois. Hides and horns are in a museum at Frisco. A wandering miner described the creatures to me. He met them about the foot of Mount Rainier, where they seemed perfectly unused to the sight of men, and tame through blissful ignorance. The same authority described the habits of the Bighorn, the mountain sheep of which there are two kinds. One sometimes weighs 200 pounds. After dinner wandered down to the river, and swam there. They tell me that Mount Baker has been seen from Sacramento, distant about 700 miles, and 11,000 feet high. As the visible horizon is distant 94.85 miles from a height of 6,000 feet, they seem to say the thing which is not. I saw Shasta from my bathing-place. About sundown a curious regiment of clouds grew in the clear sky. The nearest was distant ^{some} fifty miles above Shasta. The rest I suppose were above other snowy mountains and above the lakes to the east

of the Cascade range. To Rainier is about six degrees of latitude, a cloud far higher than Shasta—say 28,000 feet or more—might possibly be visible above Rainier some 430 miles away. I saw the line of clouds, and drew them. Then came some movement in the air, and the line curved slowly into a bow, bending eastward away from the sea breeze. Then I went to my temperance hotel, carried my luggage to the rail, and at 3 A.M. awoke, and departed in the train.

Sept. 29.—At sunrise there was a fine range of volcanic-looking mountains to the east. In the foreground, corn land and prairie, and single hardwood trees growing like trees in an old English park, or like the cork wood near Gibraltar. The fall of the Sacramento is less than 1,000 feet in 170 miles. The valley of the Sacramento is, like the Wellamette valley in Oregon, a great plain, which looks like an old sea bottom. The next valley south is like it so far as I went. The volcanic range seems to come up in a hollow on the strike. At Sacramento fell in with a horse-racing crowd, who were dusty and a bore. Got in to the Grand Hotel and was grandly lodged. Got the *Times*, Sept. 1, and read “K. A. E. W. V. C. all well,” &c. I should have got the same news anywhere for the cost of a short advertisement.

Thursday, Oct. 1.—At Frisco, went to the Chinese quarter; saw an eating house, an opium den, a rag picker's underground den, a theatre, and a gambling house. The play was fun. The audience were numerous, grave, and greatly interested. The actors were magnificently dressed in silks, and robes, and flags, and gold. They squeaked and ran about a great deal. The play was historical, and represented the defeat of the English in the last Chinese war.

Friday, Oct. 2.—Drove to the Cliff House and Seal rocks, and tried to sketch the sea lions through a telescope. The brutes gave tongue like a pack of hounds, and opened their great mouths at each other, and rolled about and slept; some scratched their ears with their hind flippers: generally they looked like paralyzed mastiffs. They got to the tip-top of the high rocks. Pelicans, gulls, cormerants, and other birds, stood about in clusters. We looked at them from a good hotel, and were greatly diverted. The fresh sea air was charming, and the drive through the park, race ground, and burial ground, was pretty. Dined in company with an expert mineralogist, who told me about the gold-bearing rocks &c. Cretaceous fossils are rare, but enough were found to prove them. Specimens got from the slopes of Shasta, 6,000 feet up, were sent to Professor Ramsay. They date Shasta.

Saturday, Oct. 3.—Sailed soon after noon. A lot of Chinese and Japanese women on the landing-stage were very picturesque. They pretended to cry, but I could see dry eyes with my opera glass.

No. XVIII. SLATE CREEK, SACRAMENTO RIVER, CALIFORNIA,

Sunday, September 27th, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I hope that the Portland landlord posted my letter thence. I started by rail on Monday, and ran 205 miles south to Roseburg. I left my card for my I. A. E. cousin at Eugene. He was off to the hills "hunting." I saw his chum at Portland; he suggested that I. A. E. should follow my fortune, as his father will not let him buy land and settle in

Oregon. I have left my route for him, and hope that we may start on the 3rd of October from San Francisco for Yokohama. I stopped for a day at Roseburg because the stage was full of men, women, and children, and members of the State Parliament. I spent my time in bathing in the Umqua River, and in marching about breaking stones and ruminating. At dark came the train, and the stage started with me and one passenger. He was fat and selfish, and snored horribly. Now a stage in this country means a square tray with little stuffing, a back seat and a fore seat, and a seat in the middle with a strap for back. There are no springs. The body is hung on leathern straps, and these are made fast to a frame on four strong cart-wheels. Luggage goes on a hind boot and a front boot. One passenger sits on the box by the driver. He drives six horses from the box, and manages the brake with his foot. They carry mails, and make about six miles an hour. The road is not much wider than the coach; it is formed, not made. I have not seen a man at work on it since I started. It winds about, up and down hills, and round cañons, without a rail or stone at the side. It really is a wonderful driving feat to get along safely, and it really is very hard work to sit in the stage. I got my head down on a bag and my feet curled up, and I managed to sleep now and then, but my hat was crushed, and my old body was tossed up and let down with a bang at short intervals all night long. At odd times we crossed the trail of a skunk, and smelt the brute. At dawn I sat up, and all day I held on by my hands and exerted my strength in saving my spine. By dark I was tired. Further, we picked up the women and children, who started last night,

so I got out and camped with a man called Casey. He was an old blaspheming Irishman, who told me that he was a heathen before I had been ten minutes under his roof. Nevertheless he gave me a tub of cold water and a clean bed, and I slept calmly. All next day I dawdled till the next coach came along at dusk. I scratched my ankle with a poison oak and I am poisoned. I got in and travelled all night, and slept wonderfully. But when we got to the foot of Shasta and breakfast I halted again, and camped with Kavanagh, a flourishing Irishman, with an orchard, a shop, a station, and a mill-race of pure cold water at his back door. Therein I bathed. I spent the day in wandering about the hills and sketching, and the night in peace and quiet. Next morning we had a grand drive through magnificent trees round the foot of Shasta, 14,444 feet high, and down to Soda Springs on the Sacramento. The humour on me was to go, so I went all day to this place. Mine host is a coloured man from Ohio, who came out in 1849, got rich and ruined, and now is cook at this station. He prefers "*à la* dishes," he says. I have found out that he means venison *à la mode*, and that it is very good. The first thing I did was to get into the Sacramento and swim, and beat my clothes with a stick to get rid of the dust. The first thing I did this morning was to repeat the dose. Both times an old miner with big boots ferried himself over my pool on a tiny raft with a long stick. He is earning two dollars a day by washing the stones of this beautiful mountain stream. The water is pure as water can be, and it brawls down a grand forest-clad glen over bright stones on which the sun shines gloriously. This river is full of trout and of salmon with

great hooked teeth. These the United States are breeding and sending to the east coast. The breeding station is two stages lower. Fishing Indians, riding on mustangs, prowl about the whole country. They are tame and talk English, and wear boots and ragged clothes and hats. One wanted to know if I was married yesterday. "Have you got a woman yet?" he said. Last night a stage-driver got a banjo, and a helper a fiddle, and some half-dozen men congregated in the saloon opposite. That is another wooden shanty, and with the stables make this town. I joined. Presently they played a reel, so I treated the crowd to drinks all round. Then the old booted miner got up and danced a solo. Then I took the floor, and we danced a duo. "I reckon you can dance, mister," said the miner. And that miner was right.

I have recovered my youthful grace and agility in a strange fashion. I shall begin to forget that I am fifty-two if this life lasts much longer, and then I may follow the example of the patriarchs, about whom I have been reading this hot Sunday. Even the miner has struck work to-day, so we are not all heathens in California. "This is the Sabbath, and I don't like to do much hard work to-day," said my black landlord this morning. After dinner I mean to go on to "Redding," where we meet the rail at three in the morning. By eight or so on Monday I may get to Frisco, or I may placidly sleep at Redding, and get in on Tuesday. The great beauty of this kind of travelling is that "a fellow can do just as he d—— pleases."

If you have the chance, write to my mercantile cousin, and tell him that there seems to be a good opening for a

banker with some capital and a conscience in Oregon. The country is rich beyond description, and the people in it are entirely devoid of capital. Those who have money lend on mortgage of real estate at 12 per cent., paid quarterly. Some lend at 24 or more I believe. So if anybody would come here and lend at 6 or 7 or even at 10 per cent he might command the market, and hold half the State in pledge. Everybody wants capital to work rich land, and make openings for produce of the most excellent and luxuriant kind which wants a way to market. Mines and railroads also want capital, but they might whistle for mine. Were I young and avaricious I think I would try banking here in Oregon. Now California and San Francisco command the money-market, and the bankers grow rich on mortgages at 12 per cent.

My old heathen Casey saw this, and we agreed over a pipe of baccy.

Now I must shut up, and dine preparatory to a start. I have had my thermometer at 48° , 75° , and 105° , in the sun. So I am too lazy to go out and walk about in the dust. Hence this letter, which will be followed by another from Frisco. Farewell.

J. F. C.

P.S. Sept 30, Frisco.—I have letters of 21st and 22nd of August, and the *Times* of the 1st of September. I might have a telegram in a few hours from London.

NO. XIX.

SAN FRANCISCO,
30th September.

MY DEARS,

Forward this to your grandmother. I have read in the *Times* of September 10th to-day, English dates twenty days old. As all seems well "to hum" (at home), I have taken my ticket for Yokohama, and sail on Saturday, October 3rd, in the *Great Republic*, a wooden paddle-wheeler of large size, which hopes to do the trip in twenty days. When I get in I shall be half round the world. I have travelled a good deal more than 9,000 miles since July 6th, greatly to my own satisfaction, comfort, and personal advantage. I hear of numerous passengers of British origin bound my way—"globe trotters," as we are called in this region. After I left Slate Creek we drove up and down and round about hills on the right bank of the Sacramento in a glorious full-moon light. I am not very nervous, and have got used to American staging, so I was not badly frightened, but my reason told me that it was not, strictly speaking, safe to be whirled down steep places above a roaring river by six Oregon horses driven from the box by a man who also managed the brake with his foot. But that was nothing to driving feats performed on that road. At one place our near wheel went into the bushes, and we stopped. A train of "wagons" was coming down the hill. An old fellow sat on one of two-wheelers, and with a single rein and his voice he drove eight mules from the saddle. Further, his left hand held a long rope, which pulled a long iron lever which worked the drag. His wagon was a long, four-wheeled, heavily-laden,

wooden contrivance, as big as a small house, and at the tail of it trailed a smaller laden waggon without horses, like a boat astern of a ship. They tell me that all military baggage is hauled in this fashion. Here single men go hundreds of miles with such teams. I got one to exhibit: he gave one pull to his off leader and said something, and the brute turned to the right and stopped at the sound of *Wo!* like a benevolent man in the riddle. Then he gave two jerks and spoke, and the mule turned to the left, dragging his comrade, and followed by the rest of the team. Then the old fellow said, "Come up!" "Go long, Pike!" and Pike the wheeler went, and the whole edifice started up a hill on a trail of about 200 miles. We had to wait for three such teams to pass us, and then, by some hocus-pocus, our horses got out of the bushes back into the road, and hauled our stage away from a steep brink into the narrow shelf, on which we travelled to the MacLeod River. There is the salmon-breeding place, but I did not stop to see it. Two intelligent men got in. One said that they had five tons of eggs hatching. When an egg dies it turns white, and a fungus grows on it, which is apt to spread to the rest of the clecking; so two very 'pretty' squaws, with black hair, spend the day in picking out dead eggs with pincers. After a time the eggs are packed in moss with ice to stop their growth, and then they are sent seven days' journey or more to the east coast to stock the rivers. The Sacramento being the most southern salmon river on this coast, the learned professor who has charge of fish culture hopes that the breed will flourish further south in the east than salmon have ever flourished before. I was glad to learn from authority that

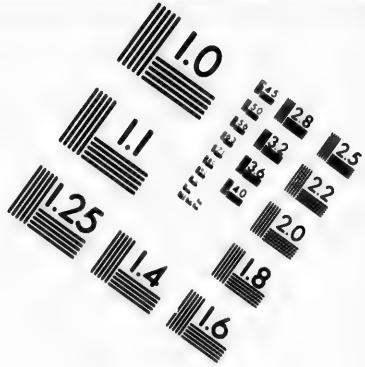
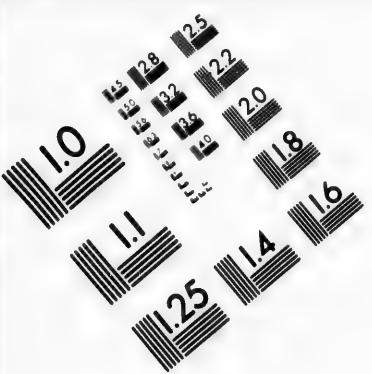
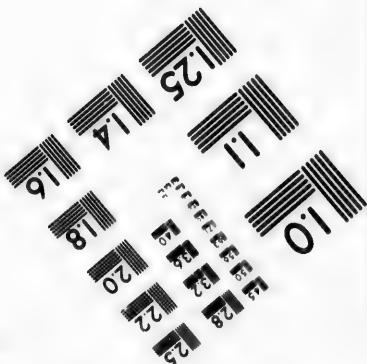
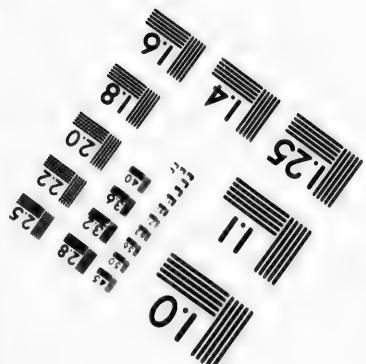
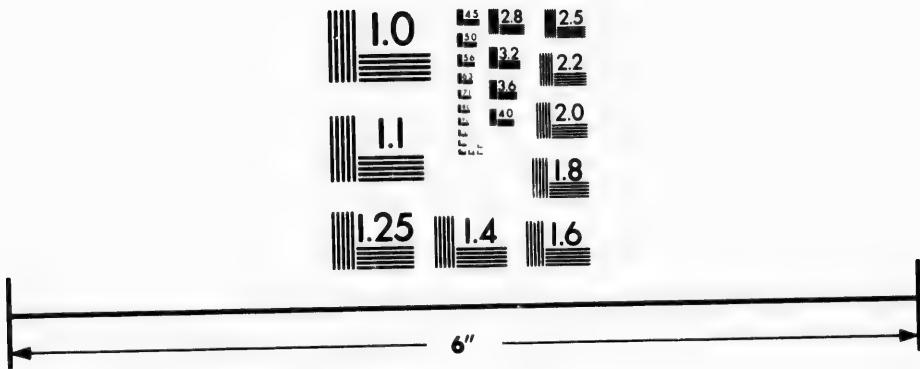
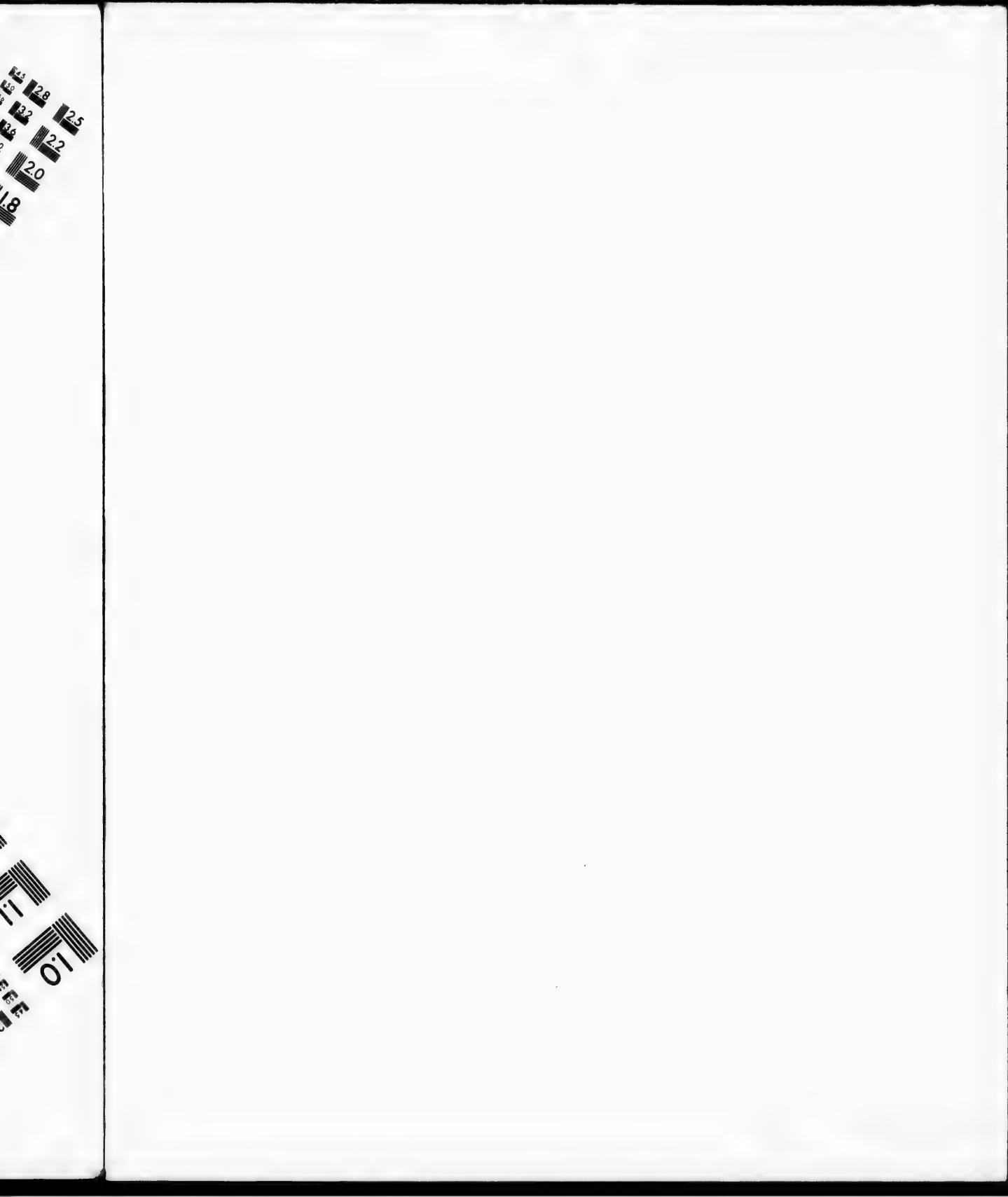


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these salmon are not so degraded as to refuse to take a fly. They are caught with the fly in the upper waters of the Sacramento early in the season, and when they come in. These which I saw were all small—about eight or nine pounds. They have enormous white teeth, hooked in the lower jaw. They are not "salmo salar," but another kind of salmo with a different name, which I failed to catch. Now, if —— wants to do something larky, tell him to come out here. In the Columbia River and in Puget Sound they catch salmon in the sea and in the brackish water with spinning tackle. The Columbians are very large. About 100 miles up from the sea at Cascade on the Columbia, and for about fifty miles up to the Dalles, the water looks like fishing, and the side-rivers swarm with trout. These are fished for, and take freely. Salmon-roe is the favourite bait. The Indians use a live grasshopper. The rivers also swarm with sturgeon, which run to 1,200 pounds. I saw many very large dead fish floating and stranded. There is a disease amongst them. At one fish, which looked as long as a boat, a family of hogs and a flock of birds were busy. There are lots of means of locomotion—steamers and railways; and were it not for 275 miles of stage, the journey from here to Victoria would be easy. I went by sea to Portland, and came back from Victoria by land and inland navigation. It is more than 1,000 miles from the latitude of the Land's End to that of Gibraltar, in which I now am, at San Francisco. A gunner would find work, and real wild work here, and in Oregon and in Washington territory. There are great heaps of birds of passage and breeding birds, ducks and geese, quail, grouse and other creatures, which differ from European birds. On

the mountains, there are wild sheep and Rocky Mountain goats; in the woods, wapiti and various kinds of deer. "Jack rabbits," which are as big as hares, are to be found at some places, and the whole land swarms with "cotton-tails" (small rabbits), and great grey ground-squirrels. These last they poison, as they ought to poison British rabbits. They rob the farmers, and dig holes in their fields. I saw them often hopping over each other, running, fighting, and kicking up a dust everywhere. They are large, pretty critturs, with giant tails, and the Indians eat them. But to get at all this a gunner must rough it; he must carry his all on his back, or travel with pack-horses and camp out. In some districts the whole land is a forest, with a thick underbrush of fern, thorn, creepers, and shrubs, as tall as apple-trees and tough as wire. In other tracts the ground is red dust, and the trees from two to three hundred feet high. Then you get to a desert as dry as chips, with nothing but alkali-dust, sage-bush, and grease-wood, on a flat plain. Then you get to a country of shattered land with raised plateaux and deep cañons, in which the rivers flow 3,000 or 4,000 feet down below the parched plains. On them the mountain-sheep herd with tame flocks as they tell me. I saw one sheep's head with curved rough horns two feet long on the outer curve. The owner wanted twenty-five dollars (£5). I dreaded the bother of carrying them, and grudged the sum.

Then from time to time I came in sight of the peaks of the Cascade range. For more than 1,000 miles these volcanoes are ranged in a row: they are all of one pattern, and snow-clad, and the further north the lower the snow comes; it turns to glaciers in Oregon, and the glaciers reach the sea in

Alaska. Fancy a row of hills 14,000 and 11,000 feet high, ten or a dozen of them on a range 4,000 to 5,000 feet high, reaching from Gibraltar to London! These I have seen more or less well. Beyond, the regiment extends all the way up America and round to Japan. Say all up England, Norway, and Iceland. I am getting my mind enlarged and my mouth opened by gaping wonder, and when it does open wide I fill it with peaches and grapes and pears, the best that ever I ate, which grow here about in great profusion, and that reminds me that I have not dined. So I send you my bill of fare, and halt. Even in this Garden of Eden by the "Golden Gate" it gets dark o' nights, and it is dark now.

Thursday Morning, Oct. 1, 1874.—To the great wonder of everybody there was lightning last night and rain. It had not rained up country since May. In Oregon it rains continually. They take no precautions against rain in this queer land of California. I saw great piles of sacks of wheat by the railroad without even a cover. Some piles had a sail or something on top, but most were bare. They do not stack their crops. They thresh by steam on the ground, and leave the straw in small hills amongst the yellow dust and stubble of the plains.

I had my glass at 105° in the sun a few days ago; now it is 60° or thereabouts, and the hard blue sky is covered with grey clouds for the first time since I left Niagara. I read of great storms everywhere else. I have not seen one since July 6th, when I started. Think of that, you miserable English people who go to Norway in yachts. I have been writing what happened to be in my head about fish and

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SKETCH IN AN OPIUM DEN, SAN FRANCISCO.

P. 149, vol. i

critturs, hills and dales. If you are bored I am sorry. I have no adventures to tell.

Some years ago, while there was a gold fever in the north and gold-dust was carried in the stages, some five or six broken gamblers stretched a rope over the road, stopped the coach and six horses, put a gun to the driver's head, and demanded the treasure. On the following and preceding night there were heavy boxes; on this particular night they got little. Some were run down and caught then and there. One was caught, tried, and convicted a few days ago up in Northern California. About ten days ago some fellows built a hedge of stones and bushes on the road. The leaders stopped, and the passengers broke down the hedge. While they worked, disconsolate voices in the forest roared, "Come here;" they did not go there, but went on in haste.

Such adventures do occur on the road, but none such happened to me. I saw lots of men with long pistols stuck in belts. I carried a penknife myself, and somehow it never occurred to me that I needed arms. My baggage and desk, with a lot of gold inside, have been standing about the roadside in sheds and shanties and coach-offices and stations. Nobody has noticed the luggage of which the owner took so little heed. "Do you sell dry goods?" said a worthy woman to me at Redding. She meant silks, and took me for a pack-man. Another lady asked if I sold my pictures; another inquisitive party asked me what I worked at. The idea of any idle body travelling to spend coin for the sake of knowledge never seems to occur to these Californians and "Web-foots" of Oregon. I am going to see the Chinese town and the opium dens before I start. I am to cross with 700

Chinese on Saturday. Most of them are washermen. I saw one at work the other day ; he projected his long lips into a bowl of water, and then he spluttered a spray all over a table-cloth, and ironed it smooth and nice. So they treat bread when they are cooks and bakers.

Now, good-by. Make people write to me in Ceylon.

J. F. C.

No. XX.

TUESDAY, October 6th, 1874.

"GREAT REPUBLIC," AT SEA,

Lat. 36° 36' N., Long. 133° 15' West.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

On this day last year I was within a short drive of Tiflis, about 4° further north and 255° east of this place. This is not my former experience of October weather. My thermometer is at 75° , and the barometer at 30.800, sea smooth and quiet, clouds in the sky. If only this will last, we shall do. This ship is 400 feet long. The saloon is forty yards measured. My cabin is a little room with a two-foot square window opening on the deck and looking over the south sea. I awake to look at the long-winged birds who have followed ever since Saturday, and are backed to follow us to Japan. How they would rejoice the heart of the president of the flying society ! Tell him or send him this to read if you are too lazy to repeat my chatter. These critturs are a brownish grey all over, with black tips to their wings, and white about their cheeks and whiskers. Their wings are long and very narrow. They look like swifts in some positions, but they must spread near four feet; they give three or four easy strokes and then sweep and sail about,

crossing our wake at a wide swing to return, sink and rise, and wheel like a man doing outside edge. They have long legs, which reach far beyond the tail. When some tit-bit of fat catches the eye of a bird and tempts him, out fly the webbed feet as a rudder, the tail spreads, the bird turns short on his pivot, then down he stoops, out go the legs to stop his way on the water, up go the long wings to keep them dry, and then it is all gobble and squeak. More join the first, and we go pounding on, while they dwindle to specks on the blue sea and vanish. There seems to be an end of their travels, but in ten minutes there they all are again, some within a couple of fathoms looking me right in the eyes over the stern, the rest swinging and wheeling as if they had not flown a mile. They had flown 431 miles with us to-day at noon, and they must have flown a thousand at least on their own devious course.

The sea lions and seals also amused me greatly. They haunt a rock outside of the Golden Gate opposite to a bar-room and hotel called "Cliff-house." The State of California has passed a law for their protection. They bark like a pack of foxhounds, and look like great mastiffs with paralysed hind-quarters. They have long flippers in front, and they walk up the rocks growling and howling and barking at each other with open jaws well armed. One favourite pose is to get astride of an edge of jagged rock with flippers on each side, and point the snout at the zenith. That rolls up the fat behind the neck into a pleasant head-rest, and there the big brutes rest till some other comes near, when there is a row. Meantime their wives and families lie at length and sleep like logs or hogs, or sacks or pillows or leeches, or anything else that is

black and soft, and fat and shiny, and still and sleepy. There is a great herd of these *protégés* of California, and lords of these seas. On the tops of the rocks gangs of pelicans congregate, looking strange and grey, and in other places black flocks of cormorants and white gulls sleep under the protection of the sea lions and the State. So near a great town I never saw such a congregation of wild creatures till last Friday. I drove to see them with four Englishmen, one is on board—"a globe-trotter" like me; the other three have gone east. There are Germans, a Dane, a Frenchman, a Chinese, Scotchmen and Americans, Irishmen, Japanese, and a lot of pleasant quiet people, who seem to enjoy life placidly now that they cannot rush about and worry themselves and their neighbours in pursuit of rapid gold.

We have a number of fair ladies on board, and our society is a kind of marine club. The whole crew and waiters are Chinese. They are steady, quiet, cleanly people, active and busy, and all the officers are loud in their praises. They never get drunk or give trouble, and they never shirk work. Practically this ship is a model of cleanliness, order, and discipline. What she may turn to in bad weather remains to be seen, and I hope I shall not see it. My chief ailment is that I scratched my ankle with a "Toxico dendron," or poison oak, some days ago before I left Oregon. I took no heed, but the scratch grew to a thing as big as a dollar. It is curing, and will be all right in a couple of days. But some people get badly poisoned by coming near this poison oak. It grows all over the States, chiefly in California. I never heard of it till I came here, and now that it has scratched me I shall give it a wide berth if ever we meet

again. The brute looks like an innocent holly, and is said to be worse than the Upas tree. My cure is a bath that is in the paddle-box with a window a yard square. It is filled with fresh Pacific water, and I roll therein like the sea-lions of Cliff-house while I watch the birds. Now and then a whale blows. None of them can enjoy the air and water more than I do in the early morning. That mixture of sunshine and freshness and cool warmth is not my experience of October weather, and I doubt if it is yours over yonder in misty England by the fireside.

Now I must go, walk the deck and smoke, for the third dinner of the day will soon be on the table, and I must eat curry and rice and Bombay ducks. My walk on deck was varied by fire-drill. The steams whistled a roaring blast, and two Chinamen, grinning with excitement, got out a hose and pump and pumped hard at the stern. Meantime greasy-faced cooks—black, yellow, and white—and gangs of Chinese sailors and Yankee officers swarmed all over the place. The engineers opened valves, the stewards hoisted extinguishers on their backs, and in a few minutes a whole gang were spouting sea-water into the sea over the starboard bow. Then an officer with a big pistol slung to his waist, trotted to the wheel-house and blew a steam-blast. Pails of water were replaced, hose and extinguishers were carried off at a trot, and all hands went to the boats. In ten minutes more these were off the chucks, slung to the davits ready for lowering, crews seated, with oars tossed and provisions on board. Then the armed officer blew another steam-blast, and all was replaced, and we went to dinner. The queer mortals of that crew I shall not forget. There are not boats

enough to hold the half of us, and the nearest land is in the Sandwich Islands, so all this parade was bosh; I know that, but it looked well. To-day, Wednesday, the sea is smooth and the sun hot; the barometer is at 30°900 and thermometer at 75° in my cabin with door and window open. We have been smoking and fraternising and exchanging knowledge, and truly we know a good deal amongst us. The Irishman knows a good deal about oil, and he is communicative. The Frenchman was director, or agent, or manager of a fur company; one is a banker. One German is an Austrian baron, related to everybody and overworked. He is bled regularly once in three months. Yesterday he lost twenty-four ounces, and to-day he is much better and nearly white; he smokes and is quite cheerful and proud of his headaches. We have three pretty, young American girls bound for China to be missionaries; two female doctors, of whom one is young and pretty; a couple of missionaries with wives, who speak different dialects of Chinese. Since the tower of Babel went to sea in the ark, there never was such a lot of globe-trotting polyglots afloat.

Now I must go and do something. Latitude 36° 13' 50" N. longitude 136° 51' 24" W. Run since last noon 174 miles, eight revolutions to the minute. All serene. O. K.

Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 19, 20, 1874.—Perdidit diem.—I have lost a day. Yesterday was Sunday, 18th. About the middle of the night we passed the meridian of Greenwich, 180° W. It was noon to-morrow morning then with you. In order to get right when we get to China, and keep right as we go on round, we drop a day. Unless I go round the other way I shall never have another birthday. Amen. I

can afford to drop one, having so many. We have been out sixteen days, and ("in good time be it written") I never had so pleasant a cruise. The sea was rough enough once or twice to show what a good steady vessel we sail upon. The roughness was queer, cross, and local, and seemed to mean gales to the north; so our captain got south a couple of degrees gradually, and here we have been in summer weather ever since. A Thames outrigger sailing boat might navigate the Pacific hereabouts, it is so quiet and still. Every morning the English crowd bathes in the paddle-box establishment; an occasional Dutchman takes a plunge now and again, but we are regular bathers. Every morning the decks are washed and the brass is polished, and the ship is brought to a state of shining neatness by the Chinese crew. When a sail is to be set or changed it seems to be done with the engine. One night all the sails in the ship were furled at once while we were smoking in the room on deck. Not a sound was heard. There was no swearing, or whistling, or stamping of feet, or "Yo ho." A lot of silent Chinamen quietly furled and stowed all the sails without our knowledge. No yacht that ever I saw can beat this *Great Republic* for neatness and comfort, and this Pacific October weather is a fine English July. Thermometer 75°, fresh cool breeze blowing, latitude about 33°, corresponding to Madeira and the Delta of the Nile. I believe that we have got 700 Chinamen forward. I am going to look at their quarters with the captain. Now and then a couple of hundreds are sent on deck to be aired. They instantly form groups and gamble. I sit and watch them with great interest. One of these steerage passengers is a very rich merchant; he has

got a heavy pile of dollars below in the steerage-room. Another couple of curious creatures came on board to die, and to be carried home to China and there buried. Every coolie makes a contract that he is to be carried home dead or alive. Two poor fellows acting on this principle came on board very ill and died soon after we got to sea. The doctor proposed to one of the female doctors to come to the embalming, but she would not. A third Chinaman has gone crazy; he tried to jump overboard, and now he is in irons forward. There are three She-Chinese forward who came on deck, sat together and played dominoes by themselves. There's a whole family below. The first-class ladies will not appear in the saloon because they cannot have their hair properly done. I see them down a hatchway sitting alone in chairs. The man who is very intelligent shows it by not appearing where knives and forks are used. He feeds below, and does not appear on deck. The Japanese, on the contrary, act and dress, and eat and behave like western people. They speak good English, and I have taken a liking to them. I have begun Japanese, and have got as far as 1,000 and "give me." The birds are with us, and a constant amusement. According to the wind, so are their manoeuvres. When it is calm they have to fly hard, when it blows they progress by falling and rising. When the wind follows us, they sweep down wind, turn and rise crossing our wake where they hope for food. When the wind heads us, they head the wind and swing. Manifestly it would need very little power to fly if the captain could manage his engine as well as these birds do theirs.

We are in the Sargossa Sea—that is to say, we ought to

see lots of drift-weed. Except a tiny morsel which joined me in the bath one morning I have seen no weed at all. Somebody saw a flying-fish this morning. Nobody pretends to have seen a sail since we started, except about the Golden Gate.

I have just returned from inspection. I have seen the dens of 700 Chinese and as many yellow men and women. We have forty ladies in the steerage it appears; all that I saw were like black-haired brown baboons. They would spend all their time in their bunks but that they are smoked out with red pepper daily. The whole ship was as clean as a new pin, with all ports open, and fresh air in abundance everywhere. In one place made of batons and sail-cloth we saw the opium-smokers of our crew. They were in the usual state—brown bundles of humanity, with legs and arms sprawling about in helpless drunkenness. One or two were awake, roasting their opium in the flame of a lamp to get it into the bowl of a pipe preparatory to a whiff. Chinamen never get drunk they say. Some smoke opium instead, and I guess they are not pretty when they do.

The majority were gambling busily and as bright as bees. But after inspection I find that we are under charge of about a dozen of white officers and petty officers. Of these the most important is a Scotch Canadian, with whom I fraternize at dinner. He is very like the governor of the Isle of Man. He was very ill at first. Another officer fell down a hatchway and broke some ribs; so two are off duty. The captain himself was off duty for two days with Panama fever. So we are chiefly under the care of "heathen Chinee." In this weather it is all right. In bad weather I should prefer Jack Tar

"Rule Britannia," &c., "Britons never," &c., "Shall be slaves."

I am getting patriotic as I get round this world after losing a whole birthday in the deep, deep sea. I have been spending my days in writing a paper on Glaciation. The subject is getting old like the author, but I have taken in a lot of knowledge since I started. Everybody is hard at the pens and paper, so I shall stop and post this thus. It is about half-past eleven on Monday night with you. It is about noon on Tuesday morning here, and yesterday was Sunday. Good night or good morning.

J. F. C.

No. XXI.

To a Scientific travelling Chum. From the Antipodes.

MY DEAR —

I am not quite clear which of us is standing on his head or on his heels. The land I have left and the land you live in still are quivering with spiritual and spirited scientific telegrams; and the land I am steering for is vibrating with the same thoughts which quiver here through this "Great Republic" and you and me. We are very far out at sea. Here is an epitome of the world. Here we have mischief and missionaries, men and women, peace and war, opium and water and grog, dreams drunk, and sober senses, male doctors and female, mind and matter and delirium tremens, physic, physics, and metaphysics, dead men and alive, and ghosts, queer Christians and heathen Chinee. We have sacred music and very profane, sermons and stories, lots to eat and

beer, content and discontent, and that ostentation which gives a French name to tripe ill-boiled by a blackamoor. We have shams and facts, an engine and a driver, a captain and a crew. They are making eight revolutions every minute at your antipodes, taking us all westwards to the far east against the way of the world, slowly ahead, but faster than the material world can carry us astern by about ninety miles a day. We are going to make more revolutions soon. The engine-driver has just told me :—we are going to make more when we arrive. I need not tell that to you who fought in the opium war. We are going to spread the philosophy of "Try-and-can-do," to run an assorted cargo of nations and notions, of good and evil, to blow up the Celestials for their sins, and to knock them down if they will not listen to our young ladies. We are going to extend the right hand of fellowship, and to fill it—honestly if possible. We are going to awaken Buddha and confute Confucius by turning everything eastern, and everything under the sun heels over head if we can. This world revolves on its own axis eastwards once in twenty-four hours, subject to the constitution of the United States; and this "Great Republic" is carrying westwards a small army of martyrs, merchant princes, and republican monarchs, to meet the kings of the earth and the autocrat of all the Russias, and conquer the universe against the grain. We are going to look at the transit of Venus in Japan, and to survey the ports of Northern Asia. But here is Venus *in transitu*—a passenger and a mediciner and a missionary, and I wish that I was very unwell or a heathen Chinee.

In letters left at the pastrycook's, Miss Sharp being called on for a remark, observed, "It is a remarkable thing that

the tortoise, which provides us with such beautiful combs, has itself no back hair." It is a remarkable thing that many missionaries should be provided by a people lacking in churches ; it is remarkable that male missionaries from Utah should convert many Christian women, while Christian women pass Utah to convert the heathen Chinee. It has often been remarked that young women teach their grandmothers. Here is young America going to teach old Asia. It really is remarkable how pretty a great profusion of fair hair looks when properly arranged with a tortoise-shell comb, especially when love and learning look out of the clear eyes of a young American M.D. It is remarkable that mediums should be ignorant of the price of gold. It is remarkable that you and I should wander so much and pick up so little worth having. Do you remember how you looted a joss-house carried off a pocketful of gold-dust, analysed it on board of your man-o'-war ship, and found that you had got yellow iron and sulphur out of the heathen Chinee ? All is not gold that glitters ; some back-hair is a chignon ; sharp eyes need spectacles, and mine are very dim here at sea. I cannot see where we are all going to ; but "I want to know." We seem to be going ahead to the bad, and coming to the good round about.

In the clear atmosphere of intermediate American States on the coast behind us people see further into space than you do in the old misty world in which you are. They have the aid of mediums—spiritual, spirituous, and astronomical —wherewith to solve problems, and they are free. Let our kindred souls vibrate in unison with the free from the antipodes into next year. What matter time and space to free

minds? You, a disciple of the mighty Kant, will understand that. Above all, let us be philosophical at sea.

If kosmos be a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, it would be well to study atoms in the abstract to see how they come to combine in the concrete. But if the desirable be unattainable, the possible must suffice. If you can't get a thing, you must do without. There is the philosophy of "Can do" and the philosophy of "Cannot." If abstract atoms, unattainable and indestructible as they are said to be, have fortuitously concurred in protoplasm which, having nucleated and budded, lived, and has developed through seed, plant, and living organism to that great humanity which from Ego and enemy has evolved the friend, the family, and society out of chaos. If we accept the possible, neglect the unattainable, and admit the undeniable, then a study of an intermediate atomic state in Oregon and of individual entities which have there loosely combined to be firmly joined to a larger concretion of States, is worthy of a student of the interminable like yourself. I know that some have thought themselves out of their identity; let us think together again through the world, though we were unable to travel round it together as we both desired. May you enjoy that repose which is denied to me, tossed on this ocean by the sea and by scientific arguments in the midst of tobacco reek. That which is patent to the student's eye, even in this haze of obscurity, is not an exhibition of Anglo-Saxon energy or of Celtic fire in America. It is not something divisible by the quarters of the globe, so that a scientist can affix to it a technical nomenclature appropriate because geographical. It is neither "Eurasian," nor "Africarian," nor "Columbian." It is a Cosmopolitan movement. The intermediate

Oregonian state is not an ethnological phenomenon. It does not spring from the special energies of separate races of men, for it is neither Aryan nor Turanian, though it partakes of both, and is also African and Semitic, and aboriginal and autocethenal and original. It certainly is not a religious movement, like the Crusades, which had a motive. It is exceedingly *not* religious, and sends Mormon missionaries to make heathens. It is not the ambitious of conquest monarch's move, like the march of Bacchus, or Alexander the Great, or of Russia eastwards, on India or China or Japan. It is not a march under leaders. It is a general skedaddle of mankind in the old Scotch sense, which meant the overflow of fluids from ill-directed energy. It is not a mythological result of solar worship, for that ancient form of Aryan mythology lands us all in the deep sea at sunset. The teaching of Buddha had nothing to do with restlessness. His is the philosophy of "Have-done." The followers of Confucius come eastwards only to earn gold like Christians. Apparently there is no leader and no guide and no one master, where all are autocrats. Theirs is the philosophy of "Must do." The only ruler is Public Opinion with a revolver, and the rule of life seems to be the revolt of "Won't" against "Must." It seems that I am watching the crystallization of small atomic concretions to form a larger body by the attractions and repulsions which drag and drive humanity like other gregarious things, and which tend to combine all men in one great future coming United State according to some philosophers here. Theirs is the "Go-a-head" philosophy. If the abstract atom and its earliest combinations cannot yet be reached by the combined energy of our united though

parted duality of individual minds, even my uncombined solitary Ego sees with bodily eyes, which are dim, that the intermediate Oregonian state is *not* a fortuitous concurrence of individual men. I can see them; though the fortuitous atom recedes into space and eludes my grasp. "Don Fernando cannot do more than he can do." There is law and order in this human crystallization, and there is design to do. The laws of England are Reason, according to Blackstone; they are the wisdom of many Anglo-Saxon and other generations who have agreed to obey when they cannot resist. By common consent of mankind, laws which became the laws of England now are subject to the constitution of the United States; and these, thus strengthened, are resisted as much as possible in Oregon, as they are in London or in Paris, to which earthly paradise it is here said that all good Americans hope to go. The law of the strongest everywhere prevails. That law prevails in this intermediate state, which I can examine without a telescope. I need no microscope to see that law is obeyed when it is stronger than those who ardently desire to break it and to be free. I notice that the free carry revolvers and big knives in greater abundance in proportion to their freedom from those ancient fetters which eloquent orators denounce in Chicago, New York, Dublin Hyde Park, Paris, Petersburg, and elsewhere. I conclude that the law of the strongest governs early human crystallization as it governs material nucleation, and that the force is atomic and universal in a material sense. An old rock crystal is harder grit than smashed ore and mercury, water and sand. An old State is stronger than a new Territory or a single man. Abstract laws have less power in weakness

because less matter to act upon. Therefore, sing "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen," and stand up for our old Constitution. Whatever be the origin of this fundamental law of the strongest, manifestly it is good for unruly men and minerals, and it is stronger than either. "Atoms" want to scatter, but they must combine. This is law in Oregon and on board ship, and all round this world. We all want to mutiny, but we cannot. I cannot understand a law without a Law-giver; or the philosophy which we read here, and talk by the captain's leave. "*No Sabe.*"

There is deep human design in the making of rich human amalgam on the shores of the Pacific. That is patent. That which is latent I may perceive, but I cannot see. Men who want to buy land cheap and sell it dear need wastes and wilds and customers; those who make shoddy need fools. So clever men come hereaway, and set traps in the wilds for men with money, and for men without much money or brains, who are aptly styled "hands." Those who want roads made cheaply for their own ends need many hands to fight each other and struggle for leave to earn small wages by hard work. These heads of the people set their wits to devise baits for the grasping. A great many dollars a day, a diamond-field, or a golden river or a mine of coal, or some other bait, is set by these trappers in the west; and bulls and bears hungering for shares, zebras, which are uncommon asses, lame ducks, and stags, and human herds, rush to the attraction like iron filings to a magnet or horses to halters when they come for corn. We rush to dinner, but we cannot get out of this ship. Our manners are free, but we must obey the President. Once over the mountains and into the forest, migratory mortals cannot well

get out, being in a dilemma between the Devil and the deep sea, Brigham Young and the ocean. They are trapped ; they are caught. Like gold-dust with mercury in a pan, they must amalgamate, and they must work to live. So grasping hands enrich other bodies than their own who have designing heads; and the growing State grows because of the strong " law " which is stronger than the strongest. They *must* do what they don't want to, and they *cannot* do just as they please. Call it Fate, Necessity, or Atomic Law, it is a fact that men have been drawn to the West by baits, and there do what they did not intend. There is no repelling force strong enough to drive men away ; there is no equal attraction elsewhere. Individuals may be drawn back by love of their kind or their country, but the migratory flocks remain. Web-foots and the ugly ducklings of Oregon will turn out swans by the practice of the " Can-do " philosophy, subject to the " Must." The units were repelled by starvation, or by a policeman, or by bigamy, or an injured sea-captain, or by German gunpowder, or French fires, or Italian unity, or Spanish solution of continuity, or by Scotch sheep which are better than Celtic men, or by negro slavery, or by overcrowding in Asia or in Iceland or elsewhere. Somehow men were driven to wander, and drawn into a good place ; they had energy enough to get in, and they lack a motive for escape. Those who have been repelled or expelled by one set of forces and attracted by their opposites, amalgamate, marry, and crystallize into families and congregations, and then into societies. Hands make roads and buy lands at high rates from those who baited traps and designed the schemes of " land-jobbers." Hands come and work. Heads raise themselves and lick up the plunder. All looks like

selfish, independent freedom from law. But that is not so. Society grows here according to ancient laws, which came to be English laws before they came here. It grows according to a law which governs mankind in spite of themselves. The trapped Aryar Radicals, whose capital is their four bones, become Protectionists, and resist the importation of cheap Turanian bones and dust from China into America.

Radical Protectionists, stumping it at the Reformers' tree in Hyde Park, loudly demanded that those proprietors whose capital was in their pockets, or invested elsewhere than in four bones, should be taxed in Britain in order to raise the value of living bone-dust there, and to lower it here by the exportation of Aryan "hands." Hands here, on the other hand, protected themselves by the strong hand, clenched themselves, and dashed wildly against the yellow-faced hordes of China. Hands made for grasping grip the throats of their rivals here as elsewhere, and struggle for existence as paws do in the woods, and beaks and claws. But we have one head to prove that it is worth twice as much as two hands, and four times as much as four bones. Heads here have the uppermost, even in this state of revolution, but only because their small schemes are better designed. It all looks heels over head; it is "Head" over heels. It looks like a back-somersault; but it goes round with the world, and goes ahead. There is a rising scale of intelligence, and a rising scale of laws so far as I can see and understand. I cannot see why that scale should end with my powers of comprehension. Here is a case. Heads who had risen high enough to rule over the Golden Gate at San Francisco passed a law to prevent the importation of Coolies in the interest of

Hands. There was a great deal of talk about slavery. Longer and stronger heads that had risen higher on benches at Washington pronounced the State-law illegal; so the stronger law opened the western door just wide enough to let in hands wanted to open the way from Washington to Yokohama for my especial benefit as a globe-trotter, and for the conveyance of my mails.

But it was said that these Chinese males wanted mates, and a cargo of China women arrived a short time ago at Frisco. A great deal was said of their extreme wickedness, and the Aryan heads of this people put the yellow ladies in prison, though Brigham may import Welshwomen and Saetar girls from Norway freely, according to that law which is locally strongest in his intermediate State. There is no lack of housemaids in Utah hotels, and they have to work. The Chinese ladies, by their importers' advocates, appealed. The next revolution of this strange world brought Eastern wisdom to the West from Washington, and the strongest hands in the United States opened the prison-doors and let out the yellow girls to cheapen the work of female hands and helps. They are apt to get the upper hand of their employers in this Republic, where women are scarce. A good-looking Irish girl gets married to an Irish hodman who has made a large fortune. Is any other good-looking white girl going to sweep for her? Not if she knows it. "No, sirree, you bet, unless she is well paid. The wages we have to pay our helps, sir, is dreadful. My wife, sir, does all my cooking." A great deal was said about the wickedness of the Chinese, and female slavery; and about the cruelty of putting the Chinese girls into prison. The bird of freedom flapped his wings and

crowed a good deal when they got out. That was "bunkum." The real question was Free trade or Protection for the working man? and capital won free trade in the interest of society. Henceforth Chinese men, women, and babies, will help to cheapen the labour-market unless the Eastern wisdom of the Scoto-Irish Egyptians drowns them. But still there is a remnant of protection left. Chinese wares, like opium, are forbidden. Only those who are citizens of the United States, or Europeans or Africans, may fertilize their new country with their bones. Dead Chinamen must be exported to China under bond, and we have a cargo on board. There are wheels within wheels in this ship, and laws over laws on shore; but the laws which men call political economy are stronger than any of them. Those who can buy will buy what they want if they can, and those who can sell, will take their cattle to market.

Rich American masters want servants, and mistresses maids; China can supply the market, and all the hands in California cannot shut the Golden Gate against the law of the strong st. The heathen Chinee is awake, and very wide awak^e to his own interests, and his fate sends him to meet the m^{orn}ing, and those whose lot it is to follow the setting sun. The Western States grow like a grove of big trees, heads uppermost, bents on the rock, in spite of themselves and in spite of storms. Men may rebel against the fetters of law, prey on each other as much as they can, and struggle for the freedom of the Oregon trapper to do just as they please. Each free man seems to be triumphantly singing in his own key—

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre, all round to the "say"
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

But somehow I see that "Law," which is said to be "Reason," masters unreasonable heads, and rules unruly hands, not by general consent of mankind, but in spite of their united efforts. Gregarious men join hands and lay their heads together; they amalgamate and crystallize like law-abiding chemicals, and States grow here according to law like trees, or like Shasta and Rainier out of seeming chaos. In spite of unruly human entities evolved out of fortuitous protoplasm and atoms by philosophers at sea with me, the great Republic grows, and this bit of it steers under command of a captain. Here they are, black spirits and white, red men, yellow and grey, mingling as they may, making themselves into a new body in spite of themselves, under laws which govern the growth of nations even here out in the far West, and out at sea. The battle for life, the struggle for selfish ends, goes on between Ego and enemy, man and man, State and State, East and West, Foe and Law, under the flag of the great Republic. Republic and Rival struggle politically, and they all seem to aim as we do at Japan. Hands grasp round the world, and heads scheme for their own corporations, and the strongest gobble up all they can grasp. But somehow, they all do work which they did not design. "The world revolves on its own axis once in twenty-four hours subject to the constitution of the United States." Under that law, a "hand" with a head grew to be a millionaire, and forthwith he provided funds for a bigger telescope than ever was made, to be set on a

higher hill, in clearer air, to try to see out of this State to the end of infinity. It needs but eyes here to see that this sky, aglow with stars, has deep depths, and more in them than atoms and astronomy. "Men who are not of the superstitious sort, who believe in Divine Providence, think in California that there's nae God Almighty to see them west o' these mountains; but there is." So one said to me who had taught that lesson in a Scotch school. I see that human is law here at work, and selfish human design. Above it all I see a grand growing hunan growth which has become a community of western States on the Pacific since I was a grown man. I have not second sight, and cannot imagine what that sapling will grow to, but it is a big thing:—and God's law is bigger.

Peripatetics needs must have some kind of knowledge driven into their heads, unless they be hands devoid of understanding. It has been driven into me that law proves some lawgiver, design a designer. But no human being ever designed a *sequoia gigantea*, Brigham Young and Utah, or the intermediate State of Western America, and no man or medium can divine what it will grow to under strong laws which never were designed by man.

Now, my dear —, I never doubted my own existence and denied that of matter over a good meal, as you commonly did when we were young. Because I eat, I live, and so do you. *Cogito ergo*, I am yours in the fraternity of MacFarlan's geese, who liked their play better than their meat, and were migratory fowls like you and me.

"You get." Farewell.

JACK FROST.

No. XXII.

"GREAT REPUBLIC," AT SEA,
Sunday, October 25th, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

It is Saturday at San Francisco, and somewhere about early Sunday morning with you. Here we have just had our third church, and we are about to have our luncheon at noon, on our Sunday. We are about latitude $32^{\circ} 3' 0''$, and in the Japan stream. When I get into my sea-bath of a morning I can hardly persuade myself that it has not been warmed on board. It is about 80° ; so is the air, and this morning the wind is southerly and damp. So here I sit in a kind o' hot-house damp mist, writing to a land where people are shivering in cold fog. I am not used to this sort of October weather, and I cannot quite get rid of wonder yet. Our friends and followers, the long-winged Gonies, are with us still. If they be the same birds they must have flown 40,000 miles. We have sailed near 4,000, and they fly ten times as far at least. Further, some flying-fish have begun to appear. I have not seen them, but others have. With these exceptions, not one living thing have we seen since we left the American coast, and not one solitary sail on this great blue ocean in three weeks. There's nothing to write about, unless I describe the people, and about them there is little to tell. My chief interest is in the Japanese students, who speak English more or less well. From them I strive to gather insight of stories. I find that my favourite "dragon myth" is known in Japan; and, please the pigs, I'll get it before I leave the country. But striving is vain in this climate; my exertions end in another cigar and another

meal, and then at nine I go to bed and get rocked to sleep by the Pacific and the Great Republic. A very charming lady saw me somewhere on shore, and to her son she said, "My dear Tommy, you have often wished to see a trapper, There is a trapper." But she afterwards did me the honour to make my acquaintance.

Our missionaries have a daily Bible-class, well attended, and one of them preaches really well, and is a gentleman, "Number one Joss-man."

"By the Jimm hill!" said one passenger, "when I was at Sitka a set of fellows used to come into a place there, and tell yarns fit to make a pig sick." Feebleness, idleness, sloth, and good manners, all failed and went with a run, and everybody there present roared and laughed and yelled in chorus. The passenger stared. Then it dawned on him; and then he laughed and roared like Bereas his prototype. I was quite tired with my exercise, and went to bed. The worthy man had done nothing but tell new and old stories for three weeks; and they were not sermons.

Last night it was proposed to celebrate our last Saturday on board by a glass of grog "to Sweethearts and Wives." The liquor was horrible, so I escaped. The rest, or some of them, sat up and enjoyed themselves till the lights were doused at eleven. Then two agreed to have a parting "cock-tail," so they reached down glasses from the rack, and filled and drank. Then, as it seemed to one, the other was taken with a dread sickness. He had taken a tooth-pick glass by mistake, and his throat was full. A Porcupine is to be the emblem of that passenger's "cocktail" henceforth. "Grog a cure dents" is not good for the inside. One day at dinner the missionaries

fell foul of an incredulous man, and he fought : at last they came down on him, male and female, in such force, that he had to get up and escape on deck. He came to the smoking-room, and I got a blast of his doctrine. But these are rare incidents. With few exceptions we are too lazy to do anything but eat and smoke and sleep. So now that I have written these foar pages I must go and recruit exhausted nature with soup and a cigar.

Tuesday, 27.—We have signed a letter, which I drew up, thaning captain and officers for distinguished courtesy. What a place for tittle-tattle and rows a ship would become if the voyage were long and passengers human.

I and my pipe have placidly passed the time, and I really begin to think that I shall be sorry to land and begin active life and the hard work of amusing myself. I wonder if I shall find another *Times* of October 1st when I get to Yokohama, or even a letter or two at the Oriental Bank. If all goes as well as it has gone I hope to know in another day. So now to finish off my various jobs, and pack up and make ready for land as soon as I see it to sketch.

Wednesday, 28.—Last night about sundown a bird came on board and perched on the crosstrees. We were 200 miles from the nearest land. A boy and a boatswain shook a rope and the bird flew off,—he was a strong flyer, a hawk. The captain fired a revolver at him, he took a turn or two and came back. Then a Dutchman got a Spencer rifle, which fires seventeen shots in succession, and he missed the hawk. The hawk was the better sportsman; next turn he had a long-winged bird about as big as a swallow, with webbed feet clutched in one claw, and with that prize he sat on the

gaff, where the Dutchman missed him again. I left them at it when dinner was served. Accounts vary; some say that the hawk was slain. I have not seen his feathers in the cap of anybody. But how Mr. Wallace can hold that a narrow strait will account for different tribes of birds separated by geological Darwinian periods of time beats me. Here are two birds 200 miles from land. I have met shore-larks on the Atlantic between Shetland and Faroe, and I don't believe Wallace. As the German said "I do not agree with Paulus."

The mail closes at one. Breakfast is ready. The weather is cloudy and cool and blowy, but fine; and we hope to land to-night or to-morrow morning. I will send another letter from land. This has to go east, and will take 40 days. Good-bye.

P.S.—*Wednesday, Oct. 28.*—Finished copying the surface temperatures taken at 4, 8, noon, 4, 8, midnight, 4th and 28th October. Made a diagram, and copied it for the captain. About lunch time came another hawk. A German Californian hunter put a bullet through him, and he fell from the crosstrees on deck; he was a fine, strong, ash-coloured brown falcon, measuring three feet from tip to tip. When he fell, two pretty little birds, like finches, perched on the rigging, and rested, and looked down on the prostrate foe. More came later. So the land "battle for life" is fought out at sea by birds, and men being stronger slay the slayers. Soon after the Japanese cried out the name of their country, and there it was a long way off on the horizon. Run at noon ninety-one miles, 4,787 in all. Went to the engine-room and fraternized with Iain Stiubhard, whose father is in Canada,

and speaks Gaelic. He is a very clever chief engineer, a Californian, and remarkably like the governor of the Isle of Man. If we Scotchmen joined hands, I believe we might dance round the world. We passed an island smoking in the sea, and made out Fuji in a sea haze. In shape and size it closely resembles the Oregon cones. Anchored at Yokohama about eleven at night.

Thursday, October 29.—Heavy rain all day. Landed and wrote letter home. Lat. 35°26' N.; Long. 139°29' E.

APTERIX.

No. XXIII.

YOKOHAMA,

October 29th, 1874—30th, Friday.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Since I first landed in a foreign town, to wit, at Vigo, in 1841, I have not been so much amused. We got in by fine moonlight the day before yesterday, and I slept on board. The harbour is full of men-of-war, English, American, Russian, and I believe French.

The French and English have a camp and barracks, and the sentries meet in their walks, and converse in Japanese. All night long we were sending out cargo from the *Great Republic*. I could hear the song of the Japanese boatmen. As soon as I could see I was out, and then I found a regular deluge falling. It fell all day yesterday, and consequently all the world were in waterproofs. The boatmen looked like animated sheaves of corn. Their rain-clothes are rushes, and their hats straw. Ten or a dozen, singing, swung like an irregular pendulum, with action as hard to catch as the walk

of Miss Thomson's horse in the "Roll-call." Their oars, bent at an angle, never rose from the water but sculled under it, so that the boat looked like some hairy, rough sea dragon swimming with a dozen arms. "Hou hai, hou hai, hou hai!" and on they went through the rain and the waves towing loaded barges. After breakfast, and a good long wait for the others, an Irishman and I hailed a small hairy dragon with two legs, and down we scrambled into a "fune." The bowman was like a brown ape, and sang, "Imir su, Imir su," which was very like Gaelic. The stroke was a brown Japanese man with marvellous muscles, and a "rashen coatie," and off we went into a considerable sea. We got through that, and got our goods on a pier, and then we got coolies who trotted off to the custom-house, and after that to the Grand Hotel. Gas, and pavements, and English grates, and French dishes met us, and we feasted high and merrily. Then for the rest of the day I wandered about in the rain gaping like a greenhorn. Every man, woman, and child, and tree, and fish, and dog, and house, and fowl, was new and strange. They carried paper umbrellas, like those which you have from G. W. R., but grander and bigger, and gorgeous with colours. They walked on wooden pattens, their heads were shaved into patterns, their hair was twisted into horns and devices, and stuck full of pins and ornaments. They grinned and I grinned, and we got friends. Two-wheeled carriages with hoods of yellow paper drawn by coolies were everywhere. Sometimes a fine lady, sometimes a Jack-tar, sat inside; sometimes a bearded Briton, sometimes a Japanese, but everywhere these marvellous coolies went trotting at a fast run through the rain, showing legs that

would have made a chairman stare. Seventeen of them charged our party at one place, all grinning. Then we got into the curiosity shops, and I began to use my slender stock of words with success. Then I got out my pencil, and presently I had an audience of shop-people grinning, chattering, and charmed. Then we got to a bridge and watched the fisher-boats going out to sea. Two men in a boat were casting a net after the Thames fashion, but better and bigger. Then we heard the railway whistle, and then the bugles of the marines. There never was such a strange mixture of East and West as is to be found in this strange port. Since Vigo, I have not been so much diverted. I went to the bank with a pipe in my cheek; I pointed to it and looked for leave. "Can do," said a Chinese clerk, so I "did"—smoked on. I produced my letter of indication, but there were no letters for me. Now I am waiting for — to go to the Embassy. I believe that somebody was to write to Sir H. Parkes. We shall see; anyhow, I am content. No theatre ever was half so amusing as the street. The sun has come out, and it is bright as summer, and warm. Camellias are blooming in the gardens. Men are selling breakfasts. Men as naked as Adam are rowing off to fish, pumping water in the back yard, and going about their work unconcernedly. The house-maid is a man in black tights, all over curious worked designs, for all the world like a demon in a pantomime. The waiters are all imps like him. "Petits Diablotins," the Frenchman calls them; and here I sit writing amongst them as pleased as a child at his first play. Now I must go stare and make pictures mentally.

Sunday, Nov. 1, 1874.—After my Friday letter I wandered
VOL. I.

about with a good Scotch lad who has put our names to the club. I left my card on Sir Harry Parkes, and now he has left me his, and asked me to dine on Wednesday. Athletic sports were going on somewhere, but I do not care about them here, so we wandered on the racecourse and looked at horses. I was more amused by the natives. Sometimes we got to a garden with dwarf trees and Japanese plants, and pots and rocks and dragons; then to a shrine hung with strips of inscribed paper; then a crow croaked in a strange voice; then a duck's wings whistled; and then the sun set behind Fuji-no-Yama, and we wandered back in the dark amongst paper lanterns, and curious people seen by their dim light. They were buying and selling and eating fish fried and strange fruits served in Japanese dishes, chattering like baboons under the eaves of curious brown wooden houses. There we "dined" instead of feeding. On Saturday L. led me and S. to a rising ground named McPherson's Hill. We walked sixteen miles through rich market-gardens and rice-fields. We got down to a shore where were strange boats; their wild boatmen were drying cargoes of sea-weed for market. Lots of our garden-flowers were growing wild, and lots of queer birds were singing amongst the trees, which all were strange and new and quaint. If I could only talk to these good-humoured, grinning, brown beings, I should enjoy this place beyond measure, and stay in it for a long time. To-day I have been to church and to Curio Street, asking the prices of bronzes and vases and lacquered goods, and buttons and papers, buying nothing. I mean only to buy when I hit upon something that I fancy. I have got an old man with a toad on his shoulder, made of

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ivory, and that is all. The rest of the crowd have gone to the racecourse. Three went off in "*jinrikisha*"—that is to say, gigs drawn by running coolies. At least a dozen of them hunted me down a street, but I came here to write, and did not go to stare. To-morrow we go to Yedo by rail, led by the consul, "Russell Robertson." How many I know not, but we are to drive in a procession of coolies, and do tourist work. I have asked for a Japanese master, and mean to work hard for some days before I go anywhere. They tell me this letter had better go back *via* America, and that it will not start before Thursday. September 5th is the latest newspaper date here as yet.

Tuesday, Nov. 3.—Yesterday nine of us went to Yedo—Consul Russell Robertson leading. We went by rail, and each mounted a *jinrikisha* at the station. A man ran in the shafts, and a leader dragged a rope ahead. So we were twenty-seven mortals all going at score along the streets of Yedo. So we went for about twelve miles at least, the men running all day without apparent fatigue. I marvelled at them, and was ashamed to pay about three shillings to my coolies. We were taken to the *sanctum sanctorum* in the midst of the castle within three moats. When we got there we found something like a miniature Virginia Water, with rockwork bridges, ponds and trees, but with very little gardening. It was more like a park. The palace was burned, so we saw nothing but stones on which posts used to stand. Then we drove off full tilt to a garden and palace in which distinguished foreigners are lodged. It is European in furniture and fashion, but Japanese in material. The garden seemed to be devoid of flowers. The trees were trained, and the

whole thing was rather like the willow-pattern plate. Then we drove to "So you Can," as the English call the Japanese hotel, and there we fed our Government guide on champagne; he took it kindly. Then we drove about three miles to the Temple of the Goddess of Purity. It was beautiful and quaint, and strange and foreign. The lion of the place is a collection of carved wooden figures representing legends, for which see the *Yedo Guide*, which I mean to place with this letter when they come together. These figures are life-size, and really wonderful works of art. I never saw anything so life-like before. I could hardly believe that they were not dressed-up people. Then we went into a garden and saw water and stones and ponds as before. Then we drove off to Shiba, another quarter, and looked at the tombs of the Tycoons (Shoguns). They are crimson and black lacquer, bronze, gold, and enamel—strange, queer, magnificent buildings, which I hope to see again. Then we drove to the tombs of the forty-seven Ronins, for whose story read Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*. All the coolies knew all about it, and by pantomime explained the chief events. The well where the head was washed, the place where it was placed and all the rest of it. By that time it was dark, so we went to the nearest railway station, and came home in the same carriage with Sir Harry Parkes.

The impression left on me by a double panorama twelve miles long and very deep is that of wooden sheds inhabited by tribes of Lapps and Indians and Tartars crossed with white men. If I wrote for a month I never could transfer to you the picture which is in my own noddle, so I will not try. I have been scribbling figures all over a

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Archangel
August 20 1813

SAMOYEDES AT ARCHANGEL.

P. 181, vol. i.

sheet of paper all morning for my log. And now I shall go post this.

J. F. C.

SAIANARA DAMA.

To show the resemblance between Japanese and Samoyedes a couple of portraits are placed as illustrations. My sketches from life have been photographed on the wood for the engraver. One is a portrait of the waiting-girl at the tea-house at Mianoshta, with her name written in Japanese by one of the servants. It was approved as a likeness, but the sitter pointed out that the nose was too broad. Here are the usual Japanese numerals which are derived from Chinese:—

1 Itchi, 2 Ni, 3 San, 4 Shi, 5 Go, 6 Roku, 7 Stehi, 8 Hatchi,
9 Koo, 10 Joo.

There is another set which I did not learn.

The following extract from the log for 1873 tells where the second portrait was taken. In many respects the sitters were like each other. The colour and texture of their hair was alike, and the set of their eyes and ears; both had buttons at the end of their broad noses; and generally the Japanese and Samoyede girls might have been cousins or sisters.

*Log Extract—August 20, 1873, Archangel.—*Sketched as well as I could seated on a block of wood surrounded by children and big men, all chattering and scratching their hides to windward and to leeward. The Samoyede girls' eyes were unlike those of any other human creature that ever I saw, but when they were opened wide to laugh, they reminded me of a nigger's eyes. The set of her ears was peculiar, they were placed very high. The women generally could stand

upright under my arm. The men looked like gruff bears, and they were very silent, except one who had travelled to Novaya Zemlya and elsewhere. They spoke Russian, and their own Samoyede tongue amongst themselves. It seems an easy language with few gutturals or nasal sounds. Here are the numerals :—

1 Apōi, 2 Sidé, 3 Njar, 4 Tjert, 5 Samla, 6 Mat-thka, 7 Sioo, 8 Sidel, 9 Havé, 10 Yōū; 11 Apōi-you-genne, 12 Side-you-genne, &c.; 20 Side-you, 30 Njar-you, &c.; 100 Yōūr, 101 Yōūr apōi, &c.; 1,000 You-yōur.

No. XXIV.

YOKOHAMA,

Wednesday, November 11th, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

On Wednesday, 4th, we dined with Sir Harry Parkes in state. On the 5th four of us set off in a carriage and three and in a pour of rain, and drove along the Tokaido road, about forty miles, to a place called Odewarra. There we got up a dance, and slept. I never tire of staring at these curious creatures of Japanese. Their rain-coats are rushes or oiled paper, and when they work hard they wear their birthday suits. We meet grave men and sedate old women seated in *jinrikishas*, which are two-wheeled carriages drawn by coolies, who run. Their legs are the most extraordinary muscular supports that ever I saw. Two men ran me twelve miles yesterday over deep roads in two hours and three quarters. The biggest came up to my ear, and was less than forty inches round the chest. The other was quite a little man, but strong as a horse. From Odewarra, on the 6th, I was carried seven and a half miles in a *cango* by three men up 1,700 feet to Mianoshta. There are sulphur springs, hot baths, and a palatial tea-house.

The floor is made of mats ; the walls of the rooms are sliding screens of bamboo and paper ; the outer walls are sliding boards with ventilators in them. The morning performance is to slide all the boards into a box, and pile all the screens one over the other, and then the house becomes an open shed of the most distressing cleanliness and coolness. Shoes are out of the question. We walked barefoot or in stockings, sat on the floor, and rolled on it, and slept there at night. Having blistered my feet, I spent most of my time in sketching and buying curiosities, of which I have got a lot, value £2 12s, which I mean to send home at once. On Monday, 9th, S. and I went off back to Fujisawa, when we got into perambulators and ran to Enoshima. That is an island with quaint trees, temples, and a village inhabited by human seals. On Tuesday we took boat and went to see the giant image of Buddha, forty-four feet high, of bronze. Thence to a great temple dedicated to Hatchiman, who plays the part of Hercules. Then we got into perambulators, and returned here last night. P. and O. came in later by carriage. P. comes back to-night, I believe. I am now going to Sir Harry Parkes's, and after that I shall decide what to do next. MacVean, son of the Free Church minister in the Ross of Mull, and head of the Ordnance Survey here, has asked me to stay at his house in Yedo (Tokio), and I certainly mean to accept. I shall stay with him, and possibly I may travel with him if he goes on an expedition. I am vastly amused in this strange wild country. It is so utterly unlike anything I ever saw or dreamed of. The people are the most polite. The landlord goes down on all fours and knocks his noddle on the ground, and grins and gives a parting gift to

each guest. The girls who wait are the most charming seals that ever were. Much have I heard of their beauty; little have I seen. I constantly think of Lapps and Samoyedes, and North American Indians, and Esquimaux. They are all alike, with fat pug noses and long eyes turned up at the corners, with black hair and hair-pins and quaint costumes. For all the world they are like their portraits in M' Ford's book, but their manners are graceful and charming. When they dance the fan-dance it is something to see.

We got three girls to play horrible music for us on guitars, and sing to one who waved a fan, and toddled about and did the fan business with great skill and dexterity. They were professional ladies of the theatre royal, and we entertained them with a banquet of fish and sea-weed and *sake*, which is a weak strong drink. Then we all bowed and said *Sai'anara*, and then the performance ended with payment in paper notes, each wrapped in paper, which is the necessary ceremony in presenting a gift.

Truly the manners and customs of these amiable seals are wonderful. I have some sketches, but really I have little time to do anything but rush about, and gape open-mouthed at everything and everybody like a fresh-caught greenhorn.

There goes the lunch-gong, so no more at present.

12th.—I have your letter of August 23rd. It has followed me over the Pacific. I send a bill of lading and three boxes, which are to go inside of one. The contents are curious things from Mianoshta, there manufactured by the peasants. I paid eleven dollars for the lot, and now I have paid six for freight, and some export duty. The whole cost in round numbers is about £4. 4s. They had better take out the things,

if ever they arrive, which seems problematical. To-morrow I go to Yedo, which ought to be called *Tokio*,—the capital of Japan.

J. F. C.

SAIANARA DAMA.

Log.—The worst of seeing a great deal that is new, in a very short time, and in company with very pleasant comrades who are in a hurry, is that memory is the only possible log. Japanese letters of the Chinese variety are forms which represent things and ideas—not merely sounds which recall things with the voice, or words which letters spell. I know not how other people remember, but I think in pictures;—with or without language. My metaphysical Ego sets his machinery to weave tapestry which Ego can see by second sight at the place where his eyes enabled him to see, and he there hears again what his ears let in to his comprehension. He hears tunes, and sounds of waves, and the voices of beasts and birds, as well as words and languages, unknown or understood. He hears and sees the past; but so far as I know my Ego cannot see far ahead. He dreams only of things which he remembers, and generally makes a muddle of real things when he is not wide awake. A medical student takes the cover off a dog's head and tries to play upon his brains. He is like a baby playing a grand piano. The dog's Ego cheated by false electric telegrams, and being master of a damaged engine, sends messages without meaning to his tail, which wags; or to his lungs, which howl, or growl; or to his legs, which try to run, under the false inspiration of batteries and foreign bodies. His small weak loom does weave images of hares when the dog dreams with the

cover on his unfortunate brain, and without the inspiration of a knife and galvanism. The dreaming dog talks in his sleep the language in which he shouts his war-cry when awake, and his legs keep time to the hunter's chorus in a natural fashion, which a reasonable man can understand without spoiling the engine by taking the top off. Having the natural cover on, and being awake, I cannot by the aid of my loom for weaving thoughts believe that the dog's hare or my Japanese pictures are hung up inside of us for anybody to see that chooses to cut us up living or dead. I let sleeping dogs lie, and think for myself when I think about thinking, and hear others argue dogmatically and doggedly about dogs. Our tapestry webs are woven over and over again with the same threads. We get into a way of weaving the same picture as musicians get to play the same tunes easily. The same types will print many books, and the same brains think many thoughts, while Ego is there to work the engine. Many pictures can be thrown upon one white screen out of a magic lantern while the light is lit and a man is there to work that engine. But the light being out the screen is as blank as the pages of my scrap-book are hereabouts. My lamp being still alight, and the lantern in working order, I being a year older, can travel again through Japan. At my will I can weave Japanese tapestry, and this sheet of paper becomes a screen whereon to write Japanese characters for other eyes to convey to other Egos. That much I can do—more I cannot. Something I know, the rest "*No sabe.*"

It has been gravely asserted and firmly believed that the eye of a murdered man, being microscopically examined, was found to retain a portrait of the murderer, which, being pho-

tographed:—by the process of AB, was produced in court and convicted the culprit. A great many spiritual photographs have also been taken to take people in. It is remarkable that mediums who furnish so much knowledge of this kind should themselves be ignorant of the intentions of a vendor or buyer; of the contents of his private note-book, or his instructions to his agent. Such knowledge is not worth greenbacks. I have examined the eyes of butchered cattle, and never found a portrait of the butcher. No medium has ever told me anything worth knowing, but many have told me twaddle. If my top is taken off a great deal may be found inside of my works that I know nothing about; but nothing about my travels can be carved out of my eyes or brains, living or dead, if I be elsewhere. Others may be able to make me play for their entertainment, but I know that I am the only possible player of these Japanese tunes.

I hope not to be cut up alive for thinking aloud about thinking for myself. I was set a-going by a metaphysical society, of the three black graces: Divinity, Law, and Physic; by mediums in a land of second sight, and by seeing a baby playing a grand piano. All my second sight I take to be memory. All the mediums I ever met and examined were cheats. So much by way of extending log from memory and pictorial notes.

Were it worth while I could fill in many landscapes from outlines in letters, from notes, and from words, which are as keynotes to recall tunes. But *cui bono?* The region about Yokohama is best known to strangers, least Japanese, and most described. There is a printed English guide-book to the lions. It seems best to leave old letters to tell

so much of the story as was thought worth telling to friends at home at the time, and to give memory as little to do as possible.

A man with a long name, a long time ago, the best artist in Japan, sat on a hill hereabouts to draw. He threw away his brush in despair when he looked over Enoshima and the sweeping bay at Fuji-no-yama. He was artist enough to know that he, with paper and brushes, could not copy nature. I know that pens and ink cannot describe the faint fading image which I can weave for myself when I recall a very beautiful landscape; but those who live near Tacoma on Puget Sound, or near the rocks of the Sirens at the toe of the Italian boot, or near Naples, or Reykiavik in Iceland, may see something of the kind, and understand the beauty of volcanic Japanese nature. I have photographs, but I prefer to look at rude symbols traced by my own hand. They help memory to paint images of the truth for me. The photographs are out of drawing, and lack colour and life. I find that my own journal is best illustrated when I can shut my eyes and look at the screen of my own magic lantern alone and in the dark. Like the Japanese artist, I throw away my pencil and look over Enoshima at Fuji-no-san from Argyllshire. A man who has lived a long time in a given place gets so accustomed to it that he could never describe it for a perfect stranger. A perfect stranger in a new place can best describe it for another stranger of the same sort. If I wanted to know what part of England is most unlike Japan I should ask a Japanese what struck him at first. So wishing now to convey some notion of Japan to English readers, the best thing I can do is to notice that

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THE FIRE BRIGADE AT YOKOHAMA.



which first attracted me as new and strange—as I can now remember it from catchwords.

Jinrikisha, man-power carriages, being utterly new, astonished me. Some eight or nine years ago great men, and small men who could afford it, were solemnly carried about in various kinds of "Sedan" chairs or palanquins, or in Japanese "norimons" and "cagos." People also rode upon horses, but, so far as appears from records and pictures and sculptures, nobody ever had seen a wheeled carriage in Japan. Some ingenious Englishman got a pair of wheels and an arm-chair, and hired a coolie to haul him about after the manner of a porter in a "Bath" chair. But this Yokohama perambulator was the seed of a great invention, which, having fallen in the right place at the right time, sprang into being and grew with the rapidity of a bamboo, till the whole country of Japan was overrun with *jinrikishas*.

There had been a great political revolution. Feudal barons with armies and with men in armour and morions and tabards, and all that pomp which belongs to our Lord Mayor's Show and the middle ages, had suddenly given way with a crash. There was nobody left to carry about in state. But there were vast numbers of people who were labourers out of work. Further, there were a great many farmers who had not dared even to ride their own horses, who suddenly found legions of sworded men who had lorded it over them, longing for work, in order to earn rice enough to keep life in their healthy, hungry bodies.

When the French broke out in 1848, one of the first things the mob did was to ride in king's coaches. They had out all the state-coaches and horses and all the king's men, and took

a drive. Gulliver's Travels turn out to be prophetic. The driven drive the drivers in Japan; the old arm-chair gave birth to a whole swarm of neat carriages, adorned by the clever hands of the artists who lacquered and gilded the state-chairs of Daimios. Ruined gentlefolks and soldiers and coolies put themselves into the shafts, the farmers got inside, and for forty miles up and down the Tokaido (East Coast road), I saw, for the first time, yahoos, where I had been used to see horses. I saw men in armour disarmed and harnessed, and got "a wrinkle on my horn." The people who can change so rapidly will be apt to go ahead. The picture which I have before me is not a single man hauling about an old woman with a bundle of greens going to market. I see again what I saw; on forty miles of very good road, with houses in sight on both sides all the way, as thickly peopled as a London suburb, with all the people working in the open air in any dress that happened to suit them, or in no dress at all. All along that busy road full of living pictures, I see country folk in man-power carriages trotting about their avocations as if they had all been raised for that special purpose, and taught that special employment from childhood. Yet all this began to grow in Japan some eight or nine years ago. It is the apotheosis of an old arm-chair which was a Tycoon's throne and is a post-chaise.

A Coolie.—I see a lady in full dress—gown, veil, gloves, bracelets, and parasol—gravely seated in a perambulator at Yokohama, going out to visit another lady as calmly as if her yahoo were a horse. She does not see the grotesque incongruity which makes me stare. The man is clad according to police regulations, but the old man of Japan is strong within

RAINY WEATHER ON THE ROAD TO MIANOSHTA.



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him and his garments flutter loose. He is a coolie adorned with pictures;—an illustrious illustrated edition of a civilized man, whose civilization is barely covered by European forms. Such a man takes me out for a drive and strips to his work, and becomes a Japanese Greek athlete by folding up his garments and stuffing them under my seat. His hide is a gallery of Japanese art; serpents coil about his legs, a tortoise is on one arm, an eagle flies on the other, or a Japanese lady smiles at me from between his shoulders in some theatrical pose. There is no indecency in nudity; there is none in the style of art; but this particular Japanese phase of Eastern civilization is new to a traveller who comes westward from England over America, through another phase of European life. The East and the West in a jinrikisha are utterly astounding and grotesque to an amateur artist. I throw away the pencil; I can remember astonishment, and look at such marvels when I shut my eyes; but I cannot make anybody in England see what everybody in Yokohama sees every hour of the day with the utmost placidity. I can run away to the Vatican, or Pompeii, or up to the middle of Finland, and realize the magnificence of the human form and the ugliness of all manner of clothes; but clothes and no clothes in one carriage tend to laughter.

The Postman.—As I sit writing I see a quiet, well-dressed, common-place mortal, with a bag and a bundle of letters, walking up to the door, and presently I am reading the *Times*. I shut my eyes, and there is a paved road with great stone steps leading up hill and down. A couple of pictured coolies with embroidered bare skins for sole attire, are carrying me in a “cago” because my own blistered feet cannot carry me.

A third, with a long bamboo staff, walks in front. I am in a cage of bamboo, slung on a big bamboo as thick as a small fir-tree and as light as a bird's feather would be if the Roc were a fact. We pause for a moment, and my pole rests upon a couple of bamboo sticks. The bearers change shoulders, and off we go up-stairs sidelong, like a curious crab carrying off a curious creature. The trees are strange, the fields are strange, the rocks are strange. We pass a group of stone images stranger than all the rest. We pass stones set up like stones, which I can look at here or in Argyllshire, stone pillars at the two ends of a long regiment of megalithic monuments, whose wings are at the extremities of the old world. We call them "Druidical"; here they are "Buddhist." Nobody living knows anything about them. Chinese civilization is old; the Pyramids of Egypt are old; but who is to say where this custom of setting up memorial stones first began? or who were the builders of Carnac in France, or of Columba's stone pillars out in Donegal? I am taught that Turanians were megalithic. I see that Japanese are. But the post. A rush of some dozen light, active lads, with straw hats and straw sandals and waistcloths, suddenly flit noiselessly past my toiling bearers, each with a light bamboo pole balanced on his shoulder, and a couple of paper parcels neatly folded in oiled paper slung one at each end. With the grace of Léotard and the action of young rope-dancers, a scattered cloud of running postmen, bearing the imperial mails, skip up the stone stairs of the Tokaido, and drop down a steep, slippery red brae. They dash lightly over a bridge of bambooos planted lightly on the rolled stones of a mountain burn, and they are gone over the hills and far away in less time than I

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BUDHIST BOYS AT MIANOSHITA.



can write this pen-sketch from the vivid picture which I can weave at will. Once more I throw away the pencil. No artist ever has produced a picture that runs and changes at every instant, that is many days and many miles long, that can be woven in a moment, to make room in an instant for another at the antipodes. A Buddhist tells me that my life and I do not belong to this body, and that we shall go on—that we have been going on together. I don't remember anything beyond four years old. "*No Sabe.*"

An illustrated book is a very poor production to a mental journal; that's a fact. I threw aside my pencil and my pen as soon as ever I saw Japanese characters and the haste of my comrades.

Cairns.—There they are, familiar Scotch cairns. A man was drowned in my youth in a ditch. Many a stone have I thrown on his cairn. Here is a stone Buddha with a cairn of stones in his lap. The children of the place throw the stones, and one who had been half round the world explained that each stone meant a prayer to Buddha to help their dead parents and friends quickly out of the Buddhist limbo into some future better state. Each stone cast is an act of merit which will help the young cairn-builder to rise in his next life, according to the heathen. Not very long ago, near Dundalk, in Ireland, I saw a megalithic monument, dubbed "Cuchullin's grave." A great round-backed stone stands on three tall stone pillars, which would puzzle engineers to raise, and on the top of the stone is a cairn. "They will be throwing stones up there, and I tell them that they will be married if they can make the stone stop up," said an old Irish dame.

Still later, at Mariposa, in California, I saw the necks of bottles peering out of a hole in the globe-trotter's bottle tree. "They throw them there to see if they can make them stick," said a prosaic waiter who had ridden up there with a pretty housemaid in a hat and feathers to have a picnic beside a spring. It is a human custom to make cairns, Americans, Easterns, and Scotch still are great cairn-builders. It is a human custom to account for such customs. Here within my experience are "memorial cairns," of which one was built to record the gathering of ferns in Mull, cairns unexplained, sepulchral cairns of my own time, matrimonial cairns, frivolous bottle cairns, serious Buddhist cairns in Japan, and pyramids in Egypt. I read that the pyramid is but the improved sepulchral cairn of megalithic Turanians civilized. "*No Sabe.*"

I can make nothing of cairns, and I can see no pyramids in Japan. A stone is beside a great tree near the temple of Hatchiman at Kamacura, where is a well, and people there cast stones which have made a cairn; Hatchiman was a general, and is the equivalent of Hercules in Japanese mythology. I suppose that cairn-building was a human instinct, and has been turned to various uses by those who swayed men for their own ends. In Ireland it is an act of worship to add a stone to a holy cairn near a pillar-stone on which a cross has been carved. So it is in Japan. I know that I performed the act when I was a child because an older kilted person did it when he taught me the meaning of "Clach 'ad charn." I know nothing about the origin of cairn-building, and throw away the pen.

Hot Water.—The Japs are always bathing in hot water.

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TEMPLE AND TORRII, MIANOSHITA.

P. 495, VOL. I

P. 195, VOL. I

TEMPLE AND TORMI, MIANOSHTA.

We all got into hot water at the baths at Mianoshta. "I want to find out how they heat these baths," said one of my comrades. I had never thought of that question, so we got an interpreter, and asked. The water came in bamboo pipes. We followed the pipes and got to a rivulet, and beyond that cold, pretty, dashing mountain-stream we found a hot spring in the water-course. We never found out how the water was heated. But high up on a hill-side we saw steam blowing off, and learned that a great many hot springs were there. Some energetic youths walked over the hills to a big lake, where more hot water comes from the foot of "the beautiful." Though the beautiful Fuji is at rest, a smaller cone was smoking out in the sea when we arrived from the other side of the Pacific. There, in Oregon, and about the Yellow stone; in Iceland, and elsewhere, more hot water is boiled by the same fire. There is a good deal to be discovered about hot water, and there was a great deal about Mianoshta that was new.

Shampo.—The common Japanese luxury of being kneaded and punched like dough by a baker was new to me. A tired friend, who had walked far, sent his Japanese servant to fetch a celebrated operator. Two old women came. One, practitioner took the patient, the other, unasked, took me. Both were wrinkled, plain-headed, brown female persons, with carefully-blackened teeth and shaved eyebrows, to prove their entire respectability. I had somewhere seen a horrid picture of Britannia drained of her life-blood by a vampire bishop. I think it was an H. B. of 1830. It horrified and haunted me, and rose up unbidden when I saw my prostrate comrade on the flat of his back, and this terrible old black-

toothed being clawing his throat and the place where his heart ought to be and his dinner was. I tried to sketch them, when my own left leg was grasped, and down I went beside my friend. Up one leg and down the other, up arms and down, travelled the talons of that terrible old anatomical witch with all the skill of a surgeon bent on vivisection. Every muscle seemed to be familiar to her fingers as strings to a harper. Each in turn was pulled and rolled, and stretched and replaced exactly where it ought to go. The knee-pan was rolled about and eased; the soles of the feet were slapped, and the ankles arranged. Every bit of the body that would have suffered from hard work was treated with the skill of a dressmaker folding rumpled clothes. "Arigato," said I, when properly smoothed out: "Thank you." "Arigato," said my comrade, who was a private secretary in the Gladstone ministry; and then we presented coins in paper to the operators, and compared notes.

"Do you like it?" "Well, not much."

"How do you feel after it?" "Much as I felt before." "So do I."

Some thirty and odd years ago I was tired and dusty, and took a Turkish bath at Napoli di Romagna in sunny Greece. A very muscular old Greek shampooed me, and I never shall forget him. I can see him now in a haze of steam. He cracked every joint in my body. The last thing he did was to cross my arms on my chest, kneel on them, put a hand under my back, and give a sudden wrench, which made something about my shoulder-blades crack like a whip. Since then I have read the Water Poet's description of breaking a man on the wheel. The Japanese proceeding is

the least unpleasant of these three ; but I don't seem to care much about being shampooed again. The usual effect is narcotic, and the result the abstraction of loose coin. The artists generally are blind men.

Art.—The blacking of teeth and the shaving of eyebrows may be fashionable, but it is not ornamental. I prayed an otherwise beautiful landlady to permit me to examine her teeth more closely. They were beautiful, sound, regular teeth, that might have been called pearls for lustre; but the pleasant smile of that amiable and very well-bred and most respectable Japanese matron was dark, horrible, and cavernous, because of her black teeth.

Hamlet might have spoken his speech over that living death's head. The strange part of this matter is that all the women with black teeth brush them carefully, and keep their mouths wide open and draw back their lips, and grin so as to make the most of the ornament.

Other kinds of ornamental art on swords, bronzes, and such like, had my special attention on this cruise, because the objects are authentic, of known date, and historical. I took rubbings and mental notes, and returned to Yokohama more determined than ever to buy nothing there. The moderns have broken out in shams, to catch globe-trotters. The shopkeepers lay prices on for their fleecing.

Daibutsu.—The ritual at Buddhist churches made me stop and comrades fume. I was comparing the service performed for my edification last year at Astrakhan by the most western of Buddhists, with the performance of daily service near Daibutsu. Great bronze Buddha, 500 years old and forty-four feet high as he sits, looking out over the ocean as far east as

his religion could go. An altar, very like a Roman Catholic altar, adorned with vases and flowers and candlesticks ; a priest in vestments chanting in front of the altar; drums and noisy instruments keeping time ; an old woman on her knees with a string of beads rubbing her palms, and praying earnestly with her whole heart. That and a frame of bamboos waving near a yellow beach, a blue sea, and a distant volcano, is part of my Japanese picture-book. Beside it is the chapel at Astrakhan, and near these extremes of Buddhist worship is an old Irish dame on her knees with her beads praying earnestly, and rising to pace sunwise round a grey pillar stone in Donegal.

Enoshima is linked to islands near Naples. Rocks, waves, houses, great green pines on the top, quaint streets, shops full of marine treasures, shells and shell-work, baskets, corals, all built up to catch customers, like Brighton or Margate wares ; but with a difference. Heaps and piles of gorgeous shells thrown away as men cast out buckies and oyster-shells where I was raised. If diamonds and gold were common enough, they too would be somebody's rubbish. Here they are : incredible crabs, and marvels of the sea that are exhibited in glass cases in England, common as dirt, matter out of place, fish out of water, sea-shells on shore, rubbish in heaps about Enoshima.

A cave with an arm of the Pacific in it, like many a wild western sea-cave that I know well. Away over the rocks to darkness ; then to a flickering speck of a lamp ; then to inscriptions and a shrine close to a trickling rill of water ; priests and boys and tips ; a drink of water from the holy well welling out of the stone, and I have done the shrine of

a divinity who took the form of a snake and haunted this region. Melusina, myth of the Middle Ages, the Sea-maiden of my own country, Seal-maidens of the Orkneys, Sea-lions at the Golden Gate, Siren of Ulysses, Benten :—here they all are a reality in the minds of men, Snake-men and women objects of adoration to a tribe of living women very like Seals.

"Hai! you fellow, come along, do. What are you doing all this time!"

Rush, clatter, stumble, plump into a sea-pool up to the knees. Old habit strung the nerves to resist cold ; they relaxed, for the sea-water was hot. There is the hurrying Briton chafing in the boat; there the energetic Turanian doing his work.

Pilgrims.—Down from steep cliffs of geological interest, by a steep path from amongst shrines and temples and trees, pace a group of pilgrims. Their heads are shaven save the national pigtail top-knot, their sleeves look like blue wings ; their girded loins and black tights, and wooden clogs with white strings, and all about them are new, genuine, wild, living pictures of life in Japan. A flat folded paper, prayer, or relic a foot long hangs from the neck of each, crossing the breast like crosstrees on a mast. They wear swords and have the bearing of gentlemen. Steadily, quietly, slowly, in a purposelike fashion, they cross the tidal rocks below the cliff, and disappear into the shrine of Benten to worship Melusina, the Mermaid Snake divinity, who is Purity, and has been converted to Buddhism, and is a fact for these pilgrims of the brine.

"I say, you fellow, we shall never have time to do it all

and get back to dinner. Come along, do."—"Give us a light; then and let's smoke."

Buddha—there he sits, figured in bronze, the apotheosis of absence of mind; a gigantic nonentity thinking of nothing; but a very grand work of human art, fit to rank with those of Egypt. There he has sat cross-legged for 500 years, till the tide of life has ebbed from the place and left this magnificent image of an idea which has entered into the being of millions between the Volga and the Pacific.

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for me."

Here is personified rest from troubling, that grand aim of all these toiling millions, the endless repose of "not to be." It is a grand statue, very grandly expressing passionless repose perfect stillness, a dead calm, absence of mind. A lively pleasant shaven priest, who smiles and sells photographs and keeps an album for signatures, leads the way, and we go inside. It is empty, it is vacant vacuity. There is nothing in it but a few wreaths of sweet curling smoke rising from smouldering joss-sticks stuck in a blackened ~~be~~ shibashi.

"To be or not to be? the question."

Is all this struggle for life to end in stroke? are all the efforts of men to get on and go ahead and win prizes to end in getting to the end of a tiresome journey, and to sleep:—perhaps to dream? Can we who dream now, ever forget the philosophy of *cogito ergo sum*, even as he who has attained Nirwana, and now is an empty image of absence of mind at the edge of the ocean?

"Onward, Christian, onward go!" "I say, you fellow, come on ; it's getting late."

"There's no rest for the wicked,
There's no rest for me."

Good-bye to Hatchiman and Hercules, Benten and purity ; trees and serpents ; pillars and wells ; holy stones and hot water ; sand, sea, and volcanoes ; cairns and ruins ; shells and rubbish ; Buddha and contemplation of nothing at all. There is no rest, but much work and little time. Are we not all "Can-do" philosophers bound to go ahead ?

"Go along, you disciples of Buddha in harness, and haul me home. Tell them in Japanese that I'll give them a dollar each if they get us in before dark. Hurrah for Old England and Yankeedoodledom, and the great Aryan races who make others run. Go along, my hearties !" And so they ran and we rode, and we got to the Grand Hotel in Yokohama and the delirious activity of real life.

"Il segreto par esser felice."

"What's the Japanese for beer ?"

"Boy ! beer sake chodai."

"Beef, arimasta ? Arimasta."

"Then fetch me a beefsteak."

"Arimasen."

"What ! not got a beefsteak ? Oh ! yes, I see, it's roast beef. No. 3. 'San,' 'chodai,' 'pan,' 'bread.' "

"'Arigato, yorashi.' Thank you, all right."

"Hulloa, old friend, where do you come from ?"

"I came out of infinite space upon an aerolite."

"Rubbish ! where are you going to ?"

"Smoke."

Pacific N. W. Hist...

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"Bosh! what are you thinking about?"

"Philosophy."

"Scherzo e rido la sorte."

"Dote, hera ogi san?"

"Atchera. Here he is."

"Who the deuce do you call the old gentleman?"

"By all that is comical that little Jap, Diablotin, in black tights, calls me the old gentleman."

Republican familiarity never went so far.

And so we feasted high and merrily; a pleasant party of cheery globe-trotters, whose sole defect in my eyes was that superfluity of Aryan energy which would not allow five minutes for the contemplation of great Buddha contemplating the Pacific Ocean in dreamless repose. I am a slow coach, but fate has always harnessed my steady wheelers to human steam-engines. So I went a long way in a short time; my notes are catchwords; and memory has to see this part of Japan by second sight from Argyllshire.

November 11, 1874.—*Log—The Races—Yokohama.*—Pictures are short-hand notes for those who can read them. Here is a picture made on the spot, which starts into life and colour when I look at it after eleven months. It is my log. It is a bright clear day. The bay is blue, and the boats are swarming out to the horizon like white flies. Up the narrow path I wander past the barracks of the French and English, rising a hundred feet or so from the town by the shore to a plateau. The way is crowded for a mile or two with all that is quaint, grotesque, eastern and strange, western and out of keeping. A very handsome Italian lady in a carriage, with smart horses driven by a Southern French silk merchant, is led at a

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THE RACES, YOKOHAMA

p. 203 VOL 1

sharp run by a "betto." He is the running footman of Japan. With his crested pigtail and shaven crown, and horns of hair, his black tights and loose sleeves, he flits noiselessly along at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, making way for the quality. He is a remnant of the Daimio's procession ; his followers are his leaders now, and they are all racing to the races. By the wayside squats a disciple of Buddha, with nothing earthly on but a hat, a waistcloth, and a pair of straw sandals, contemplating the crowd. He is nothing uncommon ; he is only a country man, a market-gardener, taking a rest in a posture that would tire a western more than a day's labour. A shout and a scramble, and clear the way for the favourite—a wiry pony, led by a following of bettos, who might be the troops of the Spectre Monarch at Astley's Amphitheatre. Hurra ! here comes Jack tar in a perambulator, drawn at a fast run by a little Jap imp half his size. A French marine follows in his gig. A Russian, a Brazilian, a canny Scotchman, two Chinese banker's clerks in blue, drawn by a little bantam cock of a Jap, warranted to thrash them both into fits in no time. Here are all the races and Japan going ahead of them all and hauling them all to the races. Here is a herald in a Tabard, there Venus *in transitu*, scrambling up a hill on pattens with Cupid on her back. There is the grand stand, there the ring, and the opera-glasses, and the costumes of Paris, Glasgow, Vienna, New York, and Frisco. There in a carriage sit the ladies of Japan, all embroidery, tortoise-shell hair-pins, paint, silks, and braveries. But their beauty cannot withstand that brilliant Eurasian grand stand. They are but civilized Samoyedes.

"I am so glad to make your acquaintance. Come and see the lions. Ain't these beautiful creatures?"

"Can't say I see it, but they certainly are very picturesque, and I'll come to your studio. Thanks. I'll stay here in the crowd. I don't like getting amongst the quality. Good-bye."

And so he went his way, and I stood amongst the crowd, and laughed with them when the dog ran over the course, and a big bearded marine ran after him in vain. Then back to the grand hotel and gas and a good dinner, and the smoke-room and long chairs.

"Have you been to see the photographs?" "I have. I saw one of a lot of criminals who were crucified close to that racecourse not many years ago."

"Have you heard the story of the Hakodadi consul?" "No. Let's have it."

"A very few months ago a Japanese of the soldier class, entitled to wear two swords I believe, was sent for to join the army and go to China. He did not choose to go. His neighbours said he was afraid. Like Yankee Doodle of the poet—

"When his commission he had got,
He turned such a coward,
He wouldn't go to Canada,
For fear of being devoured.

"He said he was not a coward, and that he would prove it. He felt that the advent of foreigners had coincided with the ruin of his class, and turned the gentlemen into coolies. He went to the nearest open port frequented by foreigners, and walked about as it were on the walk beside the sea here, where we were walking last night. In the dusk he met a quiet consul who was strolling heedlessly on, where he had

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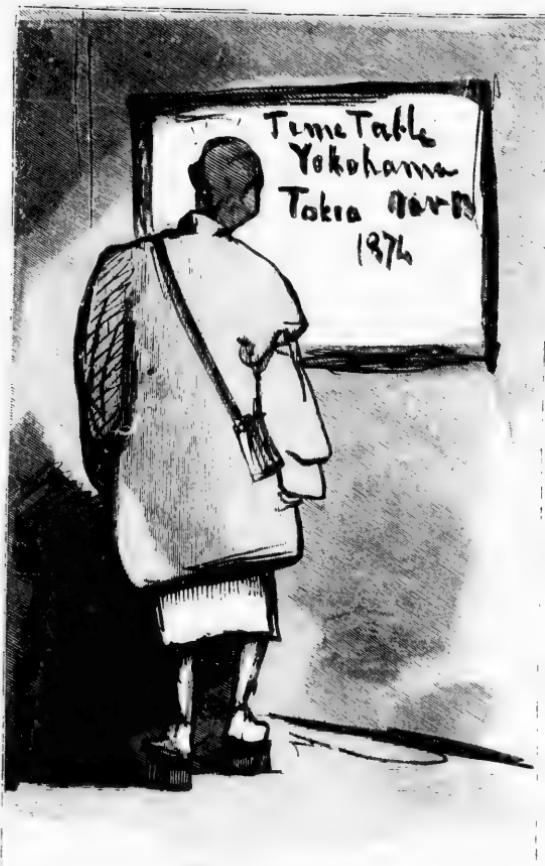
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RAILWAY TIME TABLE, YOKOHAMA

p. 265, vol. 1

been wont to ruminate. Out flashed the famous sword of Japan, and down fell the consul. His body was found hacked fearfully, with sixteen or more gashes in it, each big enough to let out his life. The man who was not afraid and came to prove it, left his foreign victim, and went to the authorities and denounced himself according to the code of Japanese honour, which also was the Icelandic code, as described in the Njal saga. He was not of sufficient rank to have the privilege of suicide, I suppose. Accordingly he was beheaded. The operator, not being professional, slashed his shoulders, and made a mess of it, but he got his head off. And so the story ends. That was a few weeks ago. Think of that when you smoke tobacco. It is all very fine to go to the races, and talk English to Japanese gentlemen in black clothes, hats, boots, and wide-awakes, and think that you have got it all your own way here in Japan. No, sirree. I reckon them little chaps are not going to be beat by any race on the face of the earth. They'd cut you down, and chop you up; and so I guess you'd better be very polite in Japan, and keep your fists and revolvers out of sight, together with your opinion of yourself, and other valuable properties. Let's liquor. Boy-ee, cocktail, chodai. San cocktails: three of them. No. Cocktails all round. I'll stand drinks. Now sir, which is it going to be? 'Rule Britannia,' or 'Yankee Doodle Dandy,' or 'God save the Emperor,' or 'Mourir pour la Patrie,' or a Japanese dance by the characters? After the Derby Cremorne. I am going to bed. Good night."

November 13, Railway Time-table.—There is another page from my picture writings. A Buddhist priest, whose duty it is to do nothing at all, with his head shaven as smooth as a

melon, is standing on his wooden pattens with a courier's leather bag outside of his blue Japanese coat, spelling out the time-table, and wide awake. It is printed in Japanese and in English. He is going to Tokio; I to Yedo; and we are both going to the same city by rail from Yokohama. When that railway was opened in form by the heaven-born emperor, the Mikado, not very long ago, a great number of Japanese swells and belles were invited. They came, and they got into the train, and were as pleased as children with a new toy. Now it is the custom in this land of clean mat floors to kick off sandals, shoes, pattens, clogs, or any other walking foot-gear that may have been worn outside. They enter a dwelling barefoot or in split white socks with a thumb end, as neat as gloves. All the well-bred, polite Japanese people who got into the first and second class carriages for the first time stepped out of their clogs and left them on the platform in rows. The engine snorted and the train moved. Then a mingled cry of woe and laughter burst from the passengers as they realised the fact that they had left their old clogs in the lurch, and that regrets were bootless as they were. Being a very practical people they have taken to wearing boots, and they suffer horribly, for their feet are not as Aryan feet, and their boots being imported pinch.

Half an hour or so and I am in Tokio. To make that journey a few years ago was a feat and an adventure. Armed to the teeth with pistols and weapons of all sorts and sizes, the Aryan stranger who had got leave mounted a steed and rode with a strong escort of sworded men—not mere guards of honour, but faithful soldiers told off for duty. They guarded the stranger on the right hand and on the left from the rowdy

retainers of daimios as proud and hard to deal with as a mediaeval baron in a romance. At any moment a samurai, elevated with love and *sake*, or anxious to prove the temper of his sword, might rush out of a suburban tea-garden and cut down the stranger who was riding to the capital to see some besieged representative of his foreign country there. So that journey was described to me by men who rode to Tokio about the time that Oliphant wrote his description of life in Japan. A revolution bred a railway and a telegraph, and the old ways of Japan turned to new ways. The Buddhist priest put on a courier's bag, and the court-dress of the Mikado's Court became the republican black coat and white tie which American citizens wear in Europe. The Mikado, heaven-descended, escaped from his own castle, put on the tweed suit of the T. G. and Globe-trotting Towrow, furnished by some foreign clothing establishment, lit his cigar and drank champagne and enjoyed life like a christian gentlemen. Here we are, all going ahead, but where?

Itchi Yamiti Yashiki, you Jinrikiska man. Here; take a hold of my luggage. Put it in. I'll walk. Off we go somewhere right through the heart of the capital of Japan, a wild herald all over patterns on his tabard drawing my goods and leading me to the barrack and palace of a de-throned daimio. In there it has pleased the Japanese Government to lodge the head of their survey, Colin Mac Vean, son of the Free Church Minister in the Ross of Mull "Failte." Presently we are jabbering Gaelic like pen-guns.

"The world's my pillow, and here's my bed."

Here, look at it. The wool of it was gown at Ardmòr in

Islay ; the thread of it was spun at Ardfenaig, in the Ross of Mull ; the web of it was woven in Iona ; and these are records of all the places that have come under my plaidie since Long John made me a present of it in September, 1870 :—
Chi Mi thallad an Ardmhòr. Ach m'an d'thig an saoghal gu
crioch bithich I mar a bha. An eilean muilleach, an eilean
aluin, 1870. Bha mi aig banais a'm baile In'iraora, August,
1871. “I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the rover is free.” Tha Sgeul
beag agam air Fionn, 1872. Scandinavia, Archangel, Astrakhan,
Daghistan, Caucasus, Crimea, Stamboul, Greece, Italy,
France, came under my plaidie, 1873. And here we are in
Japan. I prefer having my plaid embroidered to having my
hide pricked with needles. Let's find an embroiderer. We
found one, and got Nikko and Tokio recorded on the plaid.
At Kioto a Japanese dragon and a long-tailed tortoise were
added in 1874. A Chinese butterfly was put on at Canton.
in 1875. In August an old friend embroidered Tachdar mara
’s tir agus sith Choimhearthach Mull 1875. *Ne Obliviscaris.*
The Children of the Mist, September, 1875, completed the
record on the mystic plaid of the circumnavigator. Got home.

That's where I was going and got to safe and sound without adventure, unless it be that the human pony who hauled my luggage to the house of my Japanese mullman demanded *ni boo*, whereas his fare was *ni shi*. A London cabman could not have charged a stranger two shillings instead of sixpence with greater presence of mind.

Then out for a walk. It would cost a ream of foolscap and a large sketch-book to make a journal of that which memory retains of that first quiet, enjoyable, dawdling stroll in a place which is utterly strange and unlike anything that

these eyes ever looked upon before. There is a grated building, from which comes a clatter of cheery voices conversing amicably. It is the public bath, and it is brimfull of hot water and citizens of all sorts and sizes, sexes and ages, bathing and conversing as people do elsewhere in clubs and reading-rooms. Somehow they suggest a flock of ducks squattering. "You mustn't look in there. They don't like strangers to stare at them. Some few years ago these baths were open to the streets, and they all bathed in the same bath. Now, since foreigners have come, the baths are closed, and there is a bamboo rail between the men and women. They have learned that we think all this strange, and they don't like us to laugh at them. Come along." So we went.

"There's a fellow cutting wood blocks for printing. They are capital artists in that line. They use pear-wood, and the softness gives that peculiar soft touch to their woodcuts which is so different from our hard lines. That fellow is making a block-book, and very well he does it. I have watched good artists in England engraving my own drawings on wood, and I know that these little Jap imps are doing real artist's work in that open shed in the fresh air."

"There's a rag-shop. Stop a bit. Why, there's a bit of a mandarin's dress all over the dragon-myth. *Ikura?* How much? Tell him I'll come to-morrow."

"There's an old curiosity-shop. Why it's brimfull of sedan-chairs and norimons. *Ikura?* *Ni ju rio.* What, twenty dollars for a Daimio's state conveyance, with lacquer and gilding enough for a small lord mayor's coach! If I were a householder, or a rich banker, or if I knew what on earth to do with that, I'd buy it. I say, McVean, if I were

to get carried to church in that, out in the Ross, what would the minister say?"

"What the deuce is that fellow doing?"

"That's a fortune-teller. There's lots of them. That one is telling fortunes after the Chinese fashion. He is rolling a sheaf of sticks in his hands while these two worthy women look on with intense interest and firm faith. He will read the characters which are inscribed on sticks which will come out of the bundle, and consult his books, and give the oracle. That is the Asian equivalent of the American Medium and the Highland Seer. These fellows sit here day after day and earn their living, and do their duty to their neighbour, and do him and his wife." Are they humbugs? "Well, that's not easy to answer. The last time I was in the Ross of Mull in 1870 I discoursed a worthy old man over a wall, and he prophesied to me, with the most perfect air of conviction about him, and without the remotest idea of payment, and I shook hands with my friend and departed with the firm conviction that he was *not* trying to humbug me. That which he said was dreamed by another man in 1847; and it was said to me a third time by a very old woman who lived out on a point in the Atlantic, and had the reputation of being uncanny, and a witch. All three seemed to be firmly persuaded that they were looking into futurity, and that they saw me a great heir and landowner. I have this world or my pillow in fact, and hope to inherit in the next. They all liked me, and they all hoped, and they seem to have got to expect, and finally to believe, in their own imaginations. Now that worthy over there may believe in his sticks as firmly as these women believe in him, and other

women and men believe in mediums. In the name of the prophet let's book him as a peculiar variety of *homo sapiens*." So he was booked in a note-book, and by the magic of memory I look at him, and see and hear and think over again thoughts that run alongside of two West highlanders in the far east—seers by inheritance; by experience philosophers of the Try and Can-do class, who want proof of things improbable like spaedom with sticks.

There, in front of us, rose the green gnarled, red-stemmed pines, who peer over the walls at Shiba, the tombs of the Shoguns. There are the coloured gates which make pictures in the sun and shade of the green trees; there are the strange signs of the tea-houses and eating-shops of the quarter; the strange Japanese croak of the eastern crows; the squeaking of kites wheeling in the bright air; the crowing of pheasants; the clatter of drums at a temple:—the endless stream of bright, strange, foreign things goes flitting before us, and ever and anon comes the second-sight of memory: the boom of the sea on the rocks of Iona, and St. Columba; and history Gaelic songs and dragon legends, all demanding notice in Tokio capital of Japan. Races indeed!

"The black horse and the brown,
Bonn ri bonn,
Swifter is the black horse
Than the brown."

Hugi beat Thor when they raced, and I'll bet my money on memory to beat the favourite at the next race. I run away from having no taste that way.

"Come away home and take a glass of toddy." So we toddled home to the Yamiti Yashiki; and a whole gathering

of Scotchmen and Englishmen held a meeting in the Dainio's great grounds under the roof of my highland friend, who has a head to help his strong limbs to climb. In the early morning we rose and had porridge for breakfast and milk, and so we were happy. "*Ne obliviscaris. Fidus amicis. Terra mare fide. Set on.*" So say heralds.

On one of these nights in Tokio two English gentlemen with their wives dined with a Japanese prince and princess. As the stranger I had the honour of sitting next to our hostess, who was "*grande dame*," richly but very quietly dressed in her own picturesque attire. A number of young gentlemen of the family, retainers, who had travelled since the revolution, interpreted and served their prince and his guests at dinner, dressed in the evening dress of European society. The prince's own painter came in, and, being rebuked for some misdemeanour, fell on his knees and knocked his forehead on the carpet. After dinner we passed from a house furnished in the European fashion to a Japanese house furnished in the way of the country. It was lighted with paper lanterns, and devoid of any furniture except the national mats, but it was the very perfection of neatness. Returned to the drawing-room, to our chairs and glass chandeliers and argand lamps; the painter drew pictures for our entertainment, crouched on the floor. With a brush of his own invention he produced a bamboo on Chinese paper with half a dozen touches. Next morning the drawing and a photographic portrait of the prince were delivered to me, with a bit of dry sea-weed tied up in a paper cover with a lacquered string. That is Japanese. We were all poor fishermen at first, let us never forget that, even when we

give gifts and accept them joyfully as I did. Lacquer tables, inlaid with gold, a state sword sharp as a razor, polished as a mirror, a gentleman's weapon fit for a soldier to wield, touched only with covered hands by the clan. These and such like ornaments in the drawing-room savoured of the genuine nobleman who had wit to march with the times, and the good taste to adhere to his national customs. If I name Prince Caruda I know that he will forgive me for taking, that liberty, and this opportunity of thanking him in a book for his distinguished hospitality to me—a member of Brooks's Club and a Whig by inheritance. I too have seen gentlemen serving tables in the house of their Chief out in the far west, and so I can understand this grand old dethroned Japanese daimio sportsman, who is a liberal conservative, making the best he can of an altered world. Men of his class must come to the top.

Log.—A straw thrown up shows which way the wind blows. A small incident shows more than a political treatise now and then. Attended by my interpreter, whom I have named Solomon for his exceeding stupidity, and accompanied by a young gentleman who is very well versed in Japanese, I went to Shiba one fine morning to sketch a gate. The point or view was in a street, and there was nothing there to sit upon. I hired a jinrikisha and put the shafts on a rest and got in and sat there. The boys of the quarter gathered about me, and passengers stopped to see the foreigner draw. The foreigner, well used to crowds, showed them his materials, grinned, and worked away, and found himself an object of kindly interest. Students of French, German, and English, with lesson-books, stopped and said a few well-chosen

phrases, and passed on, smiling and bowing. Many a crowd has gathered about this sketcher in many a strange land, but such a strange crowd as this never before. The smaller urchins had their hair carved into strange patterns, looked like imps at the play, and behaved like angels of politeness and decorum. At last the artist got interested in his work, and forgot all about the place and the people. The excellence of the jinrikisha consists in its superior balance. It rests on the axle like the beam of a scale. This one, so resting and supported in front, was steady as an arm-chair. But in a moment of forgetfulness the seated person leaned back. The gate seemed to be sinking down into the earth, the shafts reared up, and it was all up with equilibrium, and all over. It would have been supremely ridiculous to break a neck in this fashion. So, instead of falling submissively, the falling body wriggled sideways, and managed to come down on one shoulder without damage. But the sketch-book went flying through the air, the water described curves, and the brushes scattered all over the place. Now the right thing in Japan is to laugh when any misfortune happens to yourself. A *cajatal* walker who was walking over a very rough hill-road near Mianoshta in wooden clogs and in the dark, going with an English walker in good condition and hobnailed boots stride for stride, tripped and went over like a shot rabbit, hitting himself hard knocks. He laughed as if it were the pleasantest of customary pastimes. So I, having learned that lesson, laughed when I went heels over head backwards into the middle of a crowd of street boys and jinrikisha men in Tokyo. But in Japan it is not the right thing to laugh at misfortune - people. That I had to

learn practically. There was not a smile on the face of a spectator. There was a look of great concern and sorrow and kindly sympathy : one angelic imp with hairy horns on his shaven poll brought a brush, another a paint-box, another a cake of paint, yet another brushed the dust off the coat of the stranger in a strange land; and by the united efforts of all the gamins and their pet curious creature he was got into his seat again and finished the sketch.

If straws thrown up show which way the wind blows, a man thrown down in this absurd fashion shows the temper of the people amongst whom he has fallen ; and I having experience of many boys from the days of Eton downwards, pronounce my benediction upon the boys of Japan. They are angels though they are not Christians, and wear black hair, and are the antipodes of these angelic golden Anglo-Saxons, of whom the saying was first said. If a Chinaman had been spilt in any Aryan city of my acquaintance, the boys would have pulled his tail off before they helped him. It has been said that Japan is the paradise of little babies. I never saw one bullied, and I do not remember to have seen one child cry or maltreat another or hurt a hen. "She is a fine leddy, Miss Grace," said an old Scotch wife. "She wadna hurt a hen." They are fine ledgies and laddies these imps of Japan.

Log. - Wednesday, 18.—For the first time in my life dined with a Japanese gentleman in company with a lot of foreigners. We are the fashion clearly. Our host had some curious old Dutch pictures, which may be of value, and his table was a table served in European fashion. His waiters were neat moshme--pretty little women in their picturesque

dresses, who handed dishes with the skill and dexterity of practised artists. The grand event was a joint of beef, which our host carved as if he had been a Briton. It really was as neat a little entertainment as any English lady could sit down to. After dinner, wine, and tea, we inspected a curious collection of obsolete Japanese coins in gold and silver, and then took to the national evening pastime. An inkstone and brushes and gilded paper were laid out, and the gentlefolk wrote verses and gave them to each other. My gift is like the outside of a tea-chest for all that I can read, but being interpreted it is said to mean,—

“ The stream knows neither day nor night,
So nature’s constant law is right.”

The old Chinese poet and Tennyson had the same notions of a river as it appears. They saw that it ran.

There never were a people so polite and so apt to learn as these little Japanese gentlemen. All I could do in return was to quote Burns on a gilded card :—

“ Some hae meat that canna eat,
And some can eat that want it,
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket.”

That and some caricatures, a vast amount of bows, and genuine hearty English thanks to my host the great banker, made a pleasant little evening party. A carriage and pair and a betto safely conducted us home.

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A GARDENER AT TOKIO

No. XXV.

YEDO,
Sunday, November 15th, 1874.

MY DEAR HORTICULTURIST,

The inclosed beautiful picture represents a crysanthemum show to which I went yesterday with my host, Mr. McVean, and other folks. The body of each figure is made up of a pillow, and the head is a mask; all the rest of the device is a mass of flowers *growing*, but so arranged as to make up the dress or the real colour of the thing represented. The first thing I came upon was a white cockatoo, about ten feet high, with a yellow crest; his legs, on a perch, were carved, all the rest of him was crysanthemum flowers as close to each other as they could stick. The stalks were trained on a frame of split bamboos, and the roots were somewhere behind the frame, covered in straw. That was the *chef d'œuvre* of the gardener. His garden consisted of old dwarf trees in Japanese pots of ravishing beauty. Small plants were growing in coral, and in old fossils, and in large shells. The whole suggested more art than nature, but it was very pretty. The next device was a lady and a lover. It was getting dusk, and I had to ask leave to step over the bamboo rail and get near to make out what was cloth and what was crysanthemum. The next was an old sea god. And so each garden was a repetition of the last as to rockery, and pottery, and old trees, but each with a grand crysanthemum lay-figure as large as life, or larger a great deal, as in the case of the cockatoo. The first garden we went to was that of the Minister of State, Kedo. It consisted

chiefly of a pond and its banks; but on a place not much bigger than my monkey-green in London there were roads and rocks and eaves and waterfalls as big as a bottle, and bridges and gold fish for all the world like a Chinese plate. The colour was given by maple and other red shrubs; the greenery was made of camelias. The gardener I have in my book; he wore a wadded coat and petticoat, and bare feet and clogs, and his appearance was staid and venerable. The wife brought us roasted acorns, and tea grown in the garden. The first came off an evergreen oak of large size, I believe. We sat under it and shook down the fruit and ate all manner of quaint things. It has beat me to get Mr. Kramer, the vendor of bulbs; he is all over the place, and I can't catch him. I must to breakfast.

FAILTE.

No. XXVI.

TOKIO (YEDO), November 17th, and other dates to 19th, 1874,

YAMITI YASHIKI,

*Chez Mr. McVEAN, son of the Free Church Minister,
Mull, Head of the Survey here.*

MY DEAR G.,

You may as well have this bit of my journal. I came here on Friday 13th, bag and baggage, and here I stay till I go to Nikko on Thursday 19th. It is quite out of all question to give you or any other body a notion of this queer town. It is about as big as London so far as breadth is concerned, but wild ducks and geese, cormorants and cranes abound in it, and foxes and martins, kites, pheasants and crows. A crow is talking Japanese croaks outside now. We look down from

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THEATRE AND PLAY AT TOKIO



a bank over a wilderness of wooden roofs to the sea through a greenery of Japan plants. When I go down into that wilderness I find curios that would drive the rector and C. crazy. I bought a suit of armour, plate and chain, yesterday in a box for four shillings, simply because it was so absurdly cheap.

Enamels, carved wood from temples, crockery, every sort of thing that you ornament rooms with in London here is in the shops for next to nothing. The country has been revolutionized, and the old clothes of centuries are rags in this market. I can't send you home a suit of clothes, but I do send you a garden of flowers. You put one in water and watch the result. I bought the lot for sixpence in the street yesterday, Tuesday.

One day we went to the play. The subject was historical, and consequently horrible. A Daimio conspired to kill the heir to the Shogun by letting a roof fall on his head. The carpenter accomplice betrayed the plot. The Daimio tried the carpenter, kicked and beat him, and finally crucified him on the stage. There he stood on his cross with spears thrust through him, and streams of blood pouring out of him, till the Daimio solemnly stuck a sword into his throat. Then much more blood ran down the man's naked breast, he gaped and gasped and died, and that act ended. After many more acts the ghost came and vanished, and there was much fire, and many tears. Then the wicked Daimio "drew his skian dubh and stuck it in his bowels." He made a face, and died—like a gentleman.

Meantime we had been eating fish and eggs with chopsticks, and drinking *sake*, which viands came in lacquered

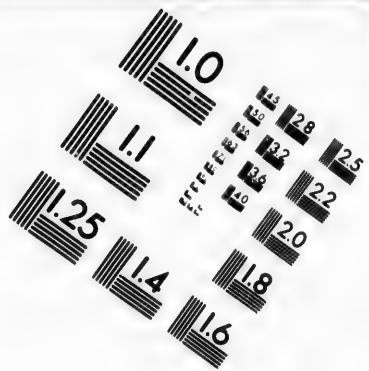
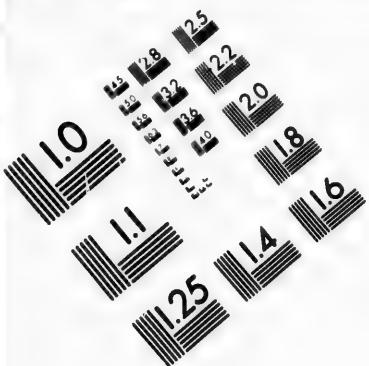
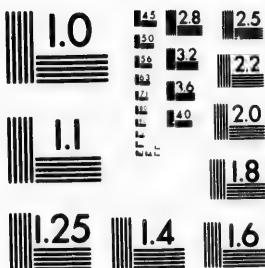
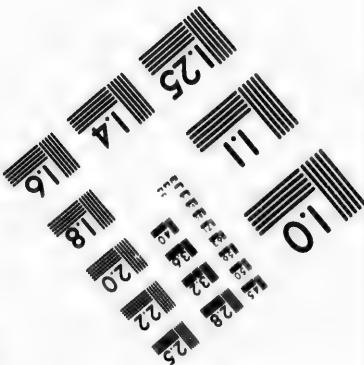
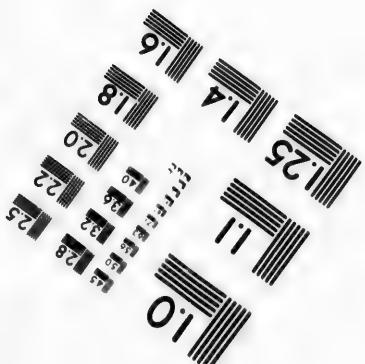


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work-boxes with trays in them. Then we went off to a tea-house where three professional ladies, hired for the purpose, played us a concert, and danced the fan and other national prances. Then Mr. McVean and I went home to 6.30 dinner and to Mrs. McVean.

Next day I spent amongst the tombs of Shiba. These are the tombs of Shoguns (Tykoons) of divers ages. They stand among tall trees under a bank, with wild weird pines in front tossing branches over the road. The gates are red and gold with dark tile roofs, and much carving. The temples and shrines are carved and finished as a Japanese cabinet is of the very best kind. Black and red and gold lacquer houses of considerable size, all over alto-relievo cocks and crysanthemums, gold pheasants, and monsters, and fastened with gilt bronze and enamel, are things to look at more than once. They really are marvels of art of their kind. Lastly, on the hill stands a simple solid bronze or stone urn, in which is the body or bones of the Shogun. Formerly a priest and a retainer in armour knelt all day on the steps. Now nobody seems to kneel or to care much for Shinto or Buddhism. Formerly foreigners were only admitted to the outer gate and that rarely. Now I wandered in and out, and did just as I pleased, on paying the few priests left a small fee of sixpence or a shilling. But the place is ruined. The government ordered all Buddhist temples to be turned into Shinto, which is the old Japanese religion, and consists chiefly in adoring ancestors. The enraged Buddhist priests burned the best temple on the day of the change.

Yesterday I went back again and sketched, and wandered about gaping. To-day we are going about making ready for

a start to Nikko to-morrow morning. There are grander temples, for which see the *Tales of Old Japan* by Mitford.

Now we are going to a Japanese party of swells. Last night McVean put on his kilt and gave a dinner. The chief guest was *Caruda* a Daimio, who used to have an army of 30,000 men, and a province to govern. The foreign office lives in his *Yashiki* (palace) now. He has a large income, and spends his days in duck-hunting and hawking. He certainly appeared to be a great gentleman, but I could not talk to him, alas! Instead, I sang him Gaelic songs and danced the sword dance. He was pleased. We had a pleasant party and a pleasant evening.

I shall not write for ten days.

J. F. C.

No. XXVII.

TOKIO, I., YAMIT., YASHIKI,
November 29th, 1874,
Chez McVEAN.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

This is part of my journal, as I cannot be bothered to write the same thing twice. Ten days ago we set out from here for Nikko, which the Japanese call Kekko, beautiful. The party consisted of McVean and I, Katata, a young Japanese gentleman, Tsune, my Japanese servant, and two jinrikishas loaded with luggage and grub. Very few foreigners have been on this cruise, and it was very good fun. On the 19th we had got into a regular muddle, having hired two sets of men. We had at least two dozen coolies in the yard, and two master job-masters, all jawing at once. When these last spoke to Katata, who is a gentleman of good family,

they squatted on their heels, rubbed their shins, and bent their heads in reverence. I cannot describe, and I could not draw the curious scene of confusion. There they were men half stripped, shaped like Apollinos, men clothed in queer garments, and men half clad, with lacquered red lined perambulators, wandering up and down, and chattering like a flock of gulls over a herring shoul. Hats like mushrooms or small straw parasols, blue legs, black legs, bare brown legs; shaven crowns, straw sandals, coats like a herald's tabard in white and blue; bare brown backs, all over patterns in colours, tatooed, women, dragons' scrolls—every sort of device worked on human skin have I seen, and, above all, feet and legs that would have shamed old K.; and now in McVean's yard examples of all kinds danced and jabbered, till Mrs. M., with woman's wit, suggested the carriage. In a trice we were in, luggage and all, and off with a Betto running ahead to clear the way,—so we drove and ran about ten miles to the other side of Tokio (Yedo). But there we found three of our boys before us. They had dragged perambulators faster than the carriage. We picked up Mr. *Yoshi*, one of the Mikado's courtiers, and Mr. *Oyma*, a sort of naval secretary of state, who were going to Nikko, like us. But they changed men along the road and they were, presently out of sight. We hired three more men and vehicles, and off we set along the road to be wheeled ninety miles. The country on each side of us was swamped in water, and rich with rice. At every mile or two was a village. Cranes, geese and other wild birds flew about and waded in the paddy fields, and through all this a little lad ran with me at five or six miles an hour from *Sengua* to *Soka* where we lunched.

Thence we ran on till near dark, and slept at *Kashkabe*. These wonderful boys ran nine ri = twenty-three miles, and came in as fresh as paint. I kept no notes, and have a general impression of old market women, of horses in straw sandals with red lacquer cruppers and curious harness, of boys and girls with their heads shaved into the most hideous patterns with black hair for fringe, playing for toys. A regular moving panorama of life in Japan.

I saw the quern at work on rice as I have seen it in Iceland and in Scotland—"Two women grinding at a mill," but the stick was bamboo. I saw a man ploughing with the old Highland *caserom*, the very same foot plough of which I have a sample in my den at home. The difference was in the better material here used, and in an extra shoulder on which to turn the lever. I saw old women winnowing rice on mats in the wind, as I have seen their kind working at home; and near them were regular fanners copied from foreign models and found to be useful. In short, I saw the early arts of the far West out in the far East, and people like Lapps and Samoydes, and some kinds of native Hebridiens, and I came to the conclusion that the same people were at the extreme ends of the old world,—“Melanoeroids,” black-haired people, with certain arts learned before the yellow-haired fair Aryans got to them. They only got here quite lately, for there was not one fair-haired person on our whole cruise. The language, so far as I can get at it, is related to Lapp and Finnish in form, and in a few words. But it is not possible for me, an old crittur, to learn in the same haste as I used, and there is very little to help memory in Japanese. It is not Aryan.

As I said we slept at *Kashkabe*, and this was the manner

of our sleeping there and elsewhere. The jinrikishas ran up to the door, and everybody cried, "Ohio, Ohio dama Arigato"—thank you; hail domine. We stepped out and pulled off our boots and walked on shining boards and beautiful clean mats, to one part of a great shed. Bamboo screens with paper on them slid round us in grooves; we sat on a mat, and we were housed and roomed and furnished. Presently a bare-footed girl brought tea on a tray, sugarless and devoid of milk, and then a bronze box full of glowing charcoal. Then she sat on her knees, and on the soles of her crossed feet, with her back to the door, and served out sour plums with chopsticks and dexterity. By this time our luggage had come in. Then after a few smokes, as many square tables, three inches high, as men to be fed came in and set themselves in front of us, with neat little lacquer bowls and covers on them full of hot soups of sorts, and a china bowl full of rice. Chopsticks to eat with came in paper on each table, and *sake*, and a great round drum-shaped box full of hot rice. A loaf of bread came out of our stores, and the girl said to her help, "Koori pan"—there is bread. Such a thing had not been seen there before, as I believe. Sometimes we got fish and laver, and iced omelette with aspic, and all manner of queer good things, which we all ate with chopsticks, having nothing else handy. Now it really is not easy to pick up rice as a bird does with a long bill, and at first I suffered the torments of Tantalus; but practice has made me as dexterous as a crane, and I ended by feeding like a Japanese gentleman without soiling the mats; but I never shall sit on the soles of my feet, and my knees ached. Dinner over, we smoked

about the fire-box, till the girls brought in a pile of cotton quilts, and of wadded cotton robes to roll us in, with little lacquer stools, each with a roll of clean paper on top for pillows. I got into my skin pesk, of Archangel origin, and laid the hood with my head in it on a carpet bag, and there we three snored on the mats till cock-crow. Meantime wooden shutters slid out of a box outside of the paper screens, and despite of the cold, we were snug, at least I was. MacVean has a bald head and no nightcap, and he shivered. In the morning tubs of hot water were provided in a bathroom, and thither we went and bathed. The other travellers did their bathing at night with open doors, in the dress of Adam and Eve. My modesty suffered, but I got callous after a few days. Then came tooth-powder, tooth-brushes and tooth-picks; and, by the time we were ready, breakfast was on the tables, and the tables on the mats, and then we were ready for a start. Each house has a garden, which consists chiefly of mud and stepping stones and quaint dwarf trees, with a big stone lantern in the middle. The top is like a great mushroom, as big as a carriage umbrella; the light is an oil glim, and the stand a great square or round construction, curiously shaped and carved. Into the garden go sweepings from the rooms, old tooth-brushes, and rubbish. I wanted to draw but there was never time, and I made nothing of it. So we shuffled to the street, put on our shoes, got into our perambulators, and started amidst a chorus of *Saiyanara, arigato*. Good-bye, thank you, for about a couple of shillings a head. The second day was like the first; our wonderful boys ran thirty-seven miles. We stopped at a tea-house and fed as before, and we stopped at another tea-house, and slept

there. We got out of the paddy fields to a pheasant country, with fine coverts of Japanese trees, dry fields, and groves of pine and cryptomeria. A great avenue sheltered the road and the panorama, which streamed past us. Two-sworded salky Samurai passed us, and we passed them. A funeral met us ; the body was in a square box slung on a pole of bamboo ; the procession of priests, and country folk, and horses was a picture. Great snowy mountains came nearer, peering over a range of foot-hills glowing in sunshine, coloured with autumn tints, rich in woods, strange in form. Everything in the landscape was volcanic, the general outline like the Italian hills. We passed old women, spinning with quaint wheels, reeling the cotton and weaving it, and men dyeing it in vats. I bought a sample of towels, blue ground with white figures of men, and plants and birds.

We passed wells on the old plan—a stick and a weight and a bucket on a pole. We passed country people threshing rice with flails, and pulling off the grain with iron combs set upright. We drove through layers of mats, with rice spread out to dry in the sun, and with marvellous Cochin Chinas and Bantams walking about, pecking and crowing among groups of children with other brats on their backs. We passed village bells on high double poles, with cross-spokes to mount on. When they tolled, their tone was like Big Ben, but softer and sweeter. We passed stone shrines ; with flowers in pots before Shinto temples of unpainted wood ; Buddhist shrines, all red and gold and black, and carving with tent-like roofs and tiles and Torri gates. We passed groups of stone idols : Buddha and his disciples, each with a cairn of stones deposited in his lap by wayfarers. Paper

prayers, hung on strings, fluttered in the air from the temple-gates. A serpent-skin at one place indicated serpent worship. At another a great tree or a big stone was sacred and adorned. A string of pack-horses, with flags fluttering from the loads, came through the flickering sunlight and broad shade of the great avenue which seemed never to end, and every now and then the great mountain of Nantai, with its snow-cone, came out through a gap and finished the landscape. I tied my pedometer to one of the boys, and we had thirty-seven miles of moving Japanese life between 8.30 and dark. Then we had our tea-house night, and off again. On the third day we took a leader to each carriage, and went up a finer avenue than ever, through the foot-hills over a very rough road, up nearly a thousand feet, and by dark we had made out ninety odd miles and Nikko Kekko—the beautiful Nikko to which we were bound. It was dark then, and it is dark now, so I must finish this to-morrow.

29th.—I went to church this morning in a Buddhist temple, with a roof painted in panels with flying-birds, and with all the paraphernalia as it was left by the priests. Buddhist service was going on under the same roof. There was an earthquake before breakfast. I thought it was some one walking heavily in the passage and shaking the doors and windows. I am told to expect many more. I have promised to dine to-morrow at the St. Andrew's dinner in Yokohama, and next day here with the parson who preached in the temple. When I shall get out of this I cannot say and I cannot see, so halt. Last Sunday, 22nd, was a very fine day, so we took a walk. Our procession included four kagos, bamboo chairs carried by two men, with two to change. A

couple of them shouldered me, and, with long bamboo poles in their hands, stepped out, singing a kind of "hi ho, hi ho ario," mingled with gasps. At ten yards they rested the pole on the stick, and changed shoulders. But I had such a cramped position, and I was so ashamed of being carried on a fine fresh morning, that I got out and walked five and a half miles to the first halt. MacVean walked, and my servant sat in state, till I found him out and made him walk too. The road was up a glen—full of trees of sorts, and lined with houses and temples and groves. All the people in the houses seemed to be engaged in making lacquer tea-trays. Our halt was in the bed of a torrent, where a tea-house stands amongst a ruin of lava boulders spread far and wide by the torrent. We lunched there, and then zig-zagged among the stones, over bridges, up and down the burnside, to the base of a steep pull. Then we zig-zagged up a mountain-road with seats to rest on, and pagodas, and all manner of shrines all the way up for nearly 2,000 feet in all. The sides of the gorge were basaltic, bedded with pumice, the vegetation was Japanese. What more can I say? We met stags carried on horseback, shot by hunters, whom we met with matchlocks returning from the hill. At one place we found a stone, on which stood a metal pagoda twenty feet high. The stone turned the compass, and an iron cash (coin) stuck to it. Below, in the river-bed, is a mine of gold or copper, but this was lodestone. I could find nothing glacial anywhere, but much water-sculpture on porphyry, and old lavas of sorts. At eight and a half miles we got to the top of a famous waterfall, which shoots 750 feet over the edge of a bed of basalt into a deep gorge. The bottom we could not see for trees and hills. It is called

Kaingyon, which I believe to be the Spanish word *cañon*. Beneath the basalt a softer, porous bed of rock filters water, which spreads in a fan of small falls. These of course undermine the basalt, and the whole thing will eat back to the great lake, which is about 300 or 400 yards from the top of the fall.

The woods were full of bamboo grass, growing among snow-patches. The trees were relations to birch, and Japanese whom I did not know at all. How K. would have rejoiced! Mr. Smith, secretary to the Yokohama Club, with a staff of Japanese gardeners, went up with a horse, and returned with a load of rhododendrons and rare plants. The lake is large, about ten miles by five, surrounded on all sides by wooded hills, with the cone of Nantai above it, and a village and temple, abandoned for the season, by the side of it. It is an old crater I think, or a volcanic subsidence. It is not glacial. We found one tea-house, and then went home. I walked down to the river-bed, and was carried home with the cramp in all my legs, and two paper lanterns hung opposite to my eyes, so I saw little. Perhaps it was as well, for the wayside was lined with naked people washing themselves in the frosty air at their doors.

On Monday we went to the tomb and shrine of the first Shogun. These are the finest buildings of their kind in Japan, and the most wonderful work I ever saw anywhere. One railing has sixty panels carved in alto-relievo, representing pheasants, peacocks, coots, cranes, trees, leaves, flowers, rocks, &c.; each is about four feet by two; all are coloured, and each is extraordinary. Single feathers in the pheasant's tails stand out six or eight inches in front of flowers two

or three inches deep. By measure, the carvings are from eleven to fifteen inches deep of hiako wood. The whole gate and screen, is a mass of black lacquer and gilt copper, with green and vermillion all glittering in a bright sun in a frame of dark-green pines of vast size, which rise on the hills to the tomb which is on the top. Lions, elephants, apes, flowers, diaper-work on gold ground, copper tiles, gold-ridge poles, make a confusion of harmonious colour which beats description or copying. On each side of "the month-gate," so called because it takes a month to admire it, are gilded lions, one with a mane and tail of emerald-green, the other smalt blue. Outside sit two figures with bows and arrows guarding the gate. Within is the shrine, all lacquer and colour and carved wood, hung with gold brocade and bamboo screens, with golden bronze lilies and vases, six to eight feet high, with bronze cranes as big as the lilies, and screens of precious wood, carved and painted and finished like a fine box. But all was so dark that I could hardly see inside. I came away, gaping with wonder, walked down a broad avenue of steps a quarter of a mile long, crossed the river, and fell to work buying cheap lacquer as hard as I could.

On Tuesday we went to the shrine of the third Shogun. The gates are guarded by six giant figures in pairs. The first two are vermillion in splendid draperies, carved and painted to imitate flowered silk. The second pair are red and green, and stand on human monsters crouched on the ground. The third pair represent Thunder and Wind inside the gate. Wind is green, with crystal eyes, and a wild, demoniac, Japanese face. Round his neck he carries a bag of wind like a horse-collar. He stands on whirling patterns to represent

clouds and rains, wind, rocks, and mountains. The whole is about ten feet high. Thunder is red, with purple hair on end in locks like flame. Round his head is a glory of ten drums, with the crest in gold. In his hands are dumb-bell drumsticks of gold. Under his feet are clouds and darts of golden lightning above hills and rocks. All around him stream tags and ribbons of gold and dress, waist-cloths, and neckties, and drapery. The whole figure is in strong action, and exceedingly well carved. In front of each figure is a great bronze tub and Lotus plant, very well executed, and about five feet high. Thunder is Rai-gin: rain, Fu-gin. Next come Ditara-ya-shan-no-odegari, and Kindara-ya-shan-no-odegari. Red and green people with spears, who stand one on each side of the next gate; their *pose* is natural and quiet and graceful, their features terrible, their dress magnificent and well carved. Abatsee-ma-ya-Shamiyo, with an axe on his shoulder and wild-boars' heads for greaves on his knees; and Marako-ma-ya-Shamiyo, with bows and arrows and with elephants' heads for knee-caps, guard the inside of the gate. The first is white, the second blue. The four represent North, South, East, and West. All these are copied from Japanese faces, but all have long eye-teeth, for which peculiarity, *vide* Darwin on Expression. They are meant to be terrible, and they certainly are grim guardians of the gates of the Shoguns' tombs. Inside the temple is a maze of lacquer screens, and gold and bronze and gold brocade, and mats and incense-vats and ornaments. Outside everywhere are groves of lanterns of stone and bronze fit to drive a curio hunter wild. Two in particular came from Corea, and I believe them to be good Italian cinque-cento bronzes, twelve feet

high ; Roman numerals are stamped at joints. The majority are Japanese. I sat me down to draw at one place, and gave it up as hopeless, and went back to the town and bought curios. I bought no end of tea-trays. Then I found the black lacquer and gold bronze doors of a burned temple, which I bought to make a screen. I believe I shall buy the rest of the lot.

Tell any of the family who have houses to consider whether they want enough of black lacquer to surround more than two sides of our dining-room in black and gold. I bought two screens of bamboo silk and silvered copper work, which hung in front of the Tycoon when he came to pray in the temple. They are magnificent. I bought vestments of gold gauze. At last I had spent all my money, so I could buy no more. Then the priests heard of us, and sent down things from their treasury. Marvellous pictures, luncheon-boxes of lacquer, a table, box, and inkstand of gold lacquer, the finest that ever I saw anywhere, for £60 the set. Paintings by Chinese emperors, china, spears, a sword 600 years old, a set of mouth-organ pipes for which the Tycoon pays a yearly stipend to the keeper, valued at £60, worth intrinsically 15d. In short, we might have emptied the Nikko treasury. But I had no ready coin, and I have no house wherein to stow such Japanese treasures, so I hardened my heart and bought no more. On Thursday it rained and snowed ; we waited till noon, and while we waited temple treasures were brought to tempt us. At one we set off in the rain. At six on Saturday we landed here. The same three boys ran us the whole way out and in 180 miles. Three others ran about 160. Part of the way I doubled the team. But on Saturday our boys ran forty-three

miles in ten hours and a half, with several stoppages amounting to two hours. They did not seem a bit tired, and ran up the last hill yelling like schoolboys out on the spree. They sang and danced and drank sake all the time we were at Nikko. Their legs and feet are like those of Greek athletes, the Discobolus, for example, and I doubt if their matches could be found out of Japan. And so ended the trip to Nikko on Saturday at 6 p.m.; and so ends this long letter, which I will post in Yokohama to-day.

J. F. C.

By a letter received December 15, 1875, from my host in Japan, I learn that the trip to Nikko has become a common excursion, but that very few travellers have yet been allowed to go inland from Osaka. "A year is a very long time in Japan," he says; a few more years, and all that belongs to the past will have been swept away like rubbish. Many magnificent carved figures have been chopped up for firewood already and pagodas like those which I saw have been pulled down and sold.

No. XXVIII.

1, YAMITI, YASHIKI, TOKIO,
December 3rd, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

In a short time a whole lot of rubbish will be sent off. When the boxes arrive, open them and unpack. In one box you will find four bits of old brocade which will make you that dressing-gown. I got no more, and this comes from the temples at Nikko, that sacred place in the middle of Japan of which I wrote you in my last letter. In another box you will find an old flowered crape dress. It will give

you the shape of a Japanese dressing-gown. With the dress are three bits of the same kind of stuff, which were worn in some grand festival at Nikko. The white stuff is the crest of some Shogun (Tycoon). I should think that some garment might be made out of these. There are no dressing-gowns like yours in Japan. People sleep in wadded stongs with large sleeves, and velvet or satin collars, made of cotton, shaped like a giant's black dress coat. But the shape is not fit for European people. I can't wrap the tail round my legs. Failing this garment I bought all the silk I could get, and send it to execute your parting commission.

I have letters to the 4th, and your *Times* advertisement of the 1st October. I will write soon again. I only write now because it is a wet day, and I am full of my curiosities. I had great fun hunting them.

J. F. C.

Monday, Nov. 30.—A party drove from the capital of Japan by railroad to the treaty port of Yokohama, and there we dined. Our bill of fare is opposite. On Tuesday December 1st we returned from Europe abroad to Japan at home in Tokio. A very few years ago this would have been a difficult and a dangerous adventure. Many Englishmen were murdered on the expedition from Yokohama to Enoshima and Daibutsu.

1874.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

GRAND HOTEL, YOKOHAMA.Bill of Fare.

DINNER.

Caller Ou.

SOUPS.

Cock-a-leekie. Hotch Potch.

FISH.

Cod's Heed and Shoulders. Spey Saumont

ENTREES.

Sing't Sheep's Heed. Minch'd Collops.

Mutton-chops, wi' chappit Taties.

Shepherd's Pie. Noix de Veaux aux petits pois.

JOINTS.

Brisket of Beef, wi' Greens. Gigot of Mutton, wi neeps.

Bubbly Jock, wi' dory brie. Gusty Ham.

Roast Beef. Roast Saddle of Mutton.

HAGGIS.

GAME.

Pheasant. Snipe. Wild Duck.

VEGETABLES.

Taties, Smashed, Boiled, Chappit and Baked.

Bow-kail, Neeps, Peas, Carrots.

PASTRY.

Minch'd Pies. Carse o' Gowrie Aipples. Blin' Jock.
Green Tairt. Oat Cakes. Short Bread. Jellies. &c., &c.,DESSERT ASSORTIS.

XXIX.

TOKIO, JAPAN,
December 4th, 1874.

MY DEAR —,

I got your letter at Yokohama on the 30th, and, after reading it, dined with the Scotchmen on St. Andrew's Day, and drank deep, sang and danced reels. We began at seven, and finished about four A.M. on the 1st of December. I need not tell you that a public meeting of fifty with speeches, was like the rest of its kind elsewhere. But it was part of the ways of that world which I came to see, and therefore interesting. MacVean, my host here, and Cargill from Edinburgh, the heads of survey and railway, wore kilts. I had a sprig of heather from the banks of Clyde given to me by one of the ladies, and wore that in my button-hole. I sang Gaelic songs; sat on the right of Sir Harry Parkes as second guest or third, and generally I was treated with civility and consideration and greatly applauded for songs. I got a letter from — on the same day; send her this to thank her, and tell her to send it on to your mother. This is Friday, and I really still am miserable from that dinner on Monday. On Tuesday I came back here and hunted curiosities all the way home. I don't know whether you have the family taste as strongly as I have, but I shall be ruined if I stay much longer. On Wednesday I went prowling all over the town again in parts unfrequented by Togin bashi (foreign fools). I got rid of £5 in less than two days, and never in all my euro days did I see such room for planting coin. The country has been revolutionized; the Shogun has ceased to be a ruler; the Buddhist religion has

ceased to be that of the state ; the dress of the better classes has turned European, consequently every second shop has some old cast off thing to sell, and the big ones are museums. I suppose that I saw a hundred swords in one shop all battered, but magnificent. Everybody wore two, now it is rare to see one "two-sworded man" in this great sprawling city of sheds and shops. The temples were dismantled ; some were burned, consequently I find great carved beams, and gilt dragons and idols and images fit to make cornices of, going for a dollar or two. I could furnish a house with temple spoils and priest's vestments. Plain armour sells for five dollars a suit ; I bought one for one dollar in a box. Fancy four shillings for a suit of armour ! I bought a dress for one-and-six. (*It was valued at £8 when it got home.*) For forty shillings I have bought two-and-a-half pounds of silk which costs forty shillings a pound raw. My silk is woven into flowers and patterns of brocade with all the floss silk threads passing on the outside of the stuff ; I have eight yards a foot and a half wide, and think that I have done well. I bought a box of moss agate mounted in ormolu and made in Europe, rather smashed but mendable for sixpence. I have bought no end of small old bronzes, having learned what to buy by looking at ancient temple furniture ; I have not bought large things, for to send them home is costly and I can't afford it, but had I a house and coin, or a commission from somebody ; or a taste for trade I could fill a large house with bronzes and enamels, and china and pottery, for every back street is a museum. I have bought six double folding black screens of lacquer with gilt mountings, just as they came from the temple of which they were folding-doors ;

also quaint bamboo screens which hung in front of the Shogun's seat in the temple, when he went there to visit his deceased ancestors. But with all this buying, I am spending much coin; I don't like to exhaust my travelling credit, so I must stop and get out of this. Tell K. that I have failed to find Kramer, and get his seeds. Yesterday I sent a letter to the Legation to try to find the man and the Lillium Kramerii, but Scott, secretary of the Yokohoma club, who does business in plants, tells me that this one must be propagated from bulbs, and that seeds are no good. How to send bulbs I know not, so I fear that commission will fail.

My own great entertainment is in the streets. On Wednesday, 2nd, I stopped my running coolie and stood for half an hour on a heap of stones watching a street juggler; he did a great many tricks that I never saw before, and right well: e.g., he swallowed a tobacco-pipe all alight, drank water and fanned his stomach, and smoked at the mouth and nose. Then the pipe came out of his mouth and went in again, and was followed by more water, and more smoke followed. A great ring of children and grown people, men and women, stood round the performer, and then came tricks which I will not describe. Thence we went on to Asaxa, a quarter about six miles from this house. There we saw a regular child's fair at the door of a great temple surrounded by grand trees. Then we went to a flower-show. There were a dozen groups of men, women, and children; and ghosts, and junks, and Chinese sailors, and snow men and women all made up of living chrysanthemums chosen to suit the coloured figures. Only faces and hands and small bits of the figures were masks and models, and these were exceedingly clever. The

man, frightened at the ghost, cowered in terror under a cloak of blossoms set close together as flowers on my silk. The snow man had a face to match and was a ball of white blossom at least ten feet high. Near him was a child dressed in a dozen colours, rolling a ball of blossoms about three feet high. The junk was fifteen to twenty feet high, and ten yards long. The sails all made of blossoms, and the crew dressed in them. I thought of K., and determined to make his mouth water. Then we went to a tea-house, and had a capital Japanese dinner with hot sake to drink, out of cups, and with chopsticks to eat with. This art I have learned and will practise when next I eat with you. Then we went to see the archery. There sat solemn parties solemnly shooting arrows at a drum target which sounded each hit. Beautiful damsels sat at each booth, entreating us to walk in. Some really were pretty girls, and their get up was gorgeous, but I am too old to shoot, so I went to the fair and priced a doll, and was called a Tojin Papa (Chinese) by a small imp. I made a face at him and gained his affection. Then we took to serious shopping in back slums. At each shop a serious grave crowd gathered round us, men, women, and babies, and now and then a policeman, with a long stick, drove them away. But nobody showed the least incivility or unkindness. Ten years ago men rode these streets escorted by soldiers, and murders and outrages abounded. There has been a revolution. At dusk we came on a shop devoted to making and mending family shrines. There they were from ten feet high to six inches, and down to half an inch, carved gilded, lacquered, elaborate devices, models of temples, snakes, Buddha, all the Japanese Pantheon going for five

pounds the largest. I bought two divinities for three shillings, and they are packed for home. Then, as I could see no more, we hailed three jinrikishas and as many coolies to draw them, and were run home for three shillings, about six miles.—This is foreign travel indeed! If I could but talk I should be happy.

I am now going to a duck-hunt with Yoshi and Katata, a mikado's chamberlain, and a prime minister to a daimio, his son, who has travelled. When I get back I will tell you how I got on. Ten minutes past the hour Noon. Waited till three; and then came my friends, Katata and Yoshi. We walked to the house of Kawamura, sub-minister of marine, and there drank tea and smoked. Then six of us got into two carriages, and drove two miles to a cross-road, where we walked up a bamboo-lane. Presently we came to a man squatted at a gate, with his hands in the attitude of prayer, who was the game-keeper. Then we went into a house and sat over a fire, smoking and drinking tea till a bamboo rattled. Then everybody ran out, and two Japanese with magnificent hawks came to the front. We went *pas de loup* to a bamboo-screened ditch with a turf bank on each side. Then the hawkers struck an attitude. Then two teal rose, and two hawks were cast off with strings to their legs, and in a jiffy the teal were clutched and gasping in the road. Then we went back to the fire. Meantime the men ran round the grounds, peeping through holes into ditches, and presently they pulled a string and rattled our warning. This time everybody carried a net on a long forked bamboo. Three teal rose. Two were netted, and the hawks settled the third. Then we went back to the fire, and

smoked till next signal. About dark we had nine teal, and went home in state. But first I had a peep into the big pond, which was black with birds. The manner of the sport is thus: the big pond, surrounded by tall bamboos, is never disturbed. Great geese and decoy ducks live in it, and wild teal come there to rest in the day. All round are grassy ditches, with bamboo screens to peep through, and these are baited with seeds. Hungry ducks come there, and when they do they die. This morning, Monday 1st, McVean, Joyner, their wives and I, went to another duck decoy, which belongs to an old daimio called Karuda. His whole soul is devoted to sport, and he spends his days in duck-hunting. Before the revolution, he ruled a province and kept up an army, and lived in a yashiki in this town of Tokio. Now he is a private gentleman of good fortune, and a very polite, good-looking old man. His doctor and his apothecary, his cooks and hawkers, were present, and the sport was the same, and tame. We were there soon after seven. About ten I went to help Mr. Black, the newspaper editor, to photograph the sun, and on the 9th we hope to do the transit. Yesterday Mr. Joyner had me in to see an artist paint. He finished four panels in a couple of hours, each as big as a door. He covered them with wild geese and eagles, bamboos and pines, with marvellous ease and rapidity. He drew no outline, but worked two brushes like chopsticks in one hand, while he drank tea with the other. The doors lay on the floor, and the man walked over them, and drew upside down or any way. After that he drew figures on Japanese paper till dark. I went away to the exhibition. There I saw samples of Japa-

nese and foreign art, and beasts living and stuffed, till my eyes ached and my head swam.

To-night I dine with Prince Karuda, who has a lot of interpreters. Yesterday young Harry Black and his hawk captured three white storks and a mallard out in the fields in fair flight. Now I can see no more, so good-night.

J. F. C.

On one of these mornings Mr. Harry Black conducted me to the office of the Japanese newspaper, of which his father is editor. We walked to the Buddhist temple, in which the Jupiter of Tokio lodges, and walked thence through the main streets. My guide carried a magnificent hunting hawk on his wrist. It had no hood, and gazed about composedly at the sun and the crowds of people. The falconer followed. He was a Japanese gentleman, and looked like it. We were seeking a professional story-teller. He was off his beat, so we went on, hawk and all, to the editor's room, and the equivalent of the Queen's Printers. The compositors were on the floor, and they were all gentlemen of the soldier class in their national dress. They were Samurai, well-educated men of good family, employed about literature. The Japanese characters in use amount to thousands, and their number grows continually. When first the newspaper was started the editor asked a Japanese gentleman if he wished to have the paper sent regularly. "No, thank you, I have a copy," said the gentleman of the old school. The idea of a newspaper had not then entered into the popular mind, though all Japan is literary and proud of knowledge. Now the press is started, may it soar like the falcon and strike abuses.

The Conservative municipality could not agree to let a foreigner live in the city outside of the established bounds. The editor and the priests had agreed to lease the temple, but the equivalent of the lord mayor refused permission. No foreigner ever had lodged in the quarter. The Radical Government solved the difficulty by taking the temple themselves, and they put their editor into it. There he makes photographs for his very interesting publication, *The Far East*. May his readers increase and multiply. "Sir," said a Japanese official to a public servant, "can you survey the Venus?" The Ordnance Survey did it; and this is the description of the proceedings, which appeared in the English part of the most Eastern newspaper in the world:—

THE *Japan Gazette*.

"The Transit of Venus, so long, so anxiously, and so universally looked forward to by the astronomers and scientific men of all civilized nations, made its appearance true to its time, and has become a thing of the past. In Yedo and Yokohama the day was happily everything that could be desired, and as our readers have already been told of the observations successfully made at Yokohama and its neighbourhood, by various observers, so we now relate that Japan did not allow the occasion to pass without having her observers at work at Tokei.

"Unfortunately she made no preparations until within the last fortnight. Magnificent instruments of the necessary kind had, however, just been received from home, for survey purposes. They are of the very best kind made for such uses; and though probably not quite so powerful as would be especially prepared for such important observations as

that to which they were applied yesterday, yet they were sufficiently so to make observations which will be of great value, as the contribution of Japan to the *congress* of scientists, to whom will be submitted all the observations taken everywhere, for the grand calculations of the distance between the Earth and the Sun.

"Although so short a time was left in which to make preparations, Mr. McVean, the head of the Survey Department, whilst officially notifying the Government of the great disadvantages they would labour under, as compared with those who had taken time by the forelock and got everything in order long before, yet set to work with great energy. Mr. Scharboo, who has been engaged for upwards of twenty years in the Meteorological Department of the British Admiralty, and who has been specially engaged for similar duties in Japan, also exerted himself, and, assisted by Messrs. Klasen and Cheeseman of the Survey Department, managed to get a temporary observatory erected, good solid granite foundation blocks placed, and the necessary instruments levelled and well adjusted on them. The Japanese officers were equally anxious to forward the operations, and thus evinced the true spirit in which Japan seeks to take her place among the nations. It was too late to have any proper apparatus fixed for photographing the transit, but two days before, Mr. Black having been requested to give his aid in this way, had cameras on the ground, and took the sun at intervals of from two-and-a-half to ten minutes, taking, in all, seventy images.

"The instruments used were a twelve-inch theodolite and a transit instrument; at which were, respectively, Messrs. Cheeseman, Scharboo, and Klasen. Mr. R. Stewart attended at the chronometer. The observations taken by them were confined to the exact moments of contact of the outer and

inner edges, both in the passage of the planet on and off the sun's disc ; this date we hope to be able to present in a few days.

" A most admirable picture of the transit, throughout its entire course, was thrown by means of a telescope on a sheet of double elephant paper, stuck on a Japanese door. This was suggested and entirely carried out throughout the day by Mr. Campbell of Islay, who, as a traveller round the world, happens to have been staying with Mr. McVean in Tokei for some days. The telescope was on a stand placed on a box about six feet high, and the door with the white paper was in a little dark chamber about six feet square, made of a framework of bamboo covered with black paper. The box standing in front of the chamber, the eye-piece of the telescope was admitted into the latter through a slit in the covering, and being properly focussed, a beautiful image of the sun, fully three feet in diameter, was thrown upon the white paper, and the planet, when fully on, was like a round black wafer about an inch in diameter. At the first moment of contact Mr. McVean, Mr. Joyner, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Mee, the latter a native gentleman connected with the Survey Department, were watching ; and they saw the first contact some time before it was shown by the instruments, thus evidencing the advantage of size in such observations. The appearance of the planet as shown by the instruments was only about one-tenth or one-twelfth the diameter as shown on the paper. It was a fortunate thing for all visitors that Mr. Campbell was present, and had the forethought on the previous day to suggest the erection of this little " peep-show," as he humorously called it. To the numerous Japanese visitors who during the day arrived on the ground it gave at once a clear conception of what was going on, without

the trouble of applying their eye to any instruments whatever; although most of those who did present themselves were permitted to see what was to be seen with the more scientific appliances.

"His Majesty the Mikado, who was expected, did not visit the observatory; but His Highness Sanjo Daijin arrived about noon, and was evidently very much interested in the proceedings. As Mr. Mozer (who had kindly accompanied Mr. Black, to help in the photographic operations) was about to take a picture of the observatory for the December number of the *Far East*, His Highness very kindly seated himself in front, with a number of other Japanese gentlemen and others connected with the day's doings, and the picture was taken.

"Throughout the day, Mr. Mozer prepared the whole of the plates, while Mr. Black exposed them and took the time. The images are very small; but, if enlarged, from their continuity throughout the entire day, from the commencement to the close, they should be valuable, as showing precisely the course taken by the planet."

So here is Japan fairly started with growing railroads, and telegraphs, an ordnance survey, and an observatory; steamboats, a newspaper, and a national debt. A most ingenious set of mortals are planted in one of the best commercial situations in the whole world, watched by all the great powers. They make one of the most interesting of political studies, and are the queerest mixture of tragedy and comedy that a spectator can look at from outside.

Gralloch.—Not long ago a lot of conspirators attempted to murder a regent in open day, and in the most frequented open space in the capital. The regent leaped over a low bridge

into a moat and escaped death. The guards pursued the conspirators. One, the chief of them, seeing that he could not escape, and being a gentleman of high birth and properly educated, stopped and prepared to die. The pursuers, seeing what he was about, paused. They respected him, and waited whilst he solemnly and deliberately, and according to all the rules of the soldier's ancient code, put himself in the right position, and performed harikari—that is to say, he cut a cross in his own stomach, and gralloched himself like a noble Roman. That is the story that was told to me in Tokio, with many others of the same kind. That is the scene which I saw acted on the stage. A man who has made up his mind to die performs the gralloch ceremony. If he can, he sticks a sharp knife through his neck, exclaims "Now I die," pushes the edge forwards, cuts his throat, and dies accordingly.

Anybody who wants to know how these men live in Japan, and how they think, had better read a Japanese novel which is translated in the *Fur East*.

Matters municipal, military, and sanitary, may be learned from that book. I had too much to do with Blue-books at home to look at Mr. Black's serious works abroad. It was better to hear him sing old Scotch songs like a born musician, and jingle Japanese ditties on a piano and denounce them.

Music.—Not being a taught musician, I cannot say much to the purpose about Japanese music. It is a cultivated science. Shops are devoted to the sale of the national musical instruments, and a whole class of girls are professional singers, musicians, and dancers carefully taught and paid at fixed rates. They come when sent for, play and sing, and dance.

They stick a lighted joss-stick in the shibashi (fire-box), and when that has burned away an idle hour, a fresh tune begins with a new joss-stick. These are the equivalents of professional singers at home—well-mannered, polite, proper young persons; but with a leaning towards sake and sugar-plums and fast parties. They would appear as “Bohemians” in a modern novel. I never noticed anything disagreeable about a Japanese voice, and I heard country folk carolling sweetly. But these instructed students of the Tokio schools of national art are taught to jingle and twangle and catterwaul in strange falsetto, quavering trills which did not delight but rather pained my ignorant Aryan ears. This was not natural music; it was a very artificial, carefully-taught, unnatural false performance. At Frisco the Chinese actors invariably squeaked. At Tokio the Japanese tragedians intoned in the same false key. The men who acted women at the theatre squeaked like mice; and the women who sang professionally all over the city squeaked like shrill shrew-mice at the top-most tone of their *voce di testa*. I thought Japanese music detestable. The musicians were amiable, beautiful, charming, polite, well-bred, well-taught, well-behaved, admirable young persons, whom I greatly admired. Nevertheless it was refreshing to hear that Scottish Lion of the Press roaring

“Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled”

after the transit of Venus.

No. XXX.

YOKOHAMA,

December 11th, 1874.

MY DEAR J.,

You have been a great deal in my head of late, and your letter of the 12th October reached me to-day. You know the proverb. I thought of wanderings in the back slums of London (1845), of a queer green Dutch glass bought for a shilling, collared and carried off, and the despairing cry of the vendor, "Oh, do tell me what is that I have sold!" I thought of all these things, because I, bitten by you, and of that same kin, have spent fortunes in rubbish since I came here. I have just deposited a pile of boxes at the shipper's office, and home will go a miscellaneous lot as ever you saw. Nothing that I can write will ever give you the wildest notion of this country. It has been famous for curios for centuries, and now it is famous for fine modern work of all its own kinds of art. But it has gone through a great revolution. The Shoguns or Tycoons, who ruled the country in the name of the Mikado, were abolished. The Daimios, who were governors and nobles, lived in state in the capital. They were carried in state sedan-chairs, guarded by men in armour bearing flags and banners, and pipes and pikes, and gear of lacquer and Japanese make. They had armies of soldiers in quaint uniforms, and the whole place was like a scene in the *Arabian Nights*. No foreigner could live in safety then, and none can move now without a Government pass. But the Daimios and all their grandeur were abolished. Then the Buddhist religion and all its paraphernalia vanished too. Pagodas, hundreds of years old, and 100 feet high, were pulled down and sold for a song. Images were sold for fire-

wood, and there was a change to European ideas and dress, and hats and breeks, and then the old fittings went into the curio-shops. In this town is a whole street, and several back streets, full of rubbish. In the capital, where I spent ten days of late over an area about as big as London, are scattered shops in hundreds, full of old rubbish. I could have gladly spent more coin than I can spare. One shop I found full of piles of shrines, each fit to make your mouth water, gold, and lacquer, and bronzes, and images, and all going for a song. I went ninety miles up country to the tombs and temples and shrines of the Tycoons at Nikko. There I bought gold cranes and geese and fish on lacquer trays. Then the godowns (warehouses) and treasures of the temples began to open, and things poured out in heaps. Pictures painted by Chinese emperors, swords 600 years old, pictures, tables, screens, bagpipes, things without name or use, curious beyond price. But what could I do ! I left them there. What I bought you shall see—old copper pots and pans, kettles and candlesticks, that would furnish Wardour Street.

Oh, my beloved instructress in bric-a-brac ! if you had been here with me, we might have made a fortune, or lost one. No wonder I thought of you.

Now I have got my pass, and on Sunday morning I am off again to travel 300 miles right through the heart of Japan, where globe-trotter never set foot before. I go by the Nakasendo road through the highlands, attended by a Japanese boy who speaks English, and otherwise all alone. We are here as far south as Gibraltar, but now the weather inland is cold. Japanese houses are all sheds, with sliding screens of white paper and bamboos for walls, and with wooden shut-

ters which slide in grooves outside at night. The floors are mats set in frames, and in the floor is a square hole lined with stone, in which is a fire of charcoal. We sit on the mats and eat rice and soups and stews with chopsticks. A heron's bill is the nearest implement that I can think of, and with it I pick up grains of rice and swallow them. The food comes in lacquer bowls, and the bowls make room for pads, on which we sleep on the floor. In the morning a tub is prepared in an outhouse, and there we bathe. Nobody cares about nudity here, and I am getting used to the dress of Eden. Our carriages are drawn at a fast run by men who, when they get hot, strip nearly quite. Then out come pictures tattooed all over their healthy brown hides. When we get in the coolies strip entirely, and bathe with open doors in the tea-house passages. I saw a man and his son in a tub the other day. A whole family were found in another bath, and one of our party stripped and joined them. Oh, but this is a queer country!

On the 9th I joined the surveyors, and rigged up some of my optical dodges to see the transit. I had an old telescope, with a paper umbrella at one end, and a bower of bamboos and black paper at the other. Within the bower was a screen of white paper, and thereon was an image of the sun about two-and-a-half feet wide, with the star on it as big as a sixpence. The minister of public works and the prime minister came into my bower, and the Mikado was coming. But some Yankees rigged him a telescope in his garden, and he sat there all day instead.

By another of my dodges, Mr. Black, the Delane of Yedo, took about fifty pictures of the transit, and I am to have an

imperial gift of lacquer for my services I hear. What I care most about was that I saw the whole transit, beginning, middle, and end, to perfection. But it was queer to be shut up in a paper bower with all these little great men who made the revolution which unmade so much, and gave so many curios to the market and to me at cheap rates.

Sir Harry Parkes offered to-day to present me to the Mikado. I declined, because I want to start an' see the public of his country, and the interior of it.

If I get out of it some fortnight hence, the result will go home in another letter, and you may see that by applying at home.

Give my love to all friends who care for

J. F. C.,

The Globe-trotter and Vagrant.

NO. XXXI.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN,

December 11th, 1874.

E., MY DEAR,

I got your letter at the tail of your grandmother's of October 4th this morning. So here are my thanks, and a story. I passed through a village some time ago, which was all hung with rows of lanterns, on which was the device " " I asked what it meant, and was told that it meant the story of three heads. Once on a time a tyrant daimio ordered one of his retainers, who was a good and faithful man, to be beheaded. That was done, and the head was put into a boiling pot. But the retainer had a faithful friend and comrade who cut off the tyrant's head, and put it into the pot with the other. Then the two heads fought a terrible fight in the pot, and the retainer's head was wellnigh vanquished

by the tyrant's knob. Then the faithful friend cut off his own head, and dropped it into the pot, and the two overcame the tyrant. The dots I suppose are the heads, and their tails pigtails, and the border is the pot I presume. The whole is the crest of somebody I believe, and the illumination was a festival. This is the queerest country I ever was in. Letters of this date will tell you what I have to say when they get to your grandmother.

I dine with Sir Harry Parkes to-morrow, and next day go back to Yedo or Tokio, thence to start for Kioto, 300 miles off, by an inland road, called the Nakasendo.

Oh, that I could speak, what fun I should have in this queer country! I send some dresses home, which will astonish you,

My love especially to A——, of the wandering tastes, and to your stay-at-home mother, and the rest of you.

J. F. C.,
Story-teller to the Family.

Log.—Extended notes.—December 9.—Transit of Venus.—
The Sun's image on the screen measured roughly, 0m. 6350.
the star, 0m. 0200. According to various watches and records in my tent, the following were the times:—

				Entrance.	
1.	McVean	...	11h. 7' 0"	11h. 32' 25"	25' 25"
2.	Joyner	...	11 2 30	11 26 38	24 8
3.	Mee	...	11 9 30	11 39	29 30
4.	Scharbau	...	—	—	25 16
				Exit.	Duration.
1.	...	3h. 23' 3"	3h. 51' 4"	28' 1"	4h. 44' 4"
2.	...	3 16 47	5 45 30	28 43	4 43 0
3.	...	3 24 32	3 47 45	23 13	4 48 15
4.	...	—	—	25 42	—

The manner of taking these observations was to say the least of it remarkable. An old telescope on a stand was borrowed from somebody. On the 8th, we drove off with it in three jinrikishas, and on the way to the hill from which we were to "Survey the Venus," I bought a black paper umbrella. The end of the glass was poked through, and the tube was made fast to the bamboo stick, with a string. A big deal box was pressed into the service, and on it this novel astronomical instrument was placed. There was no screw for moving the eye-piece. By dint of some trouble the sun was shot, and an image cast on a sheet of paper. The thing could be made to work, but the light was so strong outside that we had to keep the image small, and bright. A Japanese carpenter was got and by the aid of interpreters and pencils he was told what to do. No workman could be more "gleg at the uptak." In a very short time a bundle of bamboos appeared with a lot of black paper; and a dark chamber was set up in a trice, exactly where it was wanted. Inside of it, a Japanese sliding door was propped up, with a large sheet of white paper, and thereon the sun's image was cast. The contriver of this popular observatory took charge of the end of the telescope, and managed after some practice to keep the image on the board and in tolerable focus. But he could not see clearly and work the glass, and move the screen as the sun moved; nor could he read the time. Therefore friends came into the camera obscura, and crouched there watching the board, watch in hand. The hill was near the railway and trains shook it; the place was crowded and people tramped about and shook the ground. The box got severe knocks; once

somebody overturned the umbrella telescope. The hand which held it got tired, and shook; and more than all the atmosphere over this low, marshy, hot plain was boiling. We could see the waves of air passing over the sun's disc in various directions making the edge of the disc of light bend and quiver, and wave. I had photographed the sun often, and we saw what a difficult job it must be for the observers at the legitimate telescopes. They shot sitting, we were taking flying shots. But our sun was so big and pale that we could all look him in the face without blinking and with both eyes, and so we saw remarkably well, all things considered.

At the expected time the observers began to count one—two—three—and we inside the paper house began to quake and shake with keenness. "I see it," said one. "No." "Yes." "YES." "YES." There it was beyond a doubt, a growing stalk first and then a mouthful bitten out of the cake. "Take the time!" "*By George we saw it long before the other fellows,*" whispered one. Then the counting outside stopped, and everybody gasped; and then began the palaver. Meantime I was watching for the only thing that I hoped to see, and presently I saw a ring of light outside the star, and knew that there was a clear atmosphere about the opaque planet. We had seen the dark stalk grow, as the atmosphere of Venus approached the Sun, we saw irregularity on the junction of the two curves, now I saw the bright ring outside of the advancing circle, and I was content. Better men were taking times, to calculate withal; I had got my fact packed in the paper box all safe. There is an atmosphere about Venus, which refracts light and behaves as a clear glass bottle filled with any opaque matter does when in the same

position. On that fact those who will may build theories. "No sabe." I don't know whether people live up there, but the atmosphere makes it more probable.

The photographic dodge was often used while striving to make solar scales for the Light-House Commission, and for divers purposes. See vol. ii., Frost and Fire. It served well to record the progress of an eclipse. A photographic camera is stopped till the sun's light is greatly reduced. It is aimed at the sun, focussed for parallel rays, and fixed. A prepared plate is placed, and the cover of the lens is moved and replaced as swiftly as possible.

After waiting till the earth has turned the camera an angular distance sufficient to clear the sun's apparent diameter, the cap is again moved and replaced. Two images are thus impressed, and ten or a dozen can be made on the same plate, even of wet collodion, thus—oooooooooooo.

From the 5th to the 15th, according to the *Nautical Almanac*, the sun's apparent diameter was 32' 24". It was found practically that images taken at intervals of two minutes touched. Therefore the pictures were taken by Mr. Black and his helps at longer intervals. The negatives were taken with an old rickety camera, eked out with Japanese boxes to lengthen the focus and enlarge the image. This was the plan which I used July 15th, 1860, to produce the specimen plate which was carried abroad this time in hopes of getting some record of the transit made by this rude plan somewhere.

Mr. Black's negatives showed the star on the sun. I have yet to see how the prints turned out. As the old saw says—

"Don Fernando cannot do more than he can do."

December 10.—McVean, Scharboo, and I, went to Yokohama, and called at the Mexican observatory. Señor Diez showed photographs taken with a good telescope and camera as large and sharp as those which are taken at Kew with a similar instrument. As the Japanese Government only asked their officers to photograph the transit three days before the event, it was impossible to fit cameras to telescopes, so my makeshift was the only resource at Tokio. The Mexican observer during the transit cast an image from his large telescope on a sheet of paper, and admitted a large number of Japanese spectators, who saw and were greatly interested. My audience included the prime minister and the minister of public works. What a lot of beef and beer we did consume at the Grand Hotel when we had done with the stars.

As the Chinaman says, "Can do." There be things that mortal men can do, even with very imperfect helps. According to my philosophy, it is best to do them as well as possible by honest effort, and leave the "Cannot." There is an atmosphere about Venus; and, so far as I can see, there is none about the moon, but "No sabe." I never shall know whether either or neither is inhabited. One side of the vexed question may seem more probable to men who have lungs which need air, but there may be creatures that live in sunlight on the moon who would be drowned in air as men are drowned in the sea. "No sabe." Therefore, let us feed grossly on beef and beer, and suffer ignorance, philosophically, like Britons and Don Fernando.

Friday, 11th.—Making up temperatures with diagrams, writing letters home, and sending off boxes of curios. (Some of these letters never got home at all.) The steamer was in

the bay going south ; the weather looked anything but favourable for a trip into the mountains all alone. "Can do" and "Cannot" held a council of war and "Try" had it. The steamer sailed, and I stayed to dine with Sir Harry Parkes.

Saturday, 12th.—He had got me a pass from the Government, and I was free to make the best of my way by either of two roads to Kioto. I had found a servant, and as he was a very good lad, here is his name—Sagamoto Massanao. He may be heard of at the embassy where he is known.

Sir Harry and Loch had a rough time of it in China, as all who know history must remember.

"I am not in the habit of carrying arms ; I have none ; do you advise me to buy revolvers before I start ?"

"If you are not in the habit of carrying arms, I don't think you need begin now," said his Excellency. "Her Excellency has travelled the same road with me."

That was enough. The only danger to be guarded against was a drunken Samurai. Such a man might suddenly draw a sword and cut at a stranger. Therefore, keep on the left-hand side of all sworded men, and look out for squalls. Sir Harry Parkes was perfectly right, as he commonly is on Eastern subjects. While the country was closed against foreigners, the people, in obedience to orders, took up those who offended by landing on the shores and carried them to the authorities. If they carried them in cages, they must have been cramped as I was. There are footpads and broken men and enthusiasts in Japan as elsewhere ; but, taking them all round, nobody wants to hurt anybody. If a stranger goes off the prescribed line of country he is quietly stopped by the nearest municipal swell. Mr. Smith, whom we met at

Nikko, ran out of bounds in search of plants, and was found out by his hospitable entertainer, a provost or the equivalent potentate. His erring steps were gently guided into the right path, and I found him at the club laughing over his adventure. All who go to Mianoshta must have a medical certificate that hot baths are needful for their health. In short, Japan is not open to the public. By a rapid change, the old school are learning that something is to be gained by joining the rest of the world, and so with rails and telegraphs the ways of Japan are mending fast. The head of the Ordnance Survey cannot yet go a step outside of the city bounds without a special Government permission. Therefore, my thanks, due to his Excellency, are once more tendered. I owe him a great deal for hospitality and kindness, and good counsel. Above all I have to thank him for a Japanese document. Here is the translation :—

PASSPORT.

"Number 561.

"ENGLAND, H. M. HORSEFORD,
J. F. CAMPBELL.

"This person everywhere look about. From Yokohama starts. Either Nakasendo or Tokaido travels, and Kioto to get, and lake Biwa to, and Nara if wish to go, and from English minister to foreign office writes. Therefore give passport. Must pass when shew this passport. Don't fight, don't trouble.

"10th of 12th month, 7th year of Meije."

Foreign Office seal.

Copied and translated by Massanao, my man, on a rainy day at Shimonoshua.

With this I was free to travel. It was to be restored to the Consul, and returned to the Foreign Office. My squire had a similar document from the authorities at Yokohama; and so, thanks to our able minister, we were launched. I have said it before, and repeat here, that the "press gang" are the most amusing fraternity with whom to converse in foreign lands. It is their business to know everything; to get, to give, to buy and sell, exchange and barter knowledge. To a file of the *Japan Mail* and other Japanese newspapers I beg to refer all who want to know the atmosphere of Eastern history in which we lived at Yokohama. Readers of the *Times* and other English papers can see all about the row between China and Japan which was then coming to an end. The Japanese authorities informed themselves of the proceedings in England on the return of the expedition from Ashanti, and tried to give their men a similar reception. I did not see it; but I heard that all the paraphernalia of the ancients were brought out of the museum, and paraded; and that Tokio went back to her medieval times twenty years ago, and had a magnificent procession. Like a Lord Mayor's Show, it was partly new, partly old, entirely picturesque, and exceedingly quaint. The main point was that the dwarf had beaten the giant as usual. Japan, which got civilization from China long ago, had got better civilization from Europe, in the shape of artillery and breech-loaders and tactics, and being full of pluck and self-sufficiency, as all little people seem to be, Japan pitched into China and won. The favourite national heraldic game-cock, who is carved and painted everywhere, thereupon crowded with all his might and main. He was ready to fight anything.

It so fell out that one of our lot went to see a review in Tokio. He got into the crowd, and being of Aryan stature, had a good view in a good place. He was opposite to the Mikado, who was in European-Japanese uniform. The march past began. A gun drawn by a lot of wiry ponies like those which ran at the Yokohama races, came up to the saluting point, and there a pony jibbed. Obstinate as a mule, he absolutely refused to move another step, and there he and his fellows, drivers, gun and all, stuck fast in front of the Emperor. There was kicking and thrashing, and the whole march past stuck. The ponies were taken away, the gun was shunted, and the rest of the army, blowing bugles, pranced and strode past the Heaven-born. Parades at Windsor are not much for size, but the quality is good. The muzzles of all the guns go past as if they were hard and fast on a ruled line. At a single bugle call, or a signal from the general in command, horses scour over the greensward like racers, men unlimber, fire rounds, retreat, advance, take up positions to circumvent enemies, and generally show what a British army may be like. The Ashanti parade was something to see, for it was real. They had won a hard fight. But that parale was a small matter to the game at war played daily at St. Petersburg. The Jap' fight with China was something real too, and showed the metal of this wonderful people. But the next topic in the settlement press was a row between Japan and Russia about the ownership of Saghalien, which is a long frosty, grassy coal-bearing island in the North. It may be found on the map of Asia, by those astronomers who care for politics. I don't. The end of that row was that Russia got the island, her astronomers saw the

transit, and the Japs sent a commissioner to St. Petersburg to arrange about a telegraph through Northern Asia. I went up the Red Sea with him. It is the business of foreign ministers to talk of anything in the world but politics. It is the bounden duty of their guests to avoid such topics. My host carefully told me nothing. But the "press gang" at Yokohama and my own eyes and ears told me that the islands of Japan afford excellent harbours, and must grow to be "... big thing," as they say on the opposite coast.

My passport, which was returned to the Japanese Foreign Office with my signature, says, "Don't fight, don't trouble." Dr. Watts sang:—

" Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

In accordance with this sentiment, the Japanese government requested the foreign soldiers, French and English, to go away; and promised to take care of the foreigners at Yokohama themselves; and the foreign soldiers went away accordingly. They also allowed this person "everywhere to look about," and took good care of him, and so he returns thanks to the gentlemen who honoured him with their presence in the camera-obscura at Tokio, when we surveyed the Venus together, and ate rice-cakes, shrimps, and sea-weed on the top of a knoll, and drank bitter beer. In return for that hospitality, I venture to remark that it is safer to bite a Chinese philosopher than a big brown bear.

START.—13th December.—54°.—At noon started by rail and went to visit McVean while my luggage and squire went to "Say-you-can." That is the Aryan version of the name of a Japanese eating-house conducted on European principles,

where beef is largely consumed by Buddhists. It is much frequented by travelled Japs. Foreigners do sleep there, but contrary to the municipal code: my little squire informed everybody that his knight-errant was an officer of high rank, employed by Government, so my bed was prepared. By great good luck my French friend Paul Carry came to get the correct latitude and longitude of some point in Tokio, from the head of the survey. On comparing notes at Yamiti Yashiki we found that we were going the same way on the same day, so we agreed to join forces. After dinner, and a cordial farewell to my numerous kind friends, my host put me into a jinrikisha, and off I set in the dark. The Japanese language is very difficult; at all events my stock of it was very small. "*Say-you-can made*"—to the place wanted, was quite sufficient to start my pony, and so we started with a paper lantern at a fast run. But presently I discerned through the darkness that I was in a new country, going at speed between deep ditches, out in a marsh.

"*Dochera Say-you-can?*" where is the place wanted? was all very well as a question, but when the pony pulled up, and manifestly knew nothing about the place he had got to, it was vain to hope for an intelligible reply. A man with an intelligent cab-horse cannot say much, it's *Say-you-can't*. We were right away in the marshes, and in the dark, and I confess that I began to question the wisdom of being unarmed and to plan my battle array if it came to a fight, and I was turned over into a muddy ditch. On the whole I thought I could whop my Neddy, so I cried "gee wo" in Japanese and said "made."

A passing lantern showed a traveller in his carriage.

"*Dochera Say-you-can?*" "Jabber, jabber, jabber," came the answer, and my Neddy came up and went along till we pulled up at a police station, or at the head-quarters of a regiment somewhere grand. A very polite little officer came out, and presently by dint of *Dochera, Hotel, Englishman*, and other disjointed words, the matter was explained, and Neddy trotted off through the ditch country till he got to streets, and then to a back door. *Say-you-can? Hch. Yorashi! Atchera.* Yes. All right here.

So there I was in the dark, at the place. A few weeks before the space in front of the house had been a dry, bare, dusty waste. The Jap' gardener had moved a garden bodily into it, and there in the darkness I stumbled about amongst tall shrubs and small trees. The benevolent night-porter helped me to a verandah, a light appeared, my squire awoke, and presently I was stretched on an iron bedstead wrapped in my plaid with my head on a bag dreaming. A very little language goes a long way, and that little "*Say-you-can*" gave me good night's quarters.

Gulliver learned to converse with his sorrel mare when he returned from his travels. I conversed with my pony in Tokio. He said, "*Arigato;*" when I paid him; I said "*Saianara,*" and he trotted cheerfully off.

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wallop him, oh no, no!
I'd give him some hay and cry, gee wo,
Come up Neddy."

BAGGAGE—*March 14.*—Up before daylight, 37°. Hoar frost and bright. Hard frost at night. Climates, according to the

records shown to me, differ greatly at short distances. At Yokohama, near the warm sea, the air was soft and balmy. At Nikko it was far colder than at Tokio while we were away, and at Yokohama far warmer all the time. With this knowledge, I had come provided with a deer-skin, Sanoyede smockfrock, with a hood, bought at Archangel, and there usually worn as a winter garment. After a good European feed, started as the sun was rising, with three jinrikishas, my boy, myself, and my traps. By the way, there are 250,000 jinrikishas in Tokio; 22,860 were built in the city in January, 1875. My French friend was ready at Mr. Ohl's house, but some of his traps had not arrived. I made a pencil-sketch.

The bridge leads into the castle over a moat. The wall is made of great stones, which face an earthen mound; on it grow strange gnarled trained trees, exactly like those which are commonly depicted and carved by Japanese artists. The house is the gate-house. Inside is an outer circle, with houses and barracks; within is the inner wall, the inner circle, and the state prison, in which it pleased the Daimios and the Shoguns to conceal their heaven-born Emperors, the Mikados, before the revolution. That freed the Divinity, and humanized him, and put him in uniform at the head of an army on horseback. All this fine bright frosty morning I had been driving through that army, going out to exercise, tootle-ti-tooting bugles, a dozen at once in different keys, marching and counter-marching, and bustling about like a swarm of ants in blue uniforms. There was something intensely comical in the whole thing. A couple of small, bandy-legged privates meet and recognise each other. They

bow double, and nod and grin, and rub their shins and their hands, and make speeches in the true national manner, for they are polite gentlemen.

There is nothing ludicrous about these pretty manners when the gentlemen are dressed as Japanese ; but when a couple of tiny brown boys in French uniform perform these ceremonies, it is hard not to laugh. The soldiers are as boys at school, but their souls are the souls of lions. The French gentleman's house was Japanese, adorned in excellent taste with Japanese ornaments, and with enough of European furniture to make it a charming residence. The owner was slightly indisposed, and I did not see him. From the door of the garden, at 8.30 A.M., we started, drawn by single men, who had bargained to run all day. As very practised athletes, they went at a good pace till dark. First, we trotted merrily through the streets, admiring the wild birds on the moats, the market people hauling in their stuff from the country, the trees of the castle, and the quaint Japanese crowd which had become familiar. One grove of pines is a "rookery" of cormorants. Then we got to the old sea margin, which is everywhere conspicuous hereabouts, and walked up the short ascent to the sloping plain, which extends about eighty to ninety miles to the hills. Over that we travelled all day through a rich cultivated country, well watered and thickly peopled, on excellent roads. A bus with a pair of horses met us. In a few years horses will take the place of men, and these roads will be crowded with carriages. That is manifest. Most of the swells have European broughams and such like carriages, managed by Japanese coachmen, who have learned to drive, and by bettos who run. But we had

"man-power" carriages. Presently a tandem passed us, going at a very fast run, the men yelling, "Clear the way" in choice Japanese. "That's our minister," said my comrade: "he is going to shoot pheasants." Fancy a gentleman in correct Parisian costume, with gun and gaiters, tearing along behind a couple of acrobats from the nearest circus in the Bois de Boulogne. "That would astonish the ladies," said I. "This would astonish them still more." There is my friend's baggage. He was no greenhorn, my French friend, but a regular good traveller and sportsman. He had been something big to a fur company, and he had seen a great deal of North American wild travel with trappers and Indians. He had lived where every man met might be an enemy, and every night's rest was in a guarded camp. Arrows had come out of the darkness to his fireside. His gun had been his caterer, and his own hands had served the dinner which they cooked and caught. But this old hunter had kind Aryan friends, as I had, in Tokio; and he was laden with gifts of grub, as I had been on my first start. There was the hand-cart going steadily on ahead, drawn by men, attended by the Japanese cook and the little interpreter, who spoke Japanese-French, and wore Japanese clothes, and was a gentleman student.

Here are our respective weights, ascertained later:—

J. F. C.	208 lbs. (191 lbs. when the journey ended).
Dr. Vidal	208 „ (a French gentleman).
Carry	183 „ (a sturdy, well-grown Frenchman).
Koiti	140 „ (a very big Japanese cook).
Kangaiama	121 „ (small interpreter).
Massanao	110 „ (my squire).

My squire and the French squire were average samples of the rank-and-file of the army which thrashed the Chinese; though the Chinese on board the steamers and in Western America were quite as big as Aryans. Here were the Bantams pitted against the Cochin Chinas. Here were little wiry imps hauling men twice their weight, and dragging cart-loads about, as if they were ponies, instead of polite little warlike ingenious men. The sooner they find fitter work the better. We halted at *Konossu*. The tea-house people would not take us in, for we were strangers and foreigners, under the old law, and out of bounds. "Ah!" said the Frenchman, "they counselled me to send for the mayor if anything of this kind occurred." So we went to the mayor. He or the provost came with our passports in hand, and bowed. "I am always civil to these people," said Carry, and he bowed. I also always strive to be exceedingly civil, so I bowed, and then we all bowed, hat in hand and hands on hearts, and the end of it all was that we kicked off our shoes, walked in, and camped on the tea-house mats. The mayor asked for our cards. My comrade had contrived a bamboo stretcher on cross-legs; he had a waterproof sheet and a tub of his own, so he took a long time to get to bed. A plaid, a bag, a pesk, and a "stong," served me; and the national hot-water tub of Japan was ready everywhere. I had positively refused to carry any foreign food, so my baggage was very light, and I generally was sound asleep long before the travelling gear was half rigged. The greatest bore in wild travel is comfort, unless it be luxury. This night our house was full of travellers coming from or going to town. Each set was divided from the nearest by a sliding bamboo

screen covered with white paper. The black shadows stalked about our walls. The house found all in stongs and food. Stongs are cotton dressing gowns, thickly quilted with cotton, which travellers sleep in. I slept *on* them and under them in my own garments. Once for all, nobody suffered from any of the numerous pests that make foreign travel detestable elsewhere. House, people, garments, and food, were clean and neat and natty as a bandbox full of dolls newly painted, with a toy-dinner cooked for fairies to eat. All was chatter and good humour in our suburban retreat while we kept awake, and the whole flock had fled before dawn. The first night was a fair sample of the series of nights spent in Japan.

Dec. 15, 36°.—Up before daylight and started 7.25 A.M. with single men. Travelled all day at slow rates till about 4.30. Halted at *Shimashi*. Tea-house clean and quiet. Approaching distant mountains, over a well-cultivated, rich, well-watered plain country, dotted about with clumps of wood in which were temples and farm-houses, and apparently houses that may have belonged to men of a rich class, like country gentlemen. It was precious cold, and every now and then we got out and walked. One notable set of people on this day's march were country coolies. They were nearly naked and walked in parties, each man carrying a pair of pails or a bamboo pole. These were rice-farmers going to fertilize their fields. We could wind them half a mile off, and so we got to windward of these agricultural processions when we could. As diet, rice seems to make strong hardy men. Oil or fat is supposed to be needed to keep the fire burning in human engines exposed to cold. These men eat rice and

beans, a very little dried fish, and sea-weed. Yet here they are scarcely clad, in a biting mountain wind, doing very hard work, and in grand condition. An English traveller came down from Yeso in great cold, and lived on rice and brown sugar for some weeks. He came in looking brown, hardy, and strong, and in excellent health. I tried the prescription and it suited me. We met trains of coolies coming from the hills to the town, each man carrying his merchandize on the springy pole of the country. The muscles on the shoulder were marvellous, and the men models of strength done up in small parcels. The weights carried were as wonderful as the pace, which was good five miles an hour, and a kind of trot. Straw sandals, clogs, lacquer ware, rude crockery, toys, cakes, dried fish, sea-weed, charcoal, radishes, packages of unknown merchandize; horse loads and man loads of silk, all manner of articles of trade and barter were carried up and down this middle mountain road of Japan. We had nothing to do but to sit and watch the stream and compare the men to ants for industry, and to beavers for carpentry. We were getting clean away from European influence, as it appeared.

I give no distances here. There are many Japanese maps lithographed on their excellent paper, or printed from wood blocks. On these all the stations and distances on the main roads are given in a tabular form. My squire had general orders to manage the travelling. My comrade agreed to share the food and halve the cost, and each in turn paid. The squires kept the accounts and got the "squeeze;" we knew it and laughed.

SQUEEZE is an institution, and the amount was nothing

to either of us. I can see the good-humoured arched eyebrows, and shrugged shoulders, and out-spread palms of my comrade when he twinkled his eyes and explained his views of "squeeze." We had just detected a landlady presenting two boos to Koiti his cook. We had paid her about eight shillings a night for the whole lot of five hungry men. "My faith, he is a great rogue, Koiti, my cook, but he is the best of them all, and to me it is well equal." I translate, for we spoke French, or we spoke English, and my comrade's English was nearly as good as his Parisian French. Now let me explain our view of "squeeze," for it is an institution all over the Asian coast of the Pacific and may spread. If a man goes to a shop with an interpreter, and buys anything, the interpreter goes back to the shop and has a squeeze out of the price paid :—just as much as he can squeeze. If he squeezes too hard he may spoil his own market. If the shopman, on the other hand, objects, the combined interpreters refuse to conduct customers to that shop, and take the strangers in elsewhere. If anybody brings merchandize to domicile the servants get the squeeze. In this case the person squeezed is the stranger, who pays high for cheap goods. If a man travels with a servant, the servant tells the landlord what to charge, and squeezes the landlord, who takes in the guest ; so we were squeezed. If a man wants a military or factory contract he must submit to be squeezed and bribe if he wishes to succeed ; to live, he must squeeze the man who eats the rations for which he contracts. It is good measure squeezed before the rice of the contractor arrives at the inside of the consumer, and he has to tighten his girdle and squeeze himself, because there is nobody else left to squeeze.

So squeeze extends all up and down the ladder of Eastern life. From the rice consumer, to the rice grower who grows taxes and must squeeze his own paunch, everybody squeezes the national bags. If you anywhere enter a bank fondly hoping to get coin of the country, as you do in Europe, you find a complication which is not easy to comprehend. The exchange is quoted at taels, or at so many Mexican dollars per pound sterling, or so many for francs. But Mexican silver dollars are merchandize; and they are of various sorts and values. No European can count Eastern coins, as I was told, therefore a Chinaman or a Eurasian, or some other curious being, called a "comprador," sits in every bank talking pigeon-English glibly, and counting on a small gridiron strung with beads. To the comprador the customer of the bank is sent, with a note of nominal dollars, or taels, due to him, say for a circular note, sold.

"How muchee catchee? What you wantchee? No. 1 dollar? Can do."

Then the comprador does a little sum. He sells to the customer of the bank in which he sits, for the bank's order which has just been given for a home bill, a certain amount of money at a market rate, and with that equivalent for a circular note, or bill of exchange, the customer goes away wondering at this method of double entry. The comprador of the next branch of the same bank has refused to take my No. 1 dollars, served out as such by his brother comprador a few days before. That is "squeeze." These are Eastern institutions which are incomprehensible to Westerns. "No sabe." But by induction and inspection of the wardrobe and condition of many Eurasian and Chinese compradors, I

have come to the conclusion that they must somehow turn an honest penny even within the sacred walls of Aryan banks. In Constantinople the money-changer sits in the street. In Jerusalem of old they sat in the temple. In the East they sit in the banks. In Japan our servants sat on their heels over a shibashi, warmed their fingers and squeezed me and Carry my friend. "By my faith, I don't care," so long as I am fairly mulcted. That is a short account of the Eurasian institution of squeeze about which we held a consultation one frosty night in December 1874.

The *Japan Mail* of April 21, 1875, has the following article, which will serve to illustrate the excellence of that clever and amusing publication, and the inconvenience of excessive squeeze in banking:—

"A terrible tragedy has taken place in the midst of the community. On Monday morning last two of the clerks of the Comptoir d'Escompte, W. S. Swaby and V. Cantelli, were not at their usual posts. Suspicions were aroused, the strong-room was opened, and a considerable sum of money (\$37,000) at once found to be missing. Warrants for their apprehension, and for that of a man named Adds, formerly a billiard-marker at the Grand Hotel, were issued, and it soon transpired that all three had taken flight in a schooner which they had bought and provisioned last week through Adds. The schooner had been well-armed, and as resistance appeared at least possible, a steam-launch in charge of an officer and six men from H.M.S. *Thalia* went in chase. The schooner had only got under weigh at five o'clock in the morning, and the wind having fallen, she lay becalmed in Kaneda Bay, not many miles from the port. As the steamer came alongside Swaby and Cantelli went down into the cabin, reports of

fire-arms were heard, and the former fell dead with a ball through his heart; the latter, who lingered a few hours, with one through his head. At the inquest on the body of Swaby a verdict of *felo de se* was given by the jury. The result of the process on Cantelli's body at the Italian Consulate has not been announced, but it can hardly be far different. Adds is in gaol, and Withers, the captain of the schooner, on bail pending the inquiry which will be made shortly into the complicity of one or both of them in the robbery. It is said that the Comptoir will recover \$20,000 of the money carried off, but it is probable that their loss will be greater than it was at first estimated. The two men were in receipt of good salaries, but losses in the betting-ring and in gambling-houses were their ruin. The occurrence has given a dreadful shock to the settlement."

TORTURE.—The same paper explains why passports are still needed. Under the head of "Loafers," and "H.B.M. Consular Courts," and "U.S. Consular Courts," and such like, I see once more the loose fish of low society, the "gamblers" of Frisco, and the scum of the whole earth, drifting about the treaty ports, and hardly kept out by dams. Then rises up the trial of the carpenter in the play. How they kicked and beat and tortured the witness to make him speak truth; and then I am back at Nikko, holding a palaver on torture, as now practised in Japanese courts of law.

Our Parliament was held in a matted room of the usual kind, and the language chiefly spoken was English. Mac Vean provided a bottle of whisky and our host *sake*-cups. My Japanese fellow-passenger, Katata, who had been to

America, sat on one side; a Japanese gentleman, who had been to the Vienna Exhibition as commissioner, sat near him; a Welshman, who had turned American, and could speak Welsh fluently, sat as best he could on his heels; Mr. Smith, secretary of the club at Yokohama, was there; and, so far as I can remember, Mr. Yoshi, a court official of high rank, who had just been round the world and spoke as much English as I spoke Japanese; with him, his friend. Three Celts and one Saxon, and three travelled Japanese, and a great official, drank tea and toddy, and talked as hard as ever our tongues could go for several hours. At least four languages were going. One man was out collecting plants, another was sent out to report on the capabilities of the grazing country. He had calculated the value of the avenue of trees, their age, and increase of value per year, and the advantage of planting. He thought well of mountain pasture. A China fire-stand was brought for sale; the commissioner pronounced it to be "emailie," a sample of ware made in Japan at a particular date, at a particular place, and rare. "Put a top on it, and you may sell it for 50*l.* in London," said the commissioner. McVean bought the china. Then came politics, and social science, and torture, and then began a curious argument worthy of European middle ages.

It is the Japanese custom and practice to torture a condemned prisoner till he acknowledges his guilt. No man can be legally executed till he has confessed. The argument was ably conducted for and against legal torture, and cases were quoted on both sides. As barrister, I simply stated the old practice and modern opinion of Europe. As traveller, I learned a great deal. Later on, I got to see what a mess

might grow if a foreign ruffian should commit some crime beyond the consular jurisdiction, and, being subject to Japanese law, suffer torture before execution by crucifixion or decapitation, with or without benefit of "gralloch" or "harikari." All the bears and lions and eagles of Aryan heraldry would pounce upon the Japanese game-cock and gobble him up preparatory to following his lead in valuable China. China might be broken to pieces, and the commerce of Asia go eastwards to Oregon and California by way of Puget Sound and the Golden Gate, if some patriotic loafer would only murder somebody, and get up a Japanese war. Having learned this local view, we felt flattered by the Foreign-Office recognition of respectability, and behaved accordingly. We did not want to be tortured. We had no wish to cause a Japanese war. We wanted to go quietly through the Japanese world, and so we went, repeating occasionally at steep places—

"Chi va piano va sano,
Chi va sano va lontano,
Chi va forte va a la morte."

I cannot remember half of the curious argument about torture, but here is the gist of the whole from the *Japan Mail* of three months later. I suspect that the writer was at our convivial parliament at Nikko, November 24, 1874:—

TORTURE.

(*Merioku Zashi*).

"There is not a greater evil under the sun than torturing men on examination. The ancient and wicked emperors of

China, such as Ketz or Chu, committed great crimes, but these were not so bad as torture, because they were committed only in person by the emperors themselves. But torture may be inflicted by a large number of officials, and cause continuous suffering to numbers of people. Though criminals are usually very common people, and their deeds are bold, they are arrested by the orders of the Mikado, and when so arrested they are tried before magistrates, the persons who are tried and those who try them being of very different ranks. Under these circumstances, even although men remain untortured, they are so terrified that they become beside themselves, and have none of that freedom which lawyers exhibit in talking about money stolen, lent, or the like, so that the innocent are often punished. But if the innocent are tortured, they will easily admit that they have been guilty of some crime, which is truly horrible.

"Assistant-judge Tamano, who coincides with me in this opinion, is also desirous of abolishing torture, and says, 'It would not be a task of great difficulty to make officials of the highest rank, or officers of the army and navy, to confess to any crimes by means of torture.' This shows that the injury done by torture is terrible. Though a person may be innocent, he will finally say he is guilty, because he thinks it better to die than to undergo torture !

"The Himalayas are the highest mountains in the world, and are situated in the centre of Asia. South and west of the ^{is} is India and the Germanic race; and over the ocean, westwards to America, the same German race. But north and east of these mountains are the Mongols and Chinese, and over the ocean again eastward there is the same race in America. Now, the Germanic race admits no torture, but the Mongolian cannot escape it. Oh, Himalayas! What

manner of mountains are ye? Why do ye make of yourselves symbols of the distinctions of races? Why do ye make the Germanic race happy, and pass by the unhappy Mongol race? Hath not God made all mankind of one flesh and blood?

"In my middle age I passed through the Indian Ocean, and saw many islands inhabited by Malays, but I think that they are only modified Mongolians. But they were under the power of England or Holland, and therefore not subject to torture. The Africans are a black race, but those of them under European rule escape torture. Is the question of torture, then, one of difference of race or difference of knowledge? Neither in ancient nor in modern times is there anything worse than torture. Why cannot it be abolished? It must cease, or we never can claim an equal civilization with Europe and America. Nations will not form treaties on a basis of equality with us, so long as the custom exists, nor will it be possible for us to acquire jurisdiction over foreigners."

So we sat under our national flags, protected by all the grandeur of France and Britain. Who's afraid?

With a charcoal-fire in a square hole in the middle of the matted room, with a frame of wood over that, and a cotton quilt on top of all, my comrade and I used to sit with our legs under the quilt, sipping tea and coffee, and smoking Japanese tobacco, till it was time to break up our evening talks. Then he and his attendants laboured for their night's rest, while I stretched myself on the mats, and slept with as little trouble as a Samoyede.

SILK.—Wednesday, 16.—35°.—Water, frozen in the garden: up at daylight. Start at nine. After driving a short way, turned from the main road to the left, and followed a cross-

road to *Tamioka*, where we took up our abode in the house of the French director of the Government silk factory. My comrade had an order from his countryman at Yokohama to use his house, and we were welcomed by his people and by Dr. Vidal. He has charge of 500 "moshmes" (Japanese damsels), many of good family, who work in this silk-winding steam factory. These girls earn six shillings—a dollar and a half—*a month*, and they are fed by a squeezing contractor. We walked most of this day's march, nine miles over foot-hills and the dry beds of torrents. In these were pebbles and rolled stones of quartz, mica-schist, porphyry, and hard slate. They indicate old rocks in the high grounds. The rocks near the road were soft and modern, dipping northerly towards the hills. In front of the house, N., 62° W., is the smoking snow-cone of Asamayama. It is always blowing off steam, and spitting ashes and dust, but it never has overflowed with lava since men remember. It seems to be a completed cone, like Vesuvius before the last eruption broke down one side.

Thursday, 7.—My comrade was very busy all morning preparing to observe the North Star, and ascertain the variation of the compass. Dr. Vidal was busy with his mail. We visited the factory, and saw 300 Japanese girls in one room winding silk from cocoons by the help of a steam-engine and hot water. Neat, fresh, well-clad, pretty damsels they were, bright-eyed, rosy, and healthy. There were few in hospital. They were under strict discipline of stern matrons and a fine old Japanese gentleman superintendent. Sacks in warehouses full of cocoons smelt of shrimps. After leaving the paddy-grounds of the alluvial plains, we had

passed through fields of bare bushes, about as big as gooseberry-bushes. These were mulberries, and the whole region is devoted to fostering silk-worms, which are boiled by the damsels, who unwind their silken castles. The whole industry has newly sprung up, or has been greatly increased, and is under Government, superintended by Frenchmen. The whole was a bit of Europe planted at the foot of the Japanese hills, and a credit to all concerned except the contractor, who starves these pretty girls, and deserves the fate of the silk-worm.

Modern Japanese silk fabrics are flimsy. Many articles sold at the ports as Japanese are said to be European shams. I bought none. The old fabrics are narrow and very rich and heavy brocades, woven in narrow Japanese looms before Europe got into the country and the market. Samples of this old silk brocade were to be found occasionally about temples and in rag-shops. The Mikado and his ministers still give presents of rolls of silk brocade to honoured persons, and these are quite as good as anything manufactured of old. The skill and taste of the genuine silk fabrics were greatly admired by good judges in England. Here the energies of all concerned were devoted to winding raw silk grown in the country.

After a very excellent European dinner, with a "tai" fresh from the sea to begin with, and good claret at the end, we sallied forth in the frosty air, and did some astronomy. An azimuth compass placed on a stand, a cat-gallows with a plumb-line, and a bull's-eye lantern, made the observatory. My duty was to throw light on the string. "A little higher!" "A little lower!" "That will do!" "Très

bien !" "*Merci !*" Then we stuck pegs in the ground, and marked the factory wall, and next morning we were able to point to the North. I suggested that we might walk about till the lightning conductor was on the North Star, but that plan was astronomically objectionable, so I bowed to the godson of La Place, and worked his lantern till I shivered in the frost. From that night till we parted we did this astronomical business. Let me state the result. The variation is very small, and seems to be affected by the volcano. It seemed to me possible that the friction of steam in the crater may set up currents of electricity. Magnetic iron ore in lodes may also have some effect on the needle. The instrument was not of the best, but the astronomer and his assistant did all they could. The result will be communicated through the French minister to the Government by my comrade, who told me all he knew. After luncheon our party walked twelve miles to *Shimonita*, a mountain village. It was a beautiful walk up a glen between steep hills, with groves of trees and temples on their sides. Till the law was changed, these last were privileged. We crossed a steep col, and looked down into a curious gully, and at strange hills of unusual shape. I made a rapid pencil-note, and understood the meaning of Japanese landscapes, which seemed untrue to nature. The nature of these rocks, and the action of heavy rains on soft and hard beds together, produce conical bare mounds, capped on the top by big trees, whose roots and foliage shelter the ground, and hold it. The landscape is strange, weird, and fantastic.

For the second time I found a countryman working amongst mulberry-bushes with the foot-plough. It is the very same

implement which is used in the Western Isles of Scotland by the "Gaidheal" there; and, so far as I know, it is used nowhere else. Here is a note of the Japanese farmer, using the very same action as a Skyeman, and the very same agricultural contrivance, only better made. This is the "cas crom," or bent shank of the West in the far East a strange bond of union between the extremities of the old world.

We walked on to a very pretty village, and saw our traps and servants installed in a capital tea-house. Then we went out to see the shops. In one, exposed for sale, was a red-faced ape, with a rope round his neck. I thought he looked vicious; he was dead, and grinning defiance. Beside him was a wild boar, and we secured pork-steaks. Next hung a great flying-squirrel nearly two feet long, brown, with a long brush, and I believe a nondescript. His body was shaped like a conical bullet. Dr. V. bought him to skin and cut up and stuff and make a skeleton of for his native French museum. Followed by a lot of cheery polite Japanese boys and girls, we went on to a bridge and a burn; there I found slates, schists, and old altered rocks *in situ*. So far as I could make out in the dusk, the strike was N.E., and the dip N.W. towards the hills. In the street, raised on stone pedestals, were beautiful miniature temples, carved in wood,—one figure with a stag at his feet, we set down for "St. Hubert." We were told that he was a Kami of something. I suspect that he was a disciple of Buddha, but the plain wood seemed to mean "Shinto." Waters, the engineer of a mine which we had come to see, came to our quarters. The house was full. At night the floor was thickly covered with sleepers. Before they slept they bathed. An old lady

splashed like a seal in a cauldron of hot water close to me when I was conducted to my hot tub. She did not mind; neither did I. A lot of jolly children made me very proud by playing tricks to the "Togin Bashi" (Chinese fool, or foreigner). They were quite tame, and rather like the deceased ape in the shop outside.

IRON.—*Friday, 18.—Shimonita to Matsuida, 12 miles.*
—First we walked with Waters, engineer of the mine, to the works. We scrambled up a very steep hill-side to a boss of magnetic iron ore, which projected southwards from the hill, in a wood. A pickaxe whirled round and stuck fast in a cleft. My hammer stuck fast, and became a magnet, being steel. The compass wheeled round in all sorts of directions, as if bewitched. A string of keys stood on end and fixed themselves on the side of a narrow split. When men sit there, watches stop. Generally this was very like the Iron Mountain of Sinbad the Sailor. A worthy priest came there not long ago to offer rice to the "Kāmī," the genius or spirit or divinity of the rock. The rock pulled the iron lid off the rice-pot, which clattered against the natural magnet and stuck there. The priest fled in terror. I longed to get at the story, but I had got to practical men. Here was an iron-mine, and money to be made. So here were men quarrying the crop of the bed, and a smelting furnace was at the way-side, just ready to begin work with charcoal to be made out of the forests which make these hills so picturesque. Eleven months after that, in Lanarkshire, I saw what happens to a country where iron is smelted and dug. The legal proprietor of this Japanese estate was a cheery country gentleman, with whom his English engineer had learned to converse. Here

was another bit of Europe in Japan. Silk and iron and gold against myths; Venus, Vulcan, and Plutus against Kami. We took leave of Dr. Vidal and walked on up the waterside, in a very pretty glen with very steep sides, with fantastic rocks ahead. After six-and-a-half miles we got to a col, and there rested and tested the instruments. We went down, and saw that we had got round a considerable mountain, separated from the main range. The surface was a mass of yellow pumice and ashes, thrown over the whole country about sixty years ago by Asamayama. In the hill-sides are the edges of beds of basalt, overlaid by yellow volcanic beds. The general shape of this country is due to wearing by streams; the result, fantastic needles, peaks, and sierras, of which some rise nearly 2000 feet above the valley. Looking N.E. along the distant range where snow lay in furrows, the geological structure seemed to coincide with the dip and strike of the old beds found in the river. The range seems to be on the N.E. strike with a N.W. dip, with the oldest beds cropping out next to the plain. The great volcanic mountain probably is on a fault, and ranges with Nantai and Fuji San.

My comrade and his attendant carried sporting tools. In the evening the pheasants came out into the paddy-fields. There was a chasse, and a pheasant fell wounded into a clump of brush. I lit my pipe, and the hunters hunted in vain. Passengers stopped to ask what was up. I answered, "Pheasant —bird," and that had to suffice, for I knew no more. The interpreter got so keen, that we left him hunting the pheasant in a bank of brushwood and walked on till we got to a larger river, to the Nakasendo, and to a big town. There with

some trouble we found the rest of our people, and got lodged in a magnificent tea-house. It was much frequented by Daimios in the old times some ten years ago; now part of it is a school, and the rest was all our own for the night. All day long the road was hard frozen, and I, having a blistered foot, limped on the casts of former pedestrian sandals.

Saturday, 19.—*Matsuida* to *Kalruidawa*, 14 miles; 2750 feet up, and 300 feet down; 36° at 8; everything frozen hard.¹—Started at 9.—The curious jagged rocks passed yesterday, and the hill which we had recently gone round, were to the left, more than 2000 feet high. Walked up beside a considerable stream, six miles, to *Sakamoto*, where lunched, 750 feet up. My game foot, and shoes devoid of nails, kept me on the path. My comrade's boots and his hunting habits carried him off to hill-sides. Old experience of such hills taught me to expect that which presently happened. The sportsman returned to the path. He had got to cross gullies with exceedingly steep sides, matted with bamboo brush. Those who know the dells of Lanarkshire, and the fun of shooting there, may understand what Japanese walking is like, if they imagine every briar a bamboo as tough as a hempen cable, and as stiff as a small larch. There were no pheasants so near the road. I spent my spare time in sitting by doors drinking tea. At *Sakamoto* we had a better luncheon, and then put "the stout heart to the stae brae." At 2050 feet above Yedo we began to mount the *Usui Tonge*. In a mile and a half we mounted 950 feet, and

¹ On testing my glass at home it was found to read a degree and a half too high. I give the readings which I took, and leave readers to form their own estimate of climate.

halted to smoke. In one and three-quarter miles we had mounted 1150 feet in an hour. That makes the top tea-house about 3200 feet above the sea. At the foot of the pass facing the sun it was warm. Snow lay here and there, but camellias in full bloom made the houses and gardens beautiful. I longed to draw, I longed to be a botanist, but there was nothing for it but Excelsior. At the tea-house were hung up a deer, a bittern, and a magnificent mountain pheasant. He had a long, light-coloured, barred tail, white and brown spotted back, and a fire-coloured neck which was grey in some lights. Our larder was replenished, and we drank more tea. The way rose gradually along a ridge to the first snow-patch, which we reached at 2.45 P.M. The glass gave 2750 feet rise since morning, 4000 feet above the sea. We got to the top of the pass and a small village 4600 feet above the sea, 3200 feet from *Matsuida*, 2550 feet from *Sakamoto*, at the foot of the *Usui Tonge*—all by aneroid barometer un-checked. We had just passed the most renowned place in all Japan. It is a wooden shanty of a temple, with the usual shrine, and with paper prayers fluttering about the front of strips of white paper. Two giant red figures of the inhabitants. They were under repair, and their heads were set in one place side by side, looking out over the plain. Their bodies and legs and arms were laid on the ground, and generally they looked in need of that mending which they were awaiting. There was something grotesque in the grave air of the two bald, red Japanese faces, looking towards Tokio and the sun. The shrine, as explained by the French boy, is that of the Kami of the cultivators of the soil. All this day we were passing shrines and great stones set up, with

inscriptions carved on them. One was read, "The morning prayer for Buddha." Another recorded that some one had there seen the moon. The pass is the gate through which generations of men have crossed from one side of Japan to the other, and the stones and cairns are memorials of their thoughts. One prayed; another, being a poet, quoted or composed; another set up a group of stone figures and an altar to Buddha and his favourite disciples, or to some Shinto Kami; and then passengers flung stones to record their prayers, and made a cairn. On the top was the temple, with a grated box for cash, which more generous passengers toss in after their prayers have been said. The cash are alms for the priests, and good works. The stones represent at least the labour of throwing them; the altars and inscribed stones all are good works; and good works, according to Buddhism, will themselves promote the workman in his next life. So this main road of Japan is lined with good works in stone, and wood, and paper. When the weather is clear, the view over the plains must be something like that which I saw from Pike's Peak at the verge of the Rocky Mountains. Having drank tea and *sake*, and having devoured bean-cakes at the mountain tea-house in the snow, we rattled fast down to our halting-place. On the way we met an old man with two grand cock pheasants on his back, of a different sort from any which I have seen, so far as I could make out. His gun was a smooth bore, and carried ball. It was a match-lock. The great smoking cone was to our right. In front was a cold, grey, cloudy, snowy landscape, that might have been in Lapland. We had got to the upland on which the cone grew. The dark-purple and indigo clumps of trees in the

hazy evening, telling against the cold, grey snow, faded into grey clouds, so that it was hard to tell where sky began and hills ended. It looked cold, cheerless, and dark. Yet this was Japan. The undergrowth was bamboo grass, and the trees and shrubs quaint and strange. Presently we came to a stone figure with a superfluity of arms, and I was puzzled. I have since got to understand that Buddha converted heaven and earth, so that all the Indian Pantheon were added to his disciples by his disciples. In like manner, as it appears, all the Japanese Kami, and all that was Shinto, became Buddhist till the revolution reformed Shinto and made Buddhism heresy. Even Christian images may be converted.

A bit of central Asia and a bit of India were planted in Japan of old, not far from two new bits of practical European Plutocracy, the worship of Iron and Gold. All day long we met or crossed crowds of travellers, and chapmen and traders. Some were coolies carrying dry sea-weed and fish and cakes; some were gentlemen carried by two bearers in cagos. There were trains of pack-horses in straw shoes; Samurai with long swords. countrymen, peasants, women, and babes. In short, it was a living Japanese panorama of native industry, pleasant to look upon, and a magnificent day's walk. We dined as best we could on eggs, soup and chickens, potatoes, rice and cakes, tea and sake, and orange-peel. Massanao Kangaiana and Koiti did their duty and earned their squeeze. We slept under piles of quilts, with the thermometer at freezing in our paper-house, after observing the position of the North Pole and the aspect of the Great Bear.

Sunday, 20th December.—Kalenidawa.—My comrade wanted to shoot I to write and look about, so halted for

the day. In the middle of a matted room with paper screens is a square hole lined with stone, full of burning charcoal, over that a cage of wood, over that a cotton quilt. With feet under the quilt, and book on the cage, wrote up log. Grey, dark, shady-looking morning, and precious cold. Two hunters came, and there was a grand palaver through the interpreters. It was agreed that they were to have a shilling each (one boo) and half the game, and a sum for any pheasant shown on the wing. They said that the top of their volcano could be made out in a walk of about twelve hours, but that now it is so cold up there that a man could not speak. The snow is deep, and covers holes in the ground. I thought so, and did not try the mountains. Sir Harry Parkes, who made the ascent, described the crater as very interesting,—a wide shaft polished by the continual escape of steam.

As this is a curious place, went out prospecting for idols. Found a rustic shrine in a field. The central stone figure, sitting on the heels, has a yellow cotton nightcap, and a yellow cotton shawl on the shoulders, four damaged lacquer cups are hung round the neck with a string, and some cash at the foot of the statue. I have seen many similar offerings about holy wells in Ireland and in Scotland. In the lap is placed a votive offering sculptured in black volcanic stone. On each side are two draped ornamented figures in an attitude of prayer, standing on pedestals of which the tops represent a lotus. A large stone lantern is beneath a ruined tree. The three chief figures are under a Shinto shed, that is to say, a structure of unpainted wood. A double line of stone images of Buddha and his disciples guards a paved path which leads to a small bridge over a streamlet. The whole struck me as

a curious bit of living worship, showing the mixture of Shinto and Buddhism with the worship of other powers. Near the place, by the side of the highway, is a mound with a large inscribed stone set up on it. It was "the morning prayer for Buddha," said one of the boys. There I sat, and with very cold fingers made shift to sketch Asamayama. As I finished, the hill vanished in clouds and mist. Walked back by the road and looked at a tall stone idol set up near a stream. It is draped and upright, has three heads and six arms, and two legs. Two arms are in the attitude of prayer, the rest hold various emblems. My knowledge of Hindoo idols did not suffice to identify this one, but manifestly it is of Hindoo origin. I found out its name later. Went back to our village and through it, and then with still colder fingers made a rough pencil-sketch of a stone inscribed. Great numbers of quiet civil people passed me; countrymen with pack-horses as usual, two-sworded Samurai, and travellers on foot and carried in cagos.

I noticed this day, and throughout my Japanese rambles, that Megalithic structures abound. I saw no stone circles anywhere; but single stones of large size are very commonly set up in conspicuous places, and they are generally stepped in a hollowed block of stone like the blocks in which stone crosses are planted in the Scotch Isles. Something in the nature of steps, or a rude square inclosure, generally surrounds the stone, and it is commonly inscribed. I could find no one about the settlements or in the country to give me any definite explanation of all these idols and emblems and memorials. I did all I could to set men on this trail. I suppose that many of the idols are remnants of the old religion of the

Japanese, upon which Buddhism, as imported from China, was engrafted.

"SHINTO" was declared to be the religion of the state not long ago. I could find no one to explain to me what Shinto is. But so far as I was able to get at the ideas of my interpreters and servants, it seemed to be the worship of the powers of nature and, above all, of ancestors. The Mikado represents a sacred family said to be "heaven-born." Shinto is his state religion, and the people still consider him to be a divine personage whose ancestors are Kami. Hatchiman is an historical character, whose history is recorded in Japanese works. He was a great general who died some few hundreds of years ago. But this mortal has acquired the attributes of Hercules. Many temples are dedicated to him, and many pilgrims resort to them. In some are deposited the swords, bows, and armour of famous warriors of later date. The right thing to do is to drink *sake* at the temple, to make the votary strong and courageous. Feats of strength performed by votaries who lifted great stones, are recorded on the stones, which are set up as a memorial. A medicine-box has the figure of Hatchiman carved on it; and that figure is commonly painted on lacquer-ware medicine-boxes which are slung to waist-belts.

Mine is a grim gentleman, with moustache, and a kind of Phrygian cap of liberty, dressed like a Dainio contemplating flights of retreating cranes. In short he is the apotheosis of that which would be called muscular Christianity in England. He was a strong, brave, healthy man, and he has become the "kami" of strength, pluck, and health. But as these qualities existed before this particular worthy, I suppose that

other older worthies of like character have been promoted in like manner elsewhere. Grettir, the strong man of Iceland, according to this Japanese set of facts, is not "the sun," but was a strong man, like "Hatchiman." So, I suppose, were Hercules, and all the other strong characters in mythology, and in national epics. If Buddha, who was a real man, has come to represent absolute Repose, the other ancient worthies and ancestors have come to represent active qualities which raise men in human esteem, and raised them to honour after death in the working world. Hatchiman represents action, Buddha rest. But as ancestors are worshipped they rise in the estimation of their descendants to the rank of kami, and to rule the powers of nature. Amongst the giant figures which guard the entrance to the tomb of the sixth Shogun at Nikko I have described the Kami of Thunder.

At Palgone, in East Lothian, are two bronzes, which were sent to a treaty port for sale, by a Daimio, who then wanted funds for a war with a neighbouring Daimio. An officer who saw them unpacked, bought them and sent them home. They are the best samples of that sort of Japanese art that I ever saw. The two vases of bronze are about three feet high. The stands represent rocks overgrown with small plants, like the stands upon which shrines are commonly placed in Japanese towns; on these rocks are small models of Japanese houses, and they mean a mountain, somewhere. The base of each vase is supported by open work of the foliage of pines and plum-trees, and the usual subjects of Japanese art. Above that is a bronze rail, like the wooden rails which surround temples. The body of each vase is encrusted with open-work of leaves, more than four inches deep. On one

side sits an eagle by a waterfall, beautifully worked, with the conventional waves and spray of the Japanese artists. On the opposite side are figures. One is a man in Japanese armour, with the usual sandals, but with a conical basket-work helmet of unusual shape. He is pointing a lighted torch at the snout of the conventional Japanese water-dragon, whom he has vanquished. He has horns and the long beard of some Japanese fish, ears, scales, a mane of spikes, and all the usual trailing folds and curves of the favourite water-dragon of Japan. He seems to be a cross between an alligator and tribes of Pacific fishes.

Hercules slew a hydra in a marsh; I have been in the cave, close to the source of a stream which starts from many strong limestone springs, or "well heads," in Greece. This Japanese worthy is doing the work of Hercules.

A five-sided star-fish, surrounded by five leaves and as many double curves, frequently repeated, probably make the heraldic device of the family to whom these vases belonged. The "key pattern" occurs on the rim, above and below. The companion vase is a similar composition of landscape, foliage, birds, and figures. The human figure is in a ruder dress, apparently a dress of skins, and he has conquered the Kami of Thunder.

He has the same wild demon face and flowing hair as Thunder at Nikko: he holds the same dumbbell drumstick in his hand, and near his head is part of a glory of Drums, like the ten which surround the head of the Nikko image, and, like them, adorned with some heraldic device. The vases are wonderful works of art, for they are bronze castings: I saw nothing to equal them in Japan. But my point is that some

hero has overcome the God of Thunder in this bronze myth, while another has vanquished the water-dragon with a torch. The giant has beaten Jupiter; Indra has beaten Ahi; the man has overcome nature. My reading of this myth is that these ancestors, promoted like Hatchiman, would, by one more step in promotion, become the equivalents of Jupiter or Thor and govern thunder, and that Jupiter was an ancestor before he became Jove or Indra. These Japanese idols and offerings seem to explain the growth of myths simply and naturally. Holiness, abstinence, wisdom, swiftness, strength, and all manner of human qualities which men admire, come to be represented, either by an ancestor who was promoted to be a Shinto Kami, or by one of Buddha's disciples. One of these who had a long head, and could remember his master's sermons, became a definite shape, and is the apotheosis of Memory in Buddhist Japan. I have often seen his image in London shops. I only learned his story on the Nakasendo.

I had worked hard at comparative mythology while collecting the popular tales of the West Highlands; I never could trace the descent of the sun to earth by degradation, till he became a frog, or a pebble, or Boots, or Aladdin. I found in all Aryan myths that the weak and despised rise; that the youngest,—Boots, Askofis, Cinderella, Aladdin, the black, rough-hided peasant drudge of the West Highlands, and Grimm's little German tailor—all rise to be Princes; and now in Japanese art I found the very same idea in the promotion of a Prince to be Divine, in the promotion of a General to be a Kami, and in the conquest of the Kami of Thunder by a man in rough clothes. Augustus Cæsar had divine

honours, and even Napoleon the Great has become a myth in France.

"There are sermons in stones."

Such-like were my Sunday cogitations out in the cold, at the foot of Asamayama, amongst these rude stone idols of many heads and many arms, and strange forms planted on mounds, in groves, by trees, and streams, and rocks and stones. I seemed to have got into the nursery of myths which I had gathered on the other coast of the old world. I seemed to be in the den of Heathendom, with the ancients.

My comrade shot five beautiful pheasants, and saw nearly a hundred. The men showed him the birds on the wing according to contract, and seemed exceedingly entertained at the absurd idea of shooting in the air. But when the sportsman really did floor the birds, they did all they could to scare them away, and finally led this terrible foreigner out of their preserves into the road. I suppose that the snow had driven the birds down into the flats at the foot of the hills. Koiti had his work cut out for him, and we feasted.

Monday, 21.—When we rose at daylight nine inches of new snow covered earth, trees, grass, houses, and path. It was a white world. My landlord brought some sword knives, and crystal balls and other curious things, and we had a deal. Then somebody gave me a beautiful sugar cake in a box worthy of Paris. It really was a work of art, with a landscape, trees, and a waterfall on the crust. It got broken to bits before it got far on its way, but here was "a Christmas box." I put on heavy boots, and we marched ten and a half miles to *Odai*, a small place, where we camped in a tea-house. We

halted for "tiffin" at *Oiwake*, which is a large village with a magnificent tea-house ornamented for Daimios; painted, papered, and carved.

We got in at 3.30. The day's march gave us a good view of the volcano. The cone has a smoking, steaming, roaring, crater at the top. To the west are two remnants of old craters, in the position of Somma to Vesuvius. The inner fragment is much furrowed by streams, the outer and older still more. The cone, which was in eruption about sixty years ago, is hardly furrowed at all. Deep ravines near the road give sections of yellow volcanic ash, which was largely thrown out, and to a great distance, within the memory of grandfathers. The mountain, covered deeply with last night's snow, and with its white plume of steam, was beautiful. We descended about 600 feet, and the cold was far less. Our luggage travelled in jinrikishas. The men ran nearly naked. One had a loin cloth, a handkerchief round his head, and a pair of straw sandals. He skipped through snow halfway to his knees, dragging his carriage, grinning at the fun, and defying frost. Truly these little imps are grand, hardy men, worthy of better work.

Tuesday, 22.—Start at 9.30; 30° 27' 100.—Camped at a poor tea-house much against the will of our men and to the detriment of Squeeze. Fed like kings on pheasants and eggs, and tea and *sake*. Carry made the variation nil. The road turns the base of Asamayama. The long slope, much broken by torrents, is to the S.W., as is usual in the northern hemisphere. I counted eight points on the slope, like small Sominas. I could not make out whether these are broken rings or one long slope cut into by torrents. The morning was

bright and cold. At *Ewamarata*—a small Daimio's town, with a stone rail at each end—I made pencil-sketches, which I washed with colour to save them at *Mozizuki*, where we halted early, at 3.30. Walked eleven miles on very dirty, sloppy roads.

MYTHS.—Let me beg readers to accept what I say about Japanese myths and mythology with caution and benevolence. It had cost me more than fifteen years to collect the popular myths and ballads of my own country, where I know the language, and where I am known. In Japan I did not know the language, and my interpreters knew my stock of languages very imperfectly. I had all the usual difficulties to surmount, in striving to persuade these people that I was not laughing at them, but honestly seeking to learn their ideas and their legends. Such small knowledge as I had gleaned from books could be of small value in a country which was closed against the rest of the world till it was opened with big guns a few years ago. Above all, the ideas of mountaineers on such a new track were so difficult to glean in the midst of other work, that my Japanese harvest of stories may turn out bad grain when threshed.

In the *Japan Mail* of April 24, 1875, in a budget of Japanese notes on Buddhist mythology, I find information for which I vainly asked in December, 1874. The foundation of a classical dictionary of extreme interest to comparative mythologists is laid.

For example : "Mari-shi-ten is the great patron of all persons young or old, learning writing, reading, dancing, singing, or a trade. The common form of this idol is a figure standing on the back of a galloping wild boar. It has six arms and

three faces. The boar being the last of the twelve zodiacal signs, and preceding the first sign, Ne, on repetition implies before the beginning—the three faces and countenances tend in all directions. The six hands denote dexterity at all work. The day of the boar *Inahi* is the day observed in his honour. The Nichiren sect chiefly affect this deity."

This appears to be the draped stone personage whom I found on a hillside on this pass, and did not know.

"*Shichimen* (Seven-headed Serpent).—At Minobusan in Koshiu, Nichiren-sho-nin canonized this monster. Sick people or petitioners for good fortune visit the numerous shrines that are erected throughout these islands on the model of the above. Water and earth from the small artificial lakes always to be seen in the temple-grounds are considered certain cures for all ills; the water as internal and the earth as external medicines. Only the Nichiren followers believe in the efficacy of these things."

Here is the dragon of western popular tales; "Shesha Nági" of Southern Asia: the benevolent seven-headed cobra of "old Deccan days"; one of the chief characters in Indian epics; one of the chief subjects of sculpture in Ceylon and elsewhere in Eastern Asia. I suppose that he is "Ahi" whom Indra slew in the *Vedas*. But according to Japanese mythology the hero who slew the serpent was *not* the Sun personified. At page 121 of *Japan Illustrated* I find—"The sun is the eldest *daughter* of Izanagi et d'Izamami, and from *her* descend the Mikados, of whom the first reigned 660 B.C." Nowhere in print have I yet found the Japanese dragon-slaying story, which nevertheless I found to be commonly

known to everybody in Japan. The sun is a woman, in the *Edda*.

“ Sun that wist not
Where *she* her hall had,
Moon that wist not
What power *he* had.”

GYLF's *Mocking*, p. 9.

“The man who is named Mundilföri had two children; they were so fair and free that he called one of them (the son) Máni (Moon), but his daughter Sól (Sun), and gave her to the man hight Glenr,” &c. (*Ibid.*, p. 11, Dasent's translation, 1842.)

In Gaelic also the sun is feminine, and appears to be the shining lady who is won in popular tales by a human hero.

I have read and thought a great deal about Aryan mythology and solar myths, and I have arrived at the conclusion that we all have a great deal to learn. Some day I may repeat the lesson which I have learned, for correction by other scholars in this school, which lacks a master able to teach everything.

SKECH OF A BUDDHIST SHRINE.

This shrine is a sample of the kind which we pass continually; but all differ, and each is a picture which I long to paint. Generally a mound, or a rock, or some rising ground by the wayside, is crowned by a group of quaint, picturesque old trees, or by a large grove. Up the slope rises a flight of stone steps. At the more important shrines these are considerable works. At the top are lanterns and pillars and rude inscribed stones, and some idol or other sits in the middle, flanked by figures in the attitude of prayer, or by inscribed stones. I am constantly reminded of “high places”

and "groves." But with all this multitude of shrines and idols, I have not seen one single worshipper since I left Tokio. I suppose that the "groves" and "high places" were sacred first. Signs of the worship of trees abound. Fuji San is a sacred "high place" still, for the mountain is a place of pilgrimage. All round Nantai are temples on high places. The graves of the Shoguns at Nikko and Shiba are on high places. Nantai itself is a sacred mountain, and there is a high place where unlucky swords were solemnly thrown away. There they still rust—a curious pile of bloody records, cast away as their owners hoped to cast away the evil of their bad works. Then, as I suppose, the religion of Buddha, introduced from China, took up the ground of the older and wilder religion, and priests and votaries planted images in the groves and high places where the old Kami were supposed to become Buddhists. Then came the late revolution. The Buddhism of the Shoguns fell with them; Shinto of the Mikado was declared to be the religion of the State, and the State took the Buddhist temples and turned them into schools, wherein to teach the secular wisdom of the West. In 1841-2 I saw churches in Rome crowded with worshippers. In 1873 I saw the same churches empty. There had been a revolution—a rebellion against priestcraft, and a swing towards general disbelief, which appeared everywhere in Italy. So in Japan the stone images, which are not worth anything in the market, are left out in the cold, while many bronze idols and decorations were sold to be melted into tempos, and used to buy guns and uniforms, to build railroads, and go ahead. The advent of the foreigner awoke Buddha, and levelled a great deal. It remains to be seen



what structure is to be raised on these ruins. Something must grow out of the Italian revolution; and out of the Japanese smash.

BUDDHA.—Meantime there sits Buddha carved in stone, with his back to the great white volcano in its robe of snow, with the plume of steam facing the noonday sun at the western end of a Daimio's town, in which there is no Daimio left.

The sacred image is on a sacred lotus, holding a lotus in his hand, contemplating. He is raised on a square structure of two stone steps. Stone lanterns are there to hold lights, and a stone pillar inscribed. Carry, my French friend, was testing his azimuth compass by the head of Buddha; and Japanese travellers, in the blue and white striped cloaks of the country, waded through the snow on their way through their fields to their farms. They scarcely noticed the foreigners, and took no notice of Buddha at all. Now what does this stone image mean? From all that I have read and gleaned it means shortly this: Some hundred years B.C. a prince determined to abandon his rank and turn preacher, monk, and mendicant. He saw that old age, disease, and death, were the lot of mortal man. He felt in the tropics that action was an evil, repose a great good. He went out into the world, and preached a new religion. He taught that men were not mortal. When their bodies died they lived again, and they rose or fell in the scale of creation according to their deeds done in each successive body. The lowest man by good works might be born again a prince; the prince might die to awake a "Nat"—an inhabitant of a better world. The "Nat" might rise to be a "Brahma," or to anything higher, if

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anything was higher in any Pantheon. But the crowning step in promotion by good works was to be born on earth "a Buddha," and to die and attain "NIRWANA." That was rest after work magnified to the utmost. So far as I can discover, that means final Rest—Death in Life. On the other hand, bad works condemned the evil doer to descend in the scale, and dragged him down by their weight. The prince who had done ill might be born an elephant groom, or he might die to awake a demon. The demon or the wicked man might get into a great seething cauldron, where he boiled for thousands or millions of years like a grain of rice. At long, long intervals, his head comes out long enough to utter three words of a prayer four words long, but till all the evil was boiled out of him the end of that prayer could never be said. Once said, the purified evil-doer got out of this infernal rice-kettle by his own exertions and had a fresh start. But so far as I can discover from books and talks, the greatest evil in this system of philosophy is Life, and the greatest good, Death, or a Dreamless Trance. There sits Buddha figured in stone, turning his back to the volcano, which may have been taken for the infernal chimney, facing the noon-day sun, with lights burning before him at night. I sat the idea intended and expressed in all the images of Buddha that ever I saw at Astrakhan, in Ceylon, in China, and Japan, is entire absence of mind; the perfect repose of death in life, the "Nirwana" of doing nothing, wanting nothing, caring for nothing, being nothing. Surely this is the dream of a lotus-eater, or an amiable eater of poppy-heads, or the votary of soma or *sake*, or some other soothing narcotic. It is the philosophy of a hot climate. That being near about the principle of Buddhism,

as explained by men who have studied the philosophy of the subject, and as understood by me, it remained to see how it worked. For that end I got a lot of books from the Indian Museum, and read Buddhist stories to see what works were considered good. The giving of alms to a priest appeared at every turn. The filling of a mendicant's bowl with rice was sufficient to promote an evil-doing, low-caste man, to be a great Rajah. It was a meritorious act to abstain from the seven deadly sins, but the man who had committed them all might outweigh the evil by casting rice into a priest's bowl. Over and over again this chief virtue shone through the incidents of Buddhist legends, with the opposite vice. One ill deed done to a priest outweighed a lifetime of virtue. In all this philosophy I never could find a Rewarder or Punisher. The man's own acts degrade him, or promote him to be a Buddha, who attains Nirvana by living out his last holy life. There have been at least five hundred Buddhas, and a new Buddha may be born any day. Experts will know him by marks. So far as I can make out a full-blown lotus flower ought to be figured on the soles of his feet, and something of the kind on the palms of his hands. So far as I can find out there is neither beginning nor end in this system of Buddhist cosmogony, devoid of theology, and ending in endless repose. It seems pure materialism. As tending to promote virtue and discourage vice, this is a grand philosophy in principle. Practically, it seems to have degenerated into a tax on industry for the support of idleness. A practical age abolished monasteries in Italy; an echo of the deeds of the West rang through Japan; Buddha gave place to Shinto, and Buddhist priests burned temples

to preserve them from desecration. There was no persecution. The passive mood became active, and the working world passed the stone images, and left them where I saw them, out in the cold. The taxpayers had enough to do in paying for all the new-fangled activities which danced into being when the change took place; the rice-farmer has to tighten his girdle and work harder than ever, to build factories, telegraphs, railroads, ships and steamboats, and to pay soldiers to thrash the Chinese. He has no cash to spare for priests, and monks, and nuns, and privileged temples; so priests are forgotten, and the images of Buddha have no worshippers in these Japanese hills. It is not always so. At certain seasons festivities are celebrated at certain shrines, and then there is something like an Irish pattern—men come to pray and stay for a jollification.

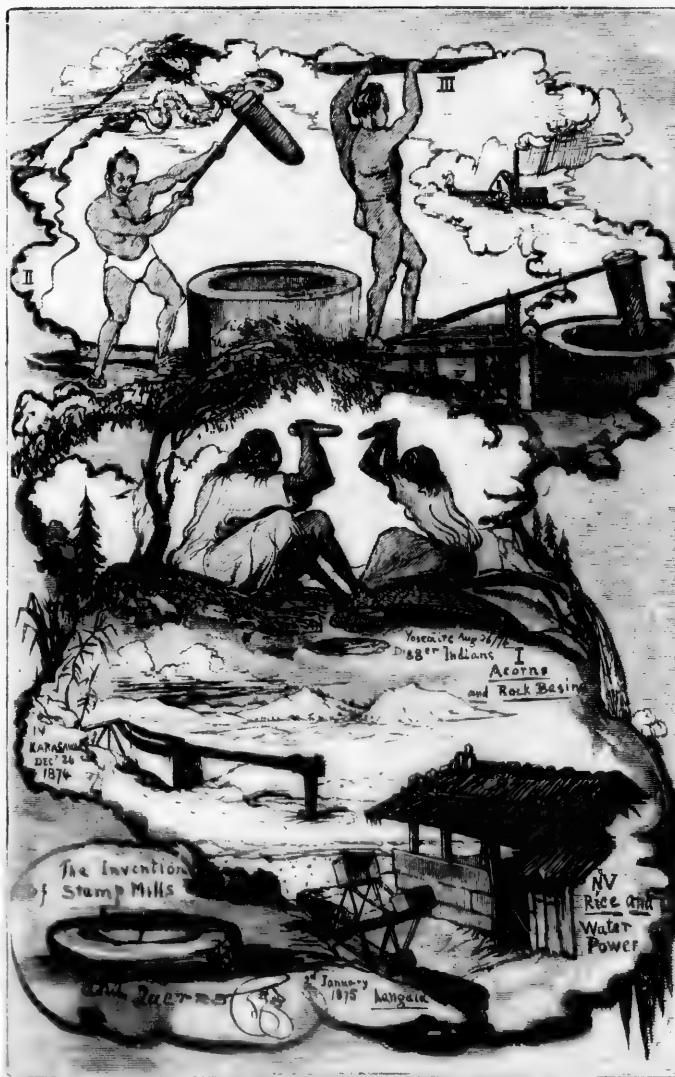
At one village hereabouts we inspected a temple of Hatchiman. A long paved alley, and several gates beautifully carved, led to a carved temple which was a marvellous bit of wood-work. Dragons abounded, and foliage. In wooden cages, one at each side of the inner gate, are two carved images, larger than life, of courtiers in grand attire, with the usual Daimio faces. They have high shaven foreheads, long eyes turning upwards, well-formed noses, mouths expressive of proud, grim disdain of everything and everybody. They seemed the apotheosis of the qualities which became unbearable—Pride, Cruelty, Taxation—I found their names later. Before the revolution a farmer did not dare to ride on his own horse, and was liable to any outrage that a Daimio's retainer, a gentleman and sworded soldier, chose to inflict. The world went round, and the same world went down.

There was a kind of mild Jacquerie. The peasant mounted, and the mountain gentlemen hid their pride in small villages, where many work and starve proudly still. Hatchiman the soldier, like Buddha the sage, fell in public esteem, and so we found the usual weird pine-trees, a few paper prayers fluttering in the snell wind; solitude, and untrodden snow at the Temple doors. Not a creature had been near the place since snow began to fall. We camped at *Mochizuki* after a very amusing walk of twelve miles.

23rd.—*Mochizuki*.—26°.—This was a very grand tea-house. As usual we kicked off our shoes in the street, and then washed our feet in tubs of hot water. Then we passed in on a raised path through the cooking department and shelter for coolies, and through courts, gardens, and passages, to a grand room overlooking a pretty burn adorned with pines and bamboo. We were in a kind of veranda on an upper floor, and the veranda was common to other travellers. Presently one of these, a fine statuesque gentleman with the usual shaven crown and topknot pigtail, walked out through his sliding panel of paper and bamboo, and stood there with the air of a Daimio in the pose of a Greek statue, as naked as he was born. He had just bathed in the bath-room beside the garden. The glass marked 26°, and, as it read too high, the air must have been somewhere about 24°. After surveying the landscape for a few minutes the gentleman returned to his own banerbox, and presently he was dining there with his family while we dined on the other side of a narrow paper passage. How my fingers were nipped by the frost that night while holding the bull's-eye lantern for my astronomical chum I will not pause to say. I slept like a

dormouse in my Archangel pesk. The morning was bright and sunny, 26°; rising barometer, 28,000. We walked twelve miles to Ouiada between 9.10 and 3.15 P.M. First we mounted 750 feet in five-and-a-half miles to a Tchaya (teahouse), where a man keeps a book for autographs. All the European names that I could find were under half-a-dozen, and most of them belonged to the British embassy. I made him a picture of a Highlander. 27250. Then we walked down to a river where we had "tiffin" in a Tchaya and bought a mandarin duck for the larder. Then we walked up a narrow gorge, one of several branches, all of the same V pattern, all seamed and scored by torrents, each with a narrow river-plain at the bottom made of rolled stones. Bamboos like larch-trees, pines, paper mulberries, rice in patches, mills without end, villages with heavy stones on the roofs like chalets, icicles, sunshine, and snow; these were the features of the day's march. Distant views of Asamayama right behind us gave a good excuse for an occasional halt.

MILLS.—It has struck me several times that within the last few months I have seen the whole progress of the invention of a mill. This day I saw a new step, or one that was new to me. Stone implements, found everywhere, prove that the greater part of the world has been peopled by men who used stone tools. It seems to me that there are certain mechanical principles which any creature with intelligence may discover and apply. Many a time have I seen a hoodie crow using gravitation to get food. The bird, having found a large mussel closed, too strong for his beak to open, lifts the shell and flies up into the air and drops the mussel repeatedly till it falls on a stone and breaks. Then he gobbles up the



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shell-fish. A woodpecker hammers at a tree and uses his neck as the handle of his hammer. Some philosophers hold that the lower animals are automata and machines constructed by their maker to work within certain bounds. Others hold that these machines have drivers of moderate intelligence. The Buddhists hold that they may become Buddhas. If proverbs be the wisdom of nations, popular tales contain a great deal of sagacity, and these attribute some kind of wisdom to hoodie crows. For example, an old crow once instructed a young one, and said, "If you see a man going along the road with a bent thing with a flat end under his arm, fly away as fast as you can ; that is a bad man with a gun, and he may shoot you."

"Yaw caw," said the young crow.

"If you see a man with nothing under his arm, and he stoops, fly ; he is picking up a pebble to throw at you."

"Caw," said the pupil.

"If you see a man going straight before him, looking neither to the right nor to the left, you need not mind him," said the mother.

"But if the man has a pebble in his pocket ?" said the young crow.

"You may go," said the mother ; "I need not teach you any more."

The story is founded on the habits of real crows. They seem to know their enemies and read their intentions, young and old. I have seen them defy a keeper and keep well out of shot. I have seen them sitting on a mound within ten yards of me, bowing, blowing out their throats, and setting up their crests, and seeming to know so much that men have

made them soothsayers all over the world. Manifestly the crows learn one use of gravitation where they have need of knowing how to break big mussels on a sea-coast. Some of the family learn to talk better than any parrot, but they do not seem to understand what they say in human speech.

No one, so far as I know, has yet asserted that he is himself a mere machine. Bodies are engines, but there is an engineer in every human body, able to learn mechanics. The Digger Indians about the Sierra Nevada are commonly placed very low in the scale of humanity. In the Yosemite Valley, in August, I saw an Indian woman breaking roasted acorns with a pebble. I have seen a monkey do as much in the Zoological Gardens. Crow, woodpecker, monkey, and woman, had enough of intelligence to use the mechanical principle of a hammer—a weight and a handle. But the savage has more intelligence; his engineer is capable of greater works of art. I saw these Digger Indian women making acorn-meal with a pestle and mortar. Holding a long stone with round ends in both hands, using the arms for handle and the shoulder for pivot, they hammered away till they made pits in a granite block, and therein they were pounding and grinding. I have seen a French cook of superior skill performing the same act in preparing a dinner for epicures; and I have seen a very small Highland boy pounding shells in a rock-cup to make bait for fish. I have seen a doctor's apprentice at like work. Later I saw half-naked women in Java beating rice with a long, heavy stick. It seems that all sorts of human creatures are capable of inventing a pestle and mortar. But, so far as I know, the wisest of apes has never got beyond a pebble for cracking nuts. In Japan,

human intelligence, left alone, has invented an improved pounding-hammer. All along the road to Nikko, and all along the Nakasendo, in Tokio, and in villages, I have seen the people pounding grain in a large mortar, about three feet wide, with a heavy wooden hammer. It is the Digger's pebble, with a haft long enough to give a longer stroke, heavy enough to give a heavy blow. The workman heaves up the pestle by the handle, and lets it drop. They had got the length of stroke doubled. That step is beyond the power of any lower engineer. No monkey of my acquaintance ever put a haft to his hammer. The Diggers may in time; meantime they have not got beyond the long pebble held in both hands at arm's length.

The Japs being intelligent went on engineering. I saw a few days before a beautifully-made brown-skinned lad, straight limbed as a bronze Apollino, holding by a cross bar, and raising a very heavy wooden tilt-hammer, set on a much longer handle, by using his own weight at the end of a lever with a fulerum. He stepped up on the end and stepped off his treadmill, and the pestle fell into a larger hole with more grain in it. I afterwards saw the same engine in full work at many other places; the men working with the regularity of clocks, and displaying extraordinary muscles specially enlarged by practice.

This day I saw another step, and a great stride, in the mill invention, and next day I sketched the contrivance. It looked strange out in the deep snow covered with icicles, rising and falling there all alone eight times in a minute. It was precisely the same engine as the last-named tilt-hammer, but instead of muscular force to lift a human weight, the

Japanese engineer had applied water power. The rays of the sun raised his weights, and the earth's gravitation worked the pounding machine. A small stream, led through a bamboo, fell into a wooden vessel, shaped like a boat's scoop, made fast to the end of a pole. When the scoop filled, the water weight, at the short end of a lever, lifted a hammer, curiously constructed of wood and bamboos and pegs and stones. The water ran out of the scoop, and the tilt-hammer fell into a large hollow full of rice and straw. It was a Japanese threshing mill. Not far off, under a shed, another tilt-hammer of the same species was crushing buckwheat. I saw no more of these engines in other districts of Japan. I never saw the contrivance anywhere else, so I assume that this is a native discovery in engineering.

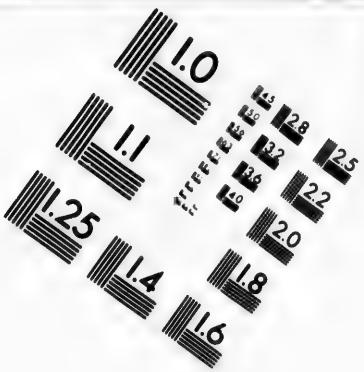
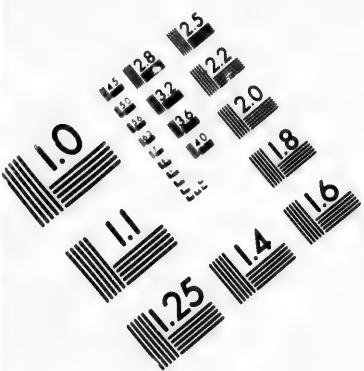
They did not stop when they had harnessed the sun.

Some days later I found time to sketch that which I take to be the natural growth of this water-hammer into a mill which is neither over-shot nor under-shot. The first samples I saw had two square boxes, opposite to each other, at the end of long spokes, stuck into an axle, so as to turn it on the pivot. The water ran into the box when both arms were horizontal. There was considerable resistance, but when the weight was sufficient the whole engine made a half turn, suddenly, so as to lift and let fall a heavy stamp inside the house. This was the Japanese form of a stamp-mill, and, as I never saw the contrivance anywhere else, I suppose it is the Turanian form of that invention. The sample which I drew was another step in advance; it had four buckets, and made quarter turns. The best stamp-mill machinery is worked by better-made mill-wheels, which keep a row of

stamps going, by turning continuously without jerks. I saw them crushing quartz in Nevada, and in California, close to the Diggers, who had only made the first step in the invention of a stamp-mill.

But I had seen more growing mechanics. All people who use a pestle and mortar grind as well as pound. Boring mollusks use that mechanical action to grind holes in stone, and men and boys do it naturally. At some stage in civilization every savage tribe seems to contrive a quern. To that stage the Diggers had not arrived in August, 1874, though they had learned to speak English, Spanish, and other tongues in the much frequented valley of the Yosemite. Our Celtic ancestors had hit upon the plan of making the pestle turn in the mortar, which is the principle of a quern.

So had most of the people who used stone implements all over the old world. The Japanese had got to the hand quern, and being conservative radicals they use the hand quern which I have seen used in Minglay, near Barra Head. But they have gone a step further. They work the very same mechanical contrivance which I have seen at work in Iceland. A large stone is turned in a large stone cup, with a longer handle, of which one end is in a pivot in a beam overhead. One woman turns small mills of this kind. I have seen larger ones whirled rapidly by three or four Japanese, who swing the stick from hand to hand and do right good work with the improved hand quern. A horizontal mill-wheel is the next step. I have seen one applied directly to turn a quern in the Faroe Isles and in Scotland. Stones used as pivots are found in Tiree. I never fell in with that contrivance in Japan. The Turanians seem to have arrived at





their own jerking vertical water-wheel, with spokes on the axle to work tilt-hammers ; while their opposite Aryan neighbours got to a horizontal wheel on the axle of the quern. Now the whole lot have got to improved machinery, to the last contrived by engineers, and sent to the ends of the earth. But all this time the Diggers have not got beyond the "enotag," which little boys use for making bait out in the far West. Very few monkeys have learned to crack nuts with a stone. Are men improving in mechanical skill ?

So far as engines for grinding and pounding record progress from the drift period of Europe onwards, mills and querns show a gradual advance in human intelligence. It is hard to believe that men in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and Java, all descended from a knowledge of mills, to querns, and to pebbles wherewith to pound. It seems proved that civilized water-mills have grown out of savage querns, and ruder stone-hammers by the successive efforts of the mechanical engineers who drive the engines which are healthy human bodies and brains in good working order. Men have improved in practical mechanics by the philosophy of "Try" and "Can do." Therefore, as the song says—

"Work, boys, work, and be contented."

There is time enough to sleep after work, and the harder we work the sounder the sleep, according to Buddha.

Thursday, 24th.—We halted at *Uada*, a small town in the jaws of a glen. In the morning the instruments read 39°, 27·400 at 9.30 A.M. The roads were poached by the feet of men and horses, and a mess of mud and snow. In six-and-

three-quarter miles we mounted 2,100 feet to a mountain Tchaya, where we halted to feed. As we rose the ground dried, and we got to frozen snow and icicles and a cloudy sky with a snell wind. Then we went over about 400 feet more in ten "cho," over a ridge and down to another mountain Tchaya, where we halted after making nine miles over the *Uada Tonge*. The whole of the day's march except the start was over snow, on a narrow track, beaten hard by baggage trains and pedestrians.

After the last Tchaya we got to a strong cutting wind, a considerable snow fall, a thick mist, and fierce cold. The baggage ponies, three in number, could not keep on the beaten snow, but slid off into three or four feet of soft sludge. The men, with great pluck, unloaded them and carried the loads over the pass. They too fell and were lifted, rose and struggled, and helped each other, and got and gave help to others in the same plight. I too fell and slipped and slithered. A man in a cago passed; I stepped into the snow to let his bearers keep on the path, which was a snow ridge three or four feet high. The traveller said "Thank you," in good English; I answered, "Yorashi," all right, and we grinned. Then a herd of loaded bullocks barred my way, and I had to make room; then came a string of patient pack-horses, quietly sinking into the snow and struggling out of it. Then came the fiercest snowdrift that I ever encountered, a storm of ice-needles that pricked my hands and forced me to shut my eyes, and I lost the path and was left in the lurch by my squire, who had trotted off into a cloud. A man overtook me, and we hit upon Koiti, the Japanese cook, who, with great presence of mind, had wrapped himself in my

waterproof. Then we trotted down hill by a zigzag path, and found a lot of our horse-boys, with part of the luggage, in a shed. By that time my beard was heavy with ice, and my clothes crusted with frozen snow. In short, for half an hour I got such a dusting as I never got elsewhere, though I have travelled much in northern regions, and amongst high hills. The height of the pass I made about 6,000 feet above the sea; but it is not possible to measure heights accurately with a pocket aneroid, especially when there were no sea-level observations to check the mountain readings.

My chum, with his interpreter, would not stop at the first Tchaya, where I halted to study the ways of the place and people and drink tea. From the shelter near the top we trotted down at a smart run to a kind of grunting song "Hai-yo-ho, Hai-yo-ho, Hai-yo-ho," till we got to a mountain tea-house, with a fire burning in the porch. There I found my comrade all right. There we dried ourselves, waiting for luggage. As it did not come and rain did, and thicker mist, and evening, we got a fire made in a room, the room made snug by sliding paper walls into place, and there we camped under a stong, and smoked and steamed till dark. When the luggage came we dined, and then slept like the cobbler "who lived in a stall, which served him for kitchen and parlour and all."

In such places and cases national character comes out strong. It was once my fate to be upset in a cariole one dark, rainy night in Norway. The road was crowded with market-people walking and riding, and nobody would lend me a hand. When asked to help the answer was, "Jey har ikke tid"—I have no time. In Western America I remarked

to a fellow traveller, "It's every one for himself and God for us all, here, I see."

"Do you think I care for any of that superstitious stuff," said the other, who was a central European.

"Well, then, it's devil take the hindmost," I said. And so it was generally in these Christian lands. Here, up in the snows of this terrible Tonge, I found a nation of good Samaritans, all helping each other, and these little Japs rose high in my esteem. Not one cross look could I detect, not one blow fell on the hide of a pack-beast. When a horse floundered they pulled him up by the tail, and he did not kick. As the Scotch proverb has it, "A guid man's guid to his beast."

HOUSES.—Having nothing to do but smoke I thought over Japanese architecture, and Lapp tents, and the monuments of prehistoric men in Britain. These Japs closely resemble Lapps in many ways. Their hair is invariably black and straight; their eyes turn up at the corners, they have scanty beards, or none at all; their stature is small, they are sturdy and strong, and hardy, and tend towards bandy legs. Generally the make of them, and the look of them, reminded me continually of the people who wander about the country between the Lofoten Isles and Archangel. It is not a very great way from Archangel to Saghalien, and I am strongly impressed with the notion that all these northern people are of one stock. So far as I know their characters, Lapps and Japs are alike, in that they are cheery, hearty, good-humoured, excitable little beings, ready to pick up knowledge, and use it; ready to trade, ready to work, and fond of play. Supposing these to be in fact civilized Lapps

and Samoyedes, it is curious to notice how their civilization has grown.

A camp-fire is the foundation of all human dwellings. A fire in a ring of stones and a shelter of branches built over it was the home of the Digger Indians. I have seen a Lapp hang his shirt by the sleeves to a couple of bushes, and sleep under that shelter from troublesome mosquitoes in hot weather. That was a tent.

The Lapp tent for rough work is thus made : Four or five growing birch bushes are selected, their tops are woven together, so as to form a roof, the ground is cleared in the space covered by the trees, and there the bed is made. A cloth or skin thrown outside makes a capital room in a very few minutes. The Tana boatmen commonly made such structures when I was fishing there. I thought of Gothic cathedrals when I looked at the stems, and branches bound at the top. The next step is to contrive and carry a roof and walls big enough to cover a couple of men. A couple of strings tied to a couple of bushes makes the ridge of this portable house; a few wands keep out the walls, and the men sleep with the curtains tucked under them, on a bed of branches. The string ridge *curves*. The ends rise and the middle droops because of laws which govern mechanics. The form occurs in Turanian buildings.

The next step is the family tent. It is a conical structure, built with poles, which are carried about on the backs of deer. The frame is covered with skins, or sailcloth. The door-way is triangular, and the door is a bit of cloth shaped like a jib, crossed with battens of wood to keep it stiff. The fire is made in the middle of the tent, and is surrounded with a

ring of stones. The smoke escapes through the wooden frame at the top of the cone, which is left uncovered. From a cross bar hangs a hooked stick with contrivances for raising and lowering it, and the family kettle hangs on the hook over the fire, in the ring of stones. The people sleep with their feet to the fire, in their clothes, and the "Atchi," or father of the family, sleeps "ayont the fire," opposite to the door.

The next step is the "kota." That is a permanent house constructed upon the lines of the family tent. The difference is in the materials. Birch bark is next the frame, in regions where birch-trees grow; skins and cloth coverings are replaced by turf and earth, sometimes by slabs of stone, where slabs are common. Sometimes half of this primitive house is dug out of a bank so as to give more head-room, and keep out the cold more effectually. In this stage the house is round, with upright sides and a conical roof. Such houses abound in Iceland of all sorts and sizes, and they abound in the Hebrides and in North America. In Cape Breton I sketched an Indian conical wigwam made of poles and birch-bark, exactly like cotas which I have sketched in Lapland. They were the very same structures, and the people who lived in them had a family likeness. Beside the Indian wigwam was a house constructed by a Celt, who had crossed the Atlantic with his own notions of architecture. One end of this house was round, and made of turf and rolled stones, on the model of houses which abound in Tiree and in Ming-lay, and in all the western Scotch isles. But because this Celtic nomad was capable of adaptation, and of learning by experience, the rest of his house was built of cheap sawn

planks. The camp-fire is covered with a conical round tent: that becomes a "kota," and the kota when raised is a round house.

The round house of the ancient Celts grows to be an oblong structure with round ends. The tent becomes a conical roof; the roof rises upon upright walls, the circular plan changes to an oblong with round ends, and these semicircles get squared. There architecture stopped in the Hebrides and in Iceland. The largest dwellings there, constructed by the people, are only a series of houses joined together so as to make a number of rooms.

Such houses left to themselves speedily disappear. In 1849 I pitched my tent on the Tana, and sketched in a cota which our men used. Last time I was there a ring of stones marked the site of my camp, and all that I could find of the earthen cota was the ring of stones which marked the hearth, and a circular space of grass somewhat greener than the rest. The Japanese house clearly is an improved tent. The ridge poles are so constructed as to imitate the natural curves of the Lapp portable booth. The whole roof is an imitation of the forms of booths. Walls there are none. The roof is lifted on squared posts, and the floor is raised so that the simple structure is like a British four-post bedstead. Instead of curtains the sleeping-place is sheltered by sliding structures, made on the plan of a Lapp tent-door, in that a limp material is stretched by a frame. The Japanese being ingenious, handy, constructive creatures, invented a very superior article in the shape of mulberry-bark paper, and having abundance of intelligence and bamboo, and good taste, they make beautiful frames, on which they paste their paper with exceeding

neatness ; but the Lapp door is the first stage in the invention of a Japanese wall. It is a movable structure, a limp fabric stretched on a frame. The beautiful Japanese mats, which fit into the floor, are stuffed with straw, and clearly are but improved beds of grass. The fire in the hewn stone hearth is but the tent fire, and the fire in the huts and houses of Lapps, Hebrideans, Icelanders, and North American Indians. It is the camp-fire in the stone ring which trappers, lumberers, gold-diggers, tinkers, and travellers, make all over the world. So the Japanese house is an improved tent. Q.E.D.

A great Japanese gentleman once asked me to join him in a duck hunt. Like all such proceedings, from a pheasant battue to a picnic, or a tea in the woods, this was playing at savages. I found my host surrounded by his people in a shanty, with a fire on the floor, and a great iron tea-kettle hanging over it from a hooked stick black with smoke. The kettle was so made as to look as like a bit of rock as possible. But the structure of the bamboo hook in this Tokio hunter's hut which boiled my tea on the 7th of December, 1874, was nearly identical with the structure of the birchen hook from which my potato dinner dangled in the Isle of Minglay, near Barra Head, on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd of September, 1871.

The arts of the cooking animal, as well as the architecture, have grown in the same direction at the extremities of the old world. So far it remains an open question whether human intelligence does or does not hit upon the same mechanical contrivances naturally with or without instruction. Any beaver of ordinary sagacity can build a house and make a dam. I saw their structures in Newfoundland, and heard stories there which seem to prove that within their

own limits beavers can reason. But there is a limit to beavers' architecture, beyond which that tribe have never yet gone, and never will, I suppose, while they continue to be beavers. The Japanese, left to themselves, and shut out from the rest of the world for ages, advanced to houses standing on stones, with walls of bamboo and paper. Then they got to movable outer walls made of sliding panels of slabs of wood set in frames. There they stopped, for their temples are but larger houses, built on the lines of booths. The only architectural advance that I could discover about temples was to a panel turning on a hinge to make a folding door. The principle of the hinge is of the simplest. It is that of the old Highland gate, in which the end of a pole is stepped in a hole in a stone, and the upper end is held in position by a forked branch built into a wall. In the large towns framed warehouses are made with fireproof clay walls, and clay doors which turn on similar hinges.

The Japanese architects have just begun to build stone edifices. It is therefore interesting to watch how they began. I have somewhere read that some Indian structure is "very good carpentry, but very bad masonry." All the stone-work that I have seen in Japan is pure carpentry—that is to say, it is a very close imitation of Japanese structures in wood. At Shiba and Nikko are rails hewn out of solid granite, and beautifully cut, but they are so exactly like wooden rails that I had to go near them to make sure of the material.

At all Shinto temples, and at many of other denominations, it is the practice to set up a perch for sacred birds, which is called "Torri." It consists of three sticks or beams or logs; two upright, and one morticed to the others horizontally,

which curves like a stretched rope, with a fourth straight beam below to keep the structure firm. It is a gallows, in fact. At many of the larger temples these gates are carved in stone, so well that I have repeatedly been puzzled as to the material. Some of these are covered with bronze, but the shape of the wooden perch is preserved. About some of the more important temples are stone bridges of hewn granite, excellent masonry in all that has to do with the work, but pure carpentry as to form. The bridge in the willow-pattern plates may serve to explain what I mean. A large bridge at Nikko is first-rate carpentry; but it is the very same as Norwegian structures of the same kind. It is built of logs. Without a drawing I cannot describe it. It may be that some Norse sailor taught this art to the Japanese. But no foreign mason ever could have taught them to make the stone tombs of the Daimios which are at the back of Shiba. The doors of these curious structures, of which I have found no mention in any book, are two great slabs of granite, carved into the semblance of panelled wooden doors, turning on granite hinges, made after the pattern of a Celtic gate. I believe that the very same structures still exist in the ruined cities of Bashan. The gates open into a court, and beyond that is a stone house for the dead, adorned with Japanese heraldry. So far as I can discover, the Japanese developed this stone idea for themselves within the last few centuries. The only other stone structures that I saw were lanterns. They suggested cups and saucers, posts, and wood carvings.

I saw no masonry in Japan but Cyclopean walls. They are but great drystone dykes, like those which men build in

Scotland to fence fields; or like those great city walls in ancient Greece, at Mycene and elsewhere, which go back to unknown antiquity. But these Japanese fortifications only date from the time of the Shoguns. It appears that Japanese masonry has been developed out of Japanese carpentry, by the ingenuity of Japanese men shut out from all the world and left to their own Turanian devices. I therefore lean towards the opinion that any savage may, without instruction, discover certain mechanical laws, and apply them usefully; and that many generations may increase the common stock of inherited knowledge, learn from elders, and by experience improve. The pounding-stone of the Digger Indian in America and of the fisher-boy in Scotland might be invented by any human being with intelligence equal to that of an ape; and may develop into a mill, and thence into a steam-engine, or something better. The shelter of bushes tied together at top might be invented anywhere by any man with the intelligence of a tailor-bird or a spider. But the Gothic cathedral, which seems to have grown out of that primeval bower, took a long time to develop in Western Europe. The change from a booth to a temple is manifest in Japan; what more they might have evolved out of their ingenuity can never now be known, for the stranger is here with his ideas of the fitness of things, and his rules of beauty and his fetters of art; and the schoolmaster abroad has settled in Japan.

"The Japauese house is but an improved tent, and the temple is but a bigger house: all the stonework that I see is pure carpentry, but this will appear when next I get a chance. Now the cold of sunset is cramping my fingers

through a thin sheet of paper, and the glass marks 30° at 5 P.M." That was the keynote. This is the result of feeling what Japanese architecture is near the top of the Uada Tonge, out in the cold.

It plainly appears that Japanese humanity is capable of instruction as well as of self-culture. Some time ago the government acquired a steamboat, and, like children with a new toy, the people determined to work it. The engineers thought that they knew all about it, and off they went. But when it came to stopping, the learners broke down. The prince had got on the flying horse, and the horse had flown away with him. The engineer could not stop the steamboat. But these are a people full of intelligence. "They may dee for want o' meat, but they'll no dee for want o' wiles." They knew how to steer boats well enough, so they made their boat go round and round where the water was deep. They knew well enough that the power was in the fire, so they drew the fires, and waltzed till the engine stopped of its own accord. They are ready for any emergency, and quite ready to "try" anything; so they "can do" a great deal. Japanese engineers are running Japanese steamboats and railway engines all over the place. Japanese embroiderers are running sewing-machines. In a very short time they may begin to build stone houses; meantime they prefer band-boxes, and if they be content therein, so was I with a pleasant comrade and something to think about and to argue out in alternate English and French.

Friday, 25.—Christmas Day.— 39° ; Barometer, 25.600, fallen a tenth only.—Rain, mist, and rapid thaw. The bill for two

masters, three servants, three coolies, and a horse, was six shillings and sixpence. The old woman was caught presenting two boos to our men as a Christmas box, or a squeeze. Consequently the bill was four and sixpence. I believe it ought to have been about half that modest sum. We walked and slipped down frozen snow, glazed with water, to 26°750 (1,150 feet) in six and three-quarter miles, to *Shimonoshua*. So far as I can make out, we had crossed a "Tonge," which divides the waters which flow to the Pacific, east of Fuji San, from those which flow to that ocean west of the great mountain. My next march was to be over the back-bone of Japan, to waters which flow into the Yellow Sea. My comrade was to go to the Pacific, and observe in a valley where few foreigners had been. He too was "everywhere to look about," but here we were to look different ways. We passed a sportsman going out a shooting with his dog and his gun. It was quaint to see a man in blue cotton striding along in the snow on clogs, with his bald head and pigtail protected by a cotton handkerchief tied under his chin. It was quaint, but not absurd; for these men walk very well on their clogs, and stand rough weather in cotton clothes, like true mountaineers. On the way down, I noticed many large stones, which set me looking for ice marks. The watercourse near the halt is dug through an old boulder deposit, which may be a delta, and might be a moraine. The rocks are metamorphic; gneiss, conglomerate, and green slates, with basalt. The dip is S.E., strike S.W. We seemed to have got ff the area of recent volcanic action, which is about the region of Asamayama. We had got to a lake, and so I looked for

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DRAGON FOUNTAIN AT SHIMONOSUKA

P. 325, Vol. i

glacial marks. I found none, and ascribed the transport of these large smooth granite blocks to local floods.

At the entrance to the town, which is considerable, and beautifully situated, is a fountain. The water flows into a stone half-basin, from the mouth of a stone dragon's head with stag's horns and curious ears. The whole was exceedingly well carved, and so managed as to suggest that the monster was creeping out of a tuft of growing bamboo, beside a great flight of stone steps, which led up to a series of shrines and to a big temple. It rained so that I could not draw them. About the middle of the town is a hot spring. The water is gathered into a large square bath, open to the air. In it was a naked man, with a broad straw hat on, to keep off the sleet and rain. Every now and then he got out to cool, and squatted on the brink, panting; manifestly he could hardly endure the boiling. A dozen damsels were washing clothes in this same pool. "These persons everywhere look about." I tried the water, and feared to break my glass at 115° . I could hardly bear my finger in the bath. We walked on through the town to a grand Shinto temple. The Torri, or bird-perch gate, is covered with thick bronze plates, inscribed with the names of all who helped to raise this monument. It is a grand work. It represents large logs, and is stone, covered with bronze. Metallurgy and masonry copied carpentry. A great flight of stone stairs leads up to a plateau, on which grow tall old trees. Amongst them, in a paved court, is a stage for sacred "NO" dancing on festivals. Beyond that is the Shinto temple of unpainted wood, beautifully carved, adorned here and there with gilt bronze fastenings of the usual kind. That is a bit of Buddhism.

Under a shed are several pictures on wood ; one of two stags had real horns stuck on the board. The other I knew at once for the Japanese version of the "Dragon myth." I was wet through, and the tea-house next to this temple did not look flourishing ; my squire and comrade returned to the town prospecting, and I drank tea. Presently one came to summon me, and we got housed. It was raining cats and dogs with a strong inclination to freeze and snow. We were to part, so we agreed to rest for a few days. Opposite to our door, in the middle of the town and in the main street, is a structure like the market-house or weighing-house of an English country town. An open shed, upon big posts, roofs a steaming pool, fed by another hot spring. The pool was full of men, women and children, boys and girls, walking about and chattering. Two creatures as naked as Adam and Eve walked quietly up the street on pattens, under a paper umbrella, towards their homes, which were at the other end of the street as it seemed. Supposing this to be the innocent costume of the country, and this Eden, the weather was certainly very cold.

"What do you think of that, monsieur ?"

"That to me is well equal," said my philosophic comrade. So we got boiling tubs into our garden, and followed the fashions, and dressed for dinner.

THE DRAGON MYTH.—This is the story of the picture as told to me by Massanao, my squire at Shimonoshua. A man with long black hair and a hooked nose, and a long straight sword, loose red trousers, a flowered white cloak, and curled-up shoes, like those of the Mikado and Laplanders. Eight round china vases, breaking waves and the sea ; a weird tree,

ANCIENT PICTURE OF DRAGON MYTH AT SHIMONOSHUA, JAPAN



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and a storm of wind and rain driving at the man ; eight heads, like the head of the dragon of the fountain. A woman crouched in a cage, behind the warrior, dressed in Japanese draperies ; a great deal of unpainted wood to make the background of this curious old sketch by a very clever hand ; a lot of Japanese writing, and a black frame which had remnants of gilding. That was the picture. The whole was much weathered and battered and in a bad light. It is at least three hundred years old. This was the Legend : A man, the hero of the story, came to a house where all were weeping. He asked the cause. An old man said that he had had eight daughters. A terrible dragon had eaten seven in succession, in seven years ; all but one. The eighth was now to go to the sea-shore to be eaten. The hero's name was Sosano no Nikkoto, and he was the brother of Ohiru me no Nikkoto, who was the mother of the first Mikado ; his name was Jimmu-tenno. The girl was called Inadahime ; her father was Tenadiu ; her mother Ashinad. My squire was very particular, and took pains to get all these personages properly identified. I spelt by ear. The man (Sosano) said that he would fight the Dragon. The father (Tenadiu) was afraid. The man got eight pots full of *sake*, and set them by the shore, and the girl behind them. He hid himself behind a rock. The Dragon came out of the sea, and put a head into each *sake* pot and drank till he was drunk. When he was drunk the man came and cut off all the eight heads. Then he chopped up the dragon ; five inches (here my squire measured with his thumbs) was the biggest slice left when he had done. When he cut the tail (observe, he had but one tail) he found a long sword which is called Amuno-mura-ku-mo-no keng

(sky-black-cloud sword). "Plenty black cloud when Dragon come out; when killed go away. Therefore name." The thirteenth Mikado's son, Kekotenno Yamato du ke no Nikkoto, took the sword to war, and made burn the grass with the sword; from that time called Sananinoken (grass-mowing sword). That sword every Mikado keeps; also a looking-glass; also a jewel—a curious stone, top red, bottom white, like a pear. The stone belonged to the mother of the first Mikado (Emperor), namely, Oshiru, sister of the hero Sosano. The man who killed the Dragon (Sosano) married the girl (Inadahime), and they became the "gods" of all married people. They are called Emmusubino kami. Their temple is in Oyashiro, in Idzumo province, in the north-west of Japan—north-west from this place. The first Emperor began to reign 2,534 years ago. He did not kill the Dragon; he killed men and women.

That is the legend as I got it from a very smart lad, and everybody seemed to know all about it.

St. George killed his dragon later. His exploit is recorded on English coins, but I had no idea that the state legend of Japan is, in England and Russia, fathered upon a Christian knight, till I found him pictured at Shimonoshua on Christmas day 1874.

The Dragon myth was one of my points, and here I scored one.

If any reader will look to a school globe, and measure with a string from Barra Head in Scotland to Galle in Ceylon, and to the extreme east of Japan, something like an equal-sided triangle will be inclosed by lines which join

these points. About midway is the Central Asian "Aryan" and "Turanian" country about lake "Lob," Tartary, Turkestan, Tibet, &c. In gathering the popular tales of the West Highlands I had fallen upon so many versons of this Dragon story, that I took some seventeen of them and translated them, incident by incident, till I had got all my incidents into one story. The next step was to read all the versions of this legend in all the languages that I knew, and in all the translations available. Any new incident was added in notes to the mended Gaelic tale of the Dragon. From popular tales I went to national epics and classics, and so back to the *Vedas*. Mr. Fergusson's book on *Tree and Serpent Worship* carried me to the first chapter of Genesis. Before I ventured to print anything on such a large subject, I thought it wise to take a look at the other two corners of "Eurasia," if I may use that newly-coined Eastern word for the world outside of Africa, America, and the South Sea Isles. I had now got two points; the next point was Ceylon; the next side of my triangle the coast of Asia. I wanted to find out if I could what this Dragon myth means.

1st. Here was the dragon with red eyes, in a rain-cloud, and coming out of the sea once more a fiery water-dragon.

2nd. I had found in his tail the "White sword of light," of the Gaelic tales, manifestly intended to be lightning in Japan.

3rd. With this property of the giants and enchanters of the West Highlands I had found the jewel "leug;" the talisman which takes so many forms. And

4th. The looking-glass which he had always wins from the many-headed people whom he overcomes, in my Dragon

myths. That property specially belongs to Benten, the Japanese snake-woman of the sea. *Is she the sun?*

5th. Here was an intoxicating drink in the power of the human being who conquers the dragon. It was *sake* here. In Norway it is ale; in the story of St. George it is resins steeped in wine. Some fermented drink belongs to the Dragon story, and many Vedic hymns are addressed to "Soma" juice.

6th. The Japanese foe is adored as a divinity with seven heads. Here he had eight heads and one tail.

The next thing was to see how he was represented at the remaining corner of Eurasia; I have got him booked in the far east and in the far west.

When I got to Ceylon I found the Dragon a friend of man. His figure is sculptured about Buddhist temples of great age; his image I found upon an altar on which were offerings to the sacred Bo tree, which is worshipped at Anuradhapura by crowds of pilgrims. He has one tail and many heads. It would take a small volume to tell all that I had learned about this Dragon myth, and to give evidence on which to found a theory. Sometime or other that may be done, meantime this must suffice. If Japanese, this myth cannot mean a Solar hero, the sun conquering the clouds; for the Japanese solar divinity is a woman.

The round mirror of Japanese regalia and altar furniture is said to represent purity. In Shinto temples it stands in the centre of the altar and is the sole ornament. There are no artificial lights, and no flowers there. I believe it to represent the sun. The sun is the heraldic device of Japan, the crysanthemum is another favourite emblem, the Mikado's crest, and

a fit image of the sun. The cock, the herald of morning, is another heraldic device, which belongs to high families, and is everywhere carved and painted. Taking all that together, Solar worship is strongly indicated. The rain-cloud, the storm, the sea, and the straight flashing grass-burning sword of the Japanese regalia, all indicate a meteorological origin for the Japanese version of the myth. The heaven-born Mikado *ought* to be a solar hero; and the water-dragon the storm-cloud. That is the explanation given long ago to the Indian myth of Indra and Ahi. That myth, extracted from the *Vedas*, and other Sanscrit records, existed in Central Asia about the district from which great rivers part, near the "Aryan" country. In all natural history, and in all geological records, there never has lived on earth a creature with eight or with sixteen heads. I have shown by the growth of mills and houses that inventions are gradual, and that new ideas spring from the union of older inventions. It would be contrary to experience to suppose that a being of many heads sprang ready made from the mind of an ancient seer, whose creation has multiplied till the world of story is peopled with dragons of many heads. Something real is wanted for a model on which to found this unearthly shape. That something appears in a river. The myth appeared early about the Eurasian water parting. A "*Serpentine*" stream flows into the sea; at the mountains the streams "*branch*." The "*head*" waters are many. They all came from the clouds. It seems reasonable to ascribe the form of the water-dragon to the form of the Serpentine river with many heads.

To those who dwelt on the banks of the sacred "Serpentine," the emblematic serpent of many heads would be a

friend. With him would be associated, naturally, the fertility of the soil, and the great shady branching trees which sheltered men from the rays of the fierce sun. There is nothing terrible about a great plain river like the Ganges, or the Yangtse-kiang. But there is something terrible in the leap of the water-dragon to earth from the sky in the mountain storm; or in the rush of a typhoon out of the sea into which all the rivers run. If the water-dragon was derived from a branching serpentine river, it is natural to find his home in a black thunder-cloud, or in a great ocean. All the mythical dragons that I know are water-dragons, even though they may spit fire. This new Japanese acquaintance is of the same breed, and close to a lot of hot springs, pouring water out of his mouth for the good of mankind. The idea of sacrificing damsels to the water-dragon may easily be traced to facts.

The serpent worship of the ancients is scarcely hidden in Japan under Shinto myths. In Ceylon and in India serpent worship and the worship of trees goes on. Buddha preached, and Buddha's disciples still worship a slip of the sacred Indian Peepul-tree under w' ich Buddha died. About it and about ancient shrines in Ceylon they carved the sacred cobra of seven heads, and ti Naga men and women, who retain their serpent hoods to show what they were--the underground snake people of Singh ese mythology. For the sake of their old objects of worsh , the deadly cobras are rarely killed by natives in Ceylon. They sheltered Buddha from rain.

The mythological sequence takes this form:—1. A worship of the powers of nature, in which the sun and the cloud were opposed.

2. Hero worship, in which ancestors and ancient worthies

were promoted to conquer the powers of nature, or to preside over human affairs. "Hatchiman" was so promoted, and so were Sosano and Inadahime.

3. The worship of birds and beasts, emblematic of certain qualities, or the devices of families. The fox is worshipped in Japan. Perhaps because he digs holes, he and his Kami are the patrons of agriculture. In any case, in human form, or as a fox, there he sits in temples, an object of worship to many votaries, who offer him rice in cups and prayers on paper. I have seen a neat little rockery in a Tokio tea-house, with a toy fox's earth contrived in it, and small *sake* cups full of rice there, offered by the tea-maidens to their domestic kami, Inari Sama, who is "Reynard the Fox." The badger is another mysterious personage, and now is a foe dreaded of men. His habit is to take human shape, and beguile men. In his own shape he sits up and plays the drum on his paunch, to the terror of Japanese mankind.

4. Buddhism came in, and, as is the way of Buddhism, the new faith adopted the old, by converting all that went before. The Nagas of Ceylon guard the doors of Buddhist shrines. Two of them hold the sacred slip, cut from the sacred tree, which became doubly sacred when Buddha had died under it. But that Peepul was sacred in India long before Buddha. Trees are sacred in Japan, and in the Hebrides where Buddha is unknown. All these ancient objects of reverence continued to be revered by the disciples of Buddha, for their teacher had taught that the lives of men migrated into the bodies of all beings that had life in the universe. The whole Pantheon of the whole world was embraced by this philosophy. By this only can I see

meaning in the mixture of Shinto and Buddhism, which is apparent in that worship of Japan which was reformed at the revolution a few years ago. I find sun and clouds, seasons and trees, snakes and dragons, birds and beasts, men and women, Buddha and his disciples, all associated in daily worship, and a round mirror on an altar as the emblem of the reformed Shinto faith of revolutionized Japan.

The efforts of early Missionaries to introduce Christianity, their persecutions and sufferings, and martyrdom, are matters of history, on which I will not enter. It was an open question after the revelation what religion the State should adopt, if any; or what form of government, or whether the language should be changed, or the form of writing, or the court dress. There had been a complete solution of continuity. The whole body corporate of Japan had been reduced to its elements; and the question was what sort of body the life that was loose should next assume. The point about which this Japanese protoplasm nucleated was the Emperor, so the body corporate is the Empire. It may be a Republic or anything else if it breaks up again. The Emperor was associated in the popular mind with "Shinto." The dethroned Shoguns and their following of Daimios and retainers were associated with Buddhism, magnificence, dress and decorations, incense and music, and ceremonial. With the Emperor, Shinto revived; with the Shogun, Buddhism fell. The men who made the revolution were filled with European notions, but few of them were Christians. It was a question whether Christianity should not be adopted. It was decided that Christianity and all other forms of belief should be tolerated. Many Japanese are Christians, and

many Missionaries are doing all they can to convert the heathen. Should the old rulers get up again, many fear that Christian persecution may revive. Meantime Buddhist priests and Christian congregations worship under the same roof, in the same temple, at the same hour, in Tokio. All is change, toleration, and simplicity, in Shinto temples and in court-dress. The body politic of Japan is growing into shape. The circulation is growing along roads and rails, and telegraphs are the nerves; the infant mind is growing under the culture of schoolmasters and Westerns, who may be Kami hereafter if this big Eastern baby grows up in his present Shinto faith.

EXTENDED NOTES (continued).

Saturday, Dec. 26th.—Shimonoshua, near Lake Suwa—lat. 36° 22' 40" N.; long. 138° 32' 00" E. Barometer, 27.050, 42° inside, 39° outside.—Fresh snow in the street. Below Uada Tonge, say 2,000 feet, above, Tokio, 4,000. In these eight days walked eighty-three miles and a half by pedometer, on bad roads, in deep snow, in cold weather, and on one day in heavy rain. My geological result thus far is that the strike of the older rocks corresponds to the long axis of the island, N.E., S.W., or thereby. The general dip on the Pacific side of the hills seemed to be N.W. Asamayama is placed on the marine chart of 1870, 36° 22' 40" N. lat.; 138° 6' 00" E. long. Exchanged knowledge with my comrade, and spent a pleasant morning in quiet.

Walked to the temple with the great bronze Torri, where I copied the ancient picture of the Dragon myth. The artist clearly meant to express a storm-cloud, with the dragon's

heads in it, coming over the sea, with red gleaming fiery eyes shining out of the darkness. This makes the dragon agree with "Ahi" of the *Vedas*, as explained by comparative mythologists. A very favourite subject for Japanese artists has been a dragon, and he is almost always painted as a cloud. With the marvellous free touch of a sketchy Japanese brush, a trailing cloud, winding about Fujisan, or Asamayama, or some conical mountain, is twisted into the shape of a dragon with or without wings or legs, with a long tail, and a horned head, or many heads. The glaring fiery eyes are so cleverly indicated, that the imagination is set to finish the mystery, and make the picture a dragon, or a cloud, or both. When it comes to sculpture in wood or in stone, the artist cannot sketch, and must finish; the cloudy monster is solidified, but he is generally set to pour water into a fountain, or he is up in the top of a composition amidst conventional rolling cloud-forms, or he is amongst conventional waves, or near a waterfall or a running stream.

The association of ideas cannot be mistaken in Japan. The cloud and dragon, the rain, the wind, the lightning, the storm, the water, the river, the sea, all are there. The Gaelic word for "a monster" is *Beithir*. A bear, or a wild boar, is so named in stories. The dragon of many heads which comes out of the sea in western myths is also called *Beithir*; a flash of lightning is called *Beithir theinne*—a dragon of fire. Manifestly the dragons of the far east and the far west are descended from the same idea which grew into the Vedic dragon of the old Aryan land in Central Asia. Ahi was a storm.

Trifles often help to trace a fact. The hero of this painted myth has shoes with the toes turned up. The ancient court

shoes of the Mikado were the same shape. But that is the shape of "comagas," which are the boots of Lapps and Finns, and of the "moccassins" of the North American Indians, which have the same shape. They are all shoes shaped like a boat, or a plough, with sharp toes, to wade through snow. The shoes of the Japanese St. George point at snowy regions, where are the sources of great rivers, about which the myth of Ahi and Indra took shape, a very long time ago.

But philologists tell us that a whole tribe of languages called "Aryan," of which Sanscrit is the oldest known, had a common ancestor in the same lofty region.

Ethnology, such as I know, tells me that certain black-haired northern tribes whom I have seen in Scotland and in the north of Europe, in North America, and in Japan, are like each other, as members of a family are like. The non-Aryan languages of India have many words which seem to have relations in Celtic languages, which are Aryan. I find in Japan that the structure of the language corresponds to the structure of the Finnish and Lapp. Great rivers now are, and have been, guides and roads from all time. If I take the map, and follow a river, a legend, a word, or a myth, or a shoe, or the likeness of a man, or the colour of his hair, up streams; all back tracks, Aryan and Turanian, lead back to Central Asia. But there a number of myths place the origin of mankind on the highest habitable ground in the old world. To that ground the long-tailed fiery dragon of romance has tried to carry me many a time, but hitherto he has failed. He is not up to my weight. But lighter and younger men have gone there, and on their books of travel I leap to conclusions from my own stepping-stones. "Excelsior."

My studio was a queer scene. The ground was covered with snow, and it was very cold. A lot of polite children followed me. It was the correct thing to pull off boots before stepping on the platform, and without so doing it was impossible to see the details of the picture. My squire was sent to the priests' house. The priests came with a fire in a brazen shibashi, and as a special favour, in consideration of the weather, foreign boots were allowed to tread the sacred boards. The children looked on, and the priests; and when fingers got too cold for more work, and noses had all turned blue, the priests got a small donation, and a great many bows and thanks, and that party broke up.

With the landlord and my boy, walked to a beautiful graveyard, neat and orderly, on a knoll overlooking the lake. The water was smooth as a mirror, and dotted with fishing-boats. Snow lay on hill and plain, and the landscape was beautiful, but very blue and cold. The graves were marked by tall stones, and stone lanterns, and stone Buddha's, disciples, and kami presided over the family grave-yards. Mine host seemed proud of his place in this city of the dead, and pointed out the graves of his ancestors. They all seem to look on their dead as friends living elsewhere. Buddhists, Shinto, and Christians have that much in common. They differ as to their future world, but so far as I can make out no heathen has yet condemned his ancestors to be the bond-slaves of quacks.

With my very pleasant, polite following of children and grown men, I walked back through the town to the dragon fountain. It belongs to a temple 600 years old, and manifestly suggested the heads in the picture, which is but 300 years old. While I sketched the fountains, half the town

looked on ; all civil, polite, and interested in my work, which they were pleased greatly to approve—"yorashi!" When the shadow fell on the fountain, I mounted 100 feet by stone steps to the temple, which has magnificent unpainted wood carvings about gates and elsewhere. Dragons abounded, and seemed therefore to belong to Shinto and the seasons. Fine pine-trees and cryptomeria make avenues ; and the garden is famous. I promised the hospitable priests to return, and went out and looked at the sunset, and the lake, and the snowy hills, while children in crowds looked at me. Then I walked back through the town, where half the population were stark naked, in hot water, or out of it in the street. Till past eleven I heard the bathers chattering, singing, and making merry, clothed in hot water, naked as fish. 147° , 113° , 113° , are the temperatures taken by my comrade while I was drawing. My landlord brought me a sheet of superfine Chinese paper four feet long, which we stretched on a slide. To please the worthy man, I covered his paper with all manner of devices, in recollection of the pass in the snow. The landlord being much gratified, further asked for my card. It is the fashion of tea-house keepers to hang up the cards of their guests outside of their houses, to attract customers. The cards are planks about three feet long, hung by the end, with a name written from top to bottom. A favourite tea-house has clusters of such boards hung about it. Some are lacquered and coloured ; the whole foliage looks very imposing when the wind blows, and the boards swing. As we were persons of great importance, and very rare exotics, extra sized boards were procured, and our respective squires were set to write our names on them in Chinese characters.

So far as I can make out, one of the royal family with the title of H. M. Horseford, a "Kunji" of England, and one of equal rank from France, had their cards hung up opposite to the hot spring, for the information of bathers who leave their clothes and clogs in the tea-house porch.

Sunday, December 27, 1874.—Shimonoshua.—Raining and disagreeable. Spent the morning in touching up the landlord's picture. It is to be solemnly mounted on a roll, like other Japanese signed pictures, and is to be unrolled and exhibited in "the place for hanging pictures" when the proper time and fit season come round for that ceremony. Carry went out to look for game. He found none, but saw the spoor of a small bear in the snow. He found the neighbourhood of the lake thickly peopled and highly cultivated: game creatures are higher up in the hills. The hide and paws of a brown bear hang in a shop next door. I walked to the old temple, and by the help of my squire, had a long chat with the priests. They were intelligent, educated men, with the bearing of gentlemen. We sat round a fire-box, smoking and drinking tea, and dealing for curios brought from the town and from the private stores of the priests. Great drums, and war shells, and strange gear of many kinds adorned the temple. The altar was set out with rows of votive offerings, placed on a kind of pyramid of shelves. They were thank-offerings, and offerings in hope of a favourable answer to prayers. The garden was a strange artificial grouping of stones, lanterns, fish-ponds, trained trees, and porcelain flower-pots, all planted on the hill-side in front of the temple veranda. It was a beautiful place, but the darkness and drizzle stopped the brush.

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We bowed and grinned, and performed all the polite gestures that we knew, and then trotted down stairs to the road, and then down more stairs to a pure Shinto reformed and restored temple near the brawling burn, which had guided us from the Uada Tonge to the lake. The carvings about this temple were as fine as any that I have seen in Japan, finer than any that I have seen elsewhere. The dragons were magnificent; one bamboo in full leaf carved out of a thick, broad slab of wood, and set upright near an altar, was worthy of any artist that ever sculptured wood. The lightness and variety of foliage are admirable. This being Shinto, there were no colours to disturb the eye.

The great stones in the burn are of granite and other old rocks, some of a beautiful compact conglomerate. I could find none glaciated, in the burn or in a great wall built to surround the Shinto grounds with a rampart. At this temple great ceremonies are performed in spring. There was not a human being about the place in December. Walked back to the tea-house and wrote to Tokio and to Yokohama, by the regular post which has been established on European principles all over Japan. I was told that a regular report of our doings went from the local authorities to head-quarters, but I rather doubt the story.

Monday, 28.—Parted from my very pleasant comrade with a hearty shake of the hand, a promise to write, and a strong hope of meeting in Europe. Koiti the cook, and the little French squire, and all the goods and gear of the scientific naturalist, observer, and sportsman, took one road towards the Pacific; I and a single baggage pony, with my small squire mounted on wooden clogs, set off towards the China

Sea. But first we paid a formal visit to the gentleman who rules this mountain town. We did not see him, as he was not yet risen, but we saw his head clerk in blue, with his family arms embroidered on his shoulder as usual. "They are very polite people," said Carry, "they like to be politely treated; I always treat them politely." So, hat in hand, in travelling attire, we bowed, and desired the interpreters to express our sense of the mayor's protection, and our thanks for his extreme civility in reading our passports and letting us dwell in the tea-house. The official rubbed his shins and smiled, and then we all said "Saianara," and parted for opposite ends of the world.

At 9.30 A.M. started.—27°000. 37°.—At 11.30 A.M. got to the top of *Suiogiri Tonge*, 800 feet; four and a quarter miles. The road was covered with frozen snow. The first three miles were over a combination of deltas, near the lake, which is very shallow, two and a half miles long and a mile wide. The hills all round are fluted with deep ravines and water-courses, and the lake is rapidly filling with stuff washed from the hills. I suppose this lake to be the result of some large delta washed into the course of the main river so as to make a dam. It may possibly be an old crater, or the result of an earthquake; it certainly has no sign of glacial action about it. From the top of the pass the view over the lake S. E. was magnificent. A lot of sierras, jagged wild peaks, rose behind the town and behind the first range, with clouds and snow on the hill-sides. To the right was a deep, dark-blue hollow under a cloud-bank, in which Fuji San was hidden. In the other direction, ten yards over the crest of the pass, was a panorama of hills and ravines, opening to the Chinese

Sea. As is usual in such views, there was the general smooth, rounded outline of the hill country, furrowed by branching water-courses, growing in size and depth as they joined, till they entered a main stem, and became a winding, serpentine river with many heads, in a broad strath opening to the plain. I have looked over the same kind of landscape in Scotland, in Norway, in Finland, in the Alps, in the Caucasus, in the American Sierra Nevada, and elsewhere. In all these mountain tracts, a rounded, swelling earth-wave, like a well-made road or a ridge in a field, has been carved into its present shape by water in the condition of glacier ice or running in streams.

From the narrow **A**-shaped ridge, at the parting of two **V** ravines, I plunged down through snow and sludge and mud upon frozen ground to a village, eight miles. The people here, on the northern side of the hills, seemed to have a different character of face, and they wear a different dress. Travellers wore hoods and leggings and baggy trousers. In the village halted at a tea-house, and had a good luncheon of fish and rice and soup. My boy got three jinrikishas, and we set off at a good pace. But presently we got to deep snow in a wide strath. I walked five miles to another village at the mouth of a branch water-course. There, at the posting establishment, paid ten sens (about $4\frac{1}{2}d.$) for tea and *sake* and horse-hire to the next stage. There halted at 4 o'clock, as the sun sets about 5, and the next place is five miles away. Washed my feet in the street, while all the children in the place gathered to look at the foreigner. The landlord politely knocked his head on the floor, I stepped in, a paper screen was drawn, and I was installed. Here all about me, with my goods

arranged in their order, are crests of swells on the sliding doors of bamboo and paper. My feet are under a stong, toasting at the charcoal fire in the floor, covered by a stool. Inside of my apartment are endless rooms made of screens, and behind is the usual stone garden. Here I sit in the middle of Japan, all alone in the snow amongst the moun-tains, after a walk of ten miles and a journey of fifteen, at the end of my fifty-third year. If ever there was a time fitted for dreams, or for ghosts, or for something uncanny to happen to a wandering mortal, surely that was the time and place for a "manifestation," or for something to evolve out of inner consciousness. Solar myths, solar physics, and astronomy had their share of my thoughts, with the earth and geology ; the powers of the air and meteorology ; the Dragon myth, clouds and serpentine branching rivers ; branching trees and tree worship, and reasonable botany ; animals and their worship, beast-fables, and natural history ; ancestors, Kami, and dreams ; heroes and idols, and Shinto Kami ; a divine Mikado in a tweed suit ; Chinese philosophy and paper prayers offered to the sea ; Buddhist inertia, negation, and repose ; material action, force, energy, assertion, and negation of existence ; the Koran, the book of Mormon, the spiritual press, and such like. All the lessons of more than half a century, scenes in the world's circle, people, and places, and past times, kept me company. The wind blew drearily, sighing through the wintry street ; and I smoked and thought. I laid my head on a bag, and slept sound as a child. That was "Nirwana," the peaceful rest that follows on wholesome work and frugal fare. Not one quiver of mesmeric influence came to me even from any part of this world,

not even a dream. Yet I am called on to believe that I ought to have been aware of "sympathy" with those who were thinking with me; and that I have only to interview a table or a medium in order to converse with those who did not visit me in my solitude, even in dreams. Of all the inventions of humanity, surely that solemn Boston spiritual *séance* was my strangest experience in real life. What other notion of a future state ever asserted that good spirits and bad, of great men and good, small men and evil, neither rise to worship nor fall; but wait about Boston to be called like jinrikisha-men at a stand, in order to inspire a medium with twaddle? The very thought was narcotic, and so I slept.

Tuesday, December 29, 1874.—Motoyama 32° inside; 30° outside.—27.000.—Gave myself a birthday present of a "Runic knot," or "Celtic pattern," here used as a teapot rest, and made of bamboo. It cost a halfpenny.

PATTERNS.—Community of artistic design is commonly taken as evidence of common origin amongst races of men. Western tombstones, and manuscripts of ancient date, are adorned with interlaced patterns which are called "Celtic art" and "Runic knots." Such designs also occur in Icelandic carvings, on certain rare kinds of pottery, in Byzantine churches, and on Persian bronzes. All these designs suggest basket-work. In Japan I found basket-work patterns of this sort, woven with bamboo grass, or with some kind of tough long fibre of even thickness. In this sample a circle is whipped with a long tendril split, like the work on a cane chair. At seven points on this hoop the lashing takes a double turn about a double line, which makes an open basket-work pattern of interlaced fibre. Two tendrils make seven double loops, and a seven-

sided figure in the middle ; and the ends overlap. The thing made is a Japanese kettle rest, but the design corresponds to designs in illuminated Irish manuscripts, such as the Book of Kells. I have got the design copied in silver.

In the nature of things it is probable that this kind of wooden weaving began where long fibres grow abundantly, and where ready-made vessels like pails and cups do not grow. Cocoa-nuts, gourds, large shells, and such like ready-made utensils do not grow in the North ; but birch-roots, ivy, honeysuckle, and other long fibres fit for basket-work, do grow there. All manner of creepers abound in tropical regions, but basket-work is best in the North. I have seen the very same design woven to make a net bag of tree roots, by Lapps in the north of Sweden, and by Celts at the Calf of Man.

Basket-work designs on pottery seem to record an early stage in Ceramic art, and Ceramics have flourished most north of the tropics. Even the Digger Indians weave baskets, and so did all manner of savages. A basket lined with clay makes the utensil fit for carrying water, which grows ready-made in the tropics. A Gaelic popular tale, known to old and young in the Scotch Highlands, ends with the task of fetching water in a sieve. A crow bids the hero stuff in moss and clay. Here in Japan I notice a constant recurrence of interlaced foliage in the painted ornaments of finished china-ware. Designs like basket work are on ancient British pottery ; but I do not remember to have seen anything of the kind upon the rude pottery of Southern people. Community of design in basket-work, and in arts derived from baskets, either point to community of origin

for Celts and Japanese, or to a common nature in humanity which arrives independently at the same inventions by following the same steps. A man in need of a pail carves one out of a block of wood in the North, till he has contrived hoops and staves. In the South the man picks up a cocoanut, and does not need to make pails or baskets for daily use. I looked at my kettle stand, and thought old thoughts about old designs copied from tombstones in forgotten church-yards at the other side of the world.

Manifestly this is the same kind of design as those which are carved on stones out in the far west. So these old crosses were basket-work at first.

Breakfasted on a "masculine stew." An old cock was caught, brought and paid for, but nobody would slay him or touch him. Massanao executed and stewed him. Waited for the baggage pony till 9.15. Then walked off up a glen on the strike of old hard rocks, N. 20° W., dip southerly, and nearly vertical. A passenger seeing me at work with strange tools, carefully examined the rock, and found nothing. Further up I found the same strike, N. 20° W., dip, 10° N.E., and the same rock. This great rounded, swelling country, which I saw from the top of the pass, was crumpled up like dough before it was shorn over the edges of these disturbed strata.

Stopped at a village and bought four shillingsworth of combs. They were beautifully made of wood, and I got about a gross of them. The whole of this glen seems to be a manufactory of combs. At 11.40 got to *Niègnawa* up 200 feet in five miles; all on slippery frozen snow, with falling sleet. My beard was frozen all day. Got two coolies to carry my luggage, and paid sixpence for their hire, at a grand

post-house. Labour is cheap here in these mountains of Japan where men carry heavy back-loads up-hill for a good long stage for threepence, and make ornamented combs at four shillings a gross. Combs are mythical in popular tales.

At 1.30, 10 miles, 400 feet up, got to *Narai* at the foot of a pass. It was snowing fast, and blowing hard, 30°, and bitter cold. Got some beans and maccaroni and bought venison. Started 2.15, got to the top 3.5, in fifty minutes; a mile and a quarter, 650 feet. On this day's march rose 1,550 feet to 4,850 above the sea, according to barometrical readings. Ran down through the snow and halted at 4 o'clock at *Yabuharra*, fourteen miles. The road all day was crowded with pack-horses, and bullocks, and foot men carrying loads, or walking empty. All the travellers were muffled up to the eyes, and prepared for cold. Dined on a stew of *kumōshka*, the mountain goat whose hide and horns I bought below, and whose hind-quarters I bought at *Narai*. Tea and *sake* and dried prawns made my birthday feast. *Torri Tonge* is the fifth pass crossed in about 100 miles of road. Like the rest, it is a mere knife-edge between V ravines. A curious group of statues and stone lanterns, and a torri which stands on a knob near the water-shed, account for the name. The water sheds many ways from this pass, which is on the divide between the Pacific and the Chinese Sea. So far it seems that the mountains of Japan are like those of Oregon, a range of high ground four to six thousand feet high, much folded, and denuded and greatly worn by streams, with volcanic cones built on the older country. So far as I could see, and so far as I could learn from others, the islands of Japan have this same general structure. The age of beds which

are disturbed, their geographical position and economic value, are as yet unknown.

Wednesday, December 30, 1874.—Yabuharra.— 32° inside; 28, outside.—56°700.—Blowing hard, dark and misty on the tops. Started at 8.30, with a girl dressed in man's clothes to manage the baggage pony. Black frost and bitter weather. For lack of gloves put a pair of worsted socks on my hands. Walked five miles down a deep glen to —, on ice at first, then upon a road frozen as hard as a stone, which had been mud, and was rough with the spoor of wooden clogs, straw sandals, and the feet of pack animals. Like everything else in Japan this "spoor" is unlike anything of the kind elsewhere. The clogs worn by everybody are soles of wood with two cross boards on edge, about three inches high, to keep the feet out of the dirt. These foot-boards cut two lines thus



and when the road freezes the result is a strange pattern, hurtful to feet in European shoes. At *Miomokoshi*, 200 feet down, in the post-house I saw a lot of rice cakes prepared, to be offered, one to each "kami," on New Year's day. Some were shaped like Bath buns, others like French rolls, a round base with a dome. All were white, some were large. Great lots of evergreens were stuck about the houses, shops, wares, and wayside altars. I was not prepared to find this familiar western style of decoration a Shinto custom in the mountains of Japan. Few of those who decorate Christian churches at Christmas time suspect that they are performing a Turanian

Pagan ceremony. "Good wine needs no bush," proves the antiquity of another English custom. But this seems to be older than Shakespeare, for here in Japan a bush hung over a door means "*sake* for sale." "Clach a'd charn," a stone on your cairn, is a Gaelic phrase meaning "for service done may some one add a stone to your memorial cairn." Here small piles of stones are at the foot of every image and memorial stone, and on every altar by the wayside. "Suppose one dead, children put up for fathers and mothers. Jesu (a name of Buddha) help them in next life." So says my squire. Rags are hung about wells in the far west. I have seen a whole grove of crutches and sticks planted near a holy well in Ireland, with votive rags fluttering from them, offered by pilgrims to the well which some holy man had blessed with Christian prayers. Rags are hung on bushes about holy wells al. over Scotland, and even in Wales. Here in the far east I find strips of cloth, bits of rope, slips of paper, writings, bamboo strings, flags, tags, and prayers hanging from every temple. Now, at New Year's time, I find the streets and houses decorated with evergreens, and the evergreens hung with slips of paper fluttering in the breeze like the votive rags of the far west. The living custom explains the custom which has lost meaning. Presently I met a lot of pilgrims returning from a distant shrine. One who was sick was carried in a cago by two men. He was in a black paper box, slung on a pole, to keep him warm. Each man had a paper parcel, about two feet long, slung under his chin and crossing his breast like a broad lath. It contained a picture of the kami to whom the shrine visited is sacred. The procession marched up the glen, and my wandering fancy carried me off to many

a distant place of pilgrimage in Europe, and to the olden time, when Canterbury pilgrims were at home. These Japanese islands have been closed to the world. I walk into the hills, where western influence has been least felt, and find all these old western customs, which are fading away at home, in full force as real eastern habits and pagan customs; and once more I am driven, by another road, to some common origin in the old world, for all these human inventions and customs.

At 12.30, at *Kushima*, after walking ten miles, stopped in a considerable town to shop, and stare. Bought a string of birds for the larder. There were redwings, bullfinches, grossbeaks, or their Japanese equivalents, and birds unknown to me. I skinned one for his feathers, while the landlady of the tea-house cooked a lot for tiffin. Meantime the baggage went on alone in perfect faith and perfect safety.

My squire went to the post-house, got a horse and a man, and a bit of paper, and away went my box with about 100 gold coins in it, and all my worldly gear, to be delivered at the next stage on presenting the receipt. Nothing ever went wrong in Japanese travelling. My luggage usually went astray when I came home and travelled by rail in England. I booked and paid for my luggage, and took a ticket for Greenock and a place in a sleeping carriage, at Euston Square. I was put into the Edinburgh carriage, and got out of it in time. My luggage was sent to Perth. I got to Greenock and had to wait while telegrams went seeking the lost goods all over the kingdom. They came properly ticketed. Travelling is easier abroad than it is at home, according to my experience.

The birds are caught in this fashion. A slender bamboo joint is smeared with Japanese bird-lime ; I believe it is made of rice paste. The bird-catcher, with his bundle of sticks, sneaks about the trees till he sees a bird in the branches. Then he j^{umps} up his bamboo rod, till it is long enough to touch the bird, and he being touched is taken. I sat by the inn door with my feet in a square hollow near a blazing fire of sticks, and all the children in the neighbourhood gathered to see me eat my roasted birds with a big knife and chopsticks. When I looked they fled, to return like the waves of the sea. I dropped a chopstick into the ashes. The landlady picked it up, ran out to a water-spout, washed it and gave it back with the pleasant smile of a polite hostess. These are the politest people in the world. The whole street was gay with evergreens, and the picture of Japanese life in the hills was charming. Walked on down a beautiful glen called *Kiso no tuni* by the river *Kiso no kawa*. It was green, clear, and rapid. Presently I came to granite boulders rolled ; then to granite rocks, and then to an antecinal axis of light-coloured syenite, crossing the river and the glen. Strike E.W. In this part of the country the folds in bent strata correspond in direction to the long axis of the southern end of Japan. The course of the rivers has nothing to do with this geological structure. To the east towards the Pacific are tall granite hills much waterworn. In this direction is Fuji San, and the eastern corner of Japan. By the light of Mr. Judd's paper on the Secondary Rocks of Scotland, I took these to be altered rocks, the roots of older volcanoes which have been worn away. At 4 P.M. halted after a walk of sixteen miles due south, 27,200 down about 500 feet. Camped in a

small tea-house after some jaw, in which I thought that I recognized the element of squeeze.

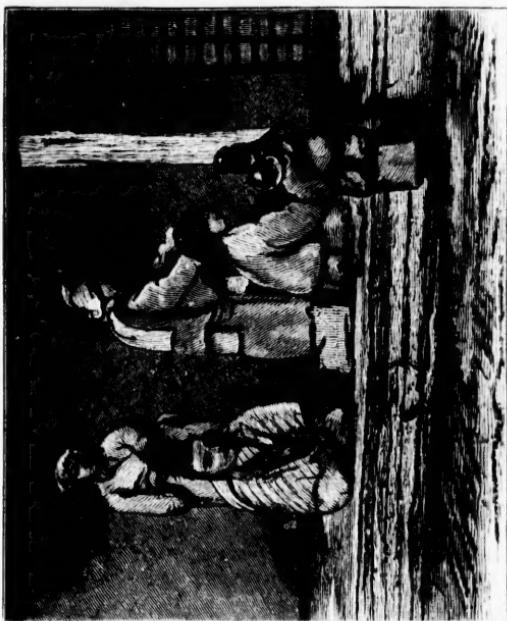
Thursday, December 31, 1874.—Amyamatza; 25° inside; 20° in the garden; 27.300; about 3,500 feet above the sea. My breath froze on my fur pesk all night. My morning tub, as usual, was rigged on the boards in the garden. The water spilt, turned to ice in a few minutes, and made the boards as slippery as the butter slide of the pantomime. In good condition once more, able to walk without fatigue, and to stand the cold, and to enjoy this wild life beyond description. A very fine, bright, clear day. The bells tolled magnificent clear musical notes, as they do everywhere in this country. Some are as fine as Big Ben, the last effort of English bell-makers, yet this is a small mountain town. Started at 8.30, and walked down the glen, rejoicing in the clear air and brilliant fresh weather; admiring the grand Japanese hills, with their snowy sides, and evergreens, and bamboos, and pines. Every step was a picture, every man a study. Found some old rocks, and made the strike S.W., N.E., dip N.W. Syenite was abundant. The growing river was worthy of Norway. The bed of it was a wide wilderness of great rolled stones, like those which line the banks of the great northern rivers of Europe. The water was clear and green as Niagara. Every house, and every stone altar, and stone, and image was decorated for the new year. A couple of bamboos, or two young pines, or two branches stuck upright with a straw rope between, made the "torri" or perch for the birds, the frame on which hung strips and sheets of white paper, bunches of three straws each, green leaves, little conical bamboo baskets, with offerings of rice in them. Little paper prayers, neatly

folded into squares like notes, were stuck in cleft sticks, and hung up. These decorations were everywhere. The village streets were like small boulevards, with a "torri" of this kind at each door as high as the eaves. The great inscribed stones by the wayside had their decorations of green leaves and red berries and white paper. Of these stones, one recorded that, on the 23rd day of the moon, somebody had there seen the moon rise. It really was strange to see all these "Christmas-trees" in Japan. In Yedo they are more magnificent. They are taller and bigger, hung with fruits and lobsters, and gay flags and colours, all offerings to the Kami. My squire grew eloquent in describing the New Year festivities of the capital, and I listened, and pondered, and wondered why I had never heard of all these things, which are common to the East and to the West, and may explain so much that needs to be explained. I noticed a rack for drying rice, exactly like those which are commonly used in Sweden. It is a lofty grating, made of poles. A story might travel from mouth to mouth, a missionary might suggest something which his hearers might alter into some vague resemblance to a Christian ceremony; but all these various practices, together with a foot-plough, a corn-rack, a quern, a bush for signboard, and such like inventions, must have come together with the people from somewhere to the Western Isles, and to these Japanese hills. The customs of Central Asia ought to explain much. I bought half a pound of fine-cut tobacco for seven sens ($3\frac{1}{2}d.$), and by the help of my squire had a long palaver with the merchant. At 11.45 at *Suarra*, nine miles, 27,800, 500 feet down; stopped. The bright sun was warm, and the whole street gay with ever-

greens. Here we got a fresh pony, and walked on down this magnificent glen. It is fifty miles long. Presently we came to a skin merchant, and bought the teeth of a bear, and a goat skin. A little further on we came to the house of a hunter, with a newly-slain hind. There was no hurry, and nobody to say, "Come on;" so we walked in, and sat down, and bought venison. The hunter in blue sat on his counter behind the deer, carved from the haunch, and weighed out colllops. A brown foxy dog sat and looked on, while the light from the snow shone in, and made a Rembrandt. The fire was made to blaze, the tripod stewpan was placed on the hearth, and the hunter made a stew that lives in my memory with one other meal eaten at Xeres. Venison and *sake* in Japan, wild boar and sherry in Spain, with health for sauce in 1841 and 1874. We feasted together, and all intermediate feeds vanished. A "*kanoshka*" in his hide lay beside the hind, and we bought five skins of this Japanese nondescript for five dollars. My hunter has a pipe, with which he calls the deer. He blew a long wailing whistle, and some notes. The goats go in parties of ten or twelve, and haunt the tops. They have polished black hooked horns, like chamois, black hoofs, and dark, shaggy, warm, furry jackets, fit for cold lands. A white creature, of like shape and habits, haunts the Rocky Mountains in America; and something of the same kind I saw in the museum at Tiflis on the 10th of October, 1873. Looking to natural history as one more road to knowledge, it seems that a general resemblance can be traced in the wild creatures of the northern parts of the northern hemisphere. But there is no creature in Japan, so far as I know, that is identical with the western variety; and

there is no creature in North America that is exactly the same as the equivalent in the old world. Ravens are said to be the same everywhere. I never met a Japanese raven, but Japanese crows abound, and their croaking and behaviour is Japanese. Voices, and languages, and inventions, myths, machines, and creatures, all seem to have had a common ancestry, though they have varied in travelling from their common home round the world. I sketched my hunter with very stiff fingers, and coloured him at camp. Full of old baccy and fat venison we saluted our host, and walked on after the baggage, which we found at *Nojiri*, 27,400, 600 feet down in 14 miles. At 3.30 p.m. as no horse was to be had we halted. While waiting I sketched an old woman shaving the head and making up the tail of an old swell, who sat in the evening sun at the door of his house, surrounded by children. I coloured my pencil notes and wrote up log till 5.30, with my feet under a stong, beside a fire as usual. Then came a dinner worthy of an alderman, venison and tea; and a cigar kept for a grand occasion. The last day of 1874 was marked with a white stone. Grand bells tolling, children singing, all was alive and cheery in this far eastern glen on New Year's Eve, and I was merry as they were, with my own far away people, ringing in the new year, and singing out old years, and thinking, and drinking tea. Man never is less alone than when alone. I wished everybody a happy new year, and once more sought the nirwana of sound sleep.

END OF VOL. I.



THE BARBER'S SHOP.